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MAHLON NORRIS GILBERT

BISHOP COADJUTOR OF MINNESOTA

1886-1900



Appreciatedly Yrs
William D. Gibson

MAHLON NORRIS GILBERT

Bishop Coadjutor of Minnesota

1886-1900

BY

FRANCIS LESEURE PALMER

11

With an Introduction by

DANIEL SYLVESTER TUTTLE

Presiding Bishop of the
American Church

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INTRODUCTION BY BISHOP TUTTLE.

SOME MEN become helpful leaders among their fellows because of their great learning. With a mass of knowledge laid by in store, classified, digested, and assimilated, they are well equipped to become valuable guides in the uncertainties and intricacies of human life. Bishop Gilbert was not of this class. While a youth in college, pulmonary trouble threatened and shook the citadel of his physical frame. He was obliged to withdraw and to seek in the milder climate of Florida and the invigorating air of Montana the necessary strength wherewith to face his life's work. A laborious and analytic student he could not be. It was of necessity that his service to his fellow men must be along other lines.

The foundation of such service was earnest personal religion. He was a boy of fourteen, when, as a deacon in my first parish, I went to take charge of Zion Church, in Morris, N. Y., of which his father was the senior warden. Blood and descent made him a Churchman to the manner born. Quickness of mental apprehension

and religious earnestness set their mark upon his boyhood. In Sunday school and Bible class they manifested themselves. The afternoon service of the rural parish was mainly a Sunday school service. I began trying my weak wings in crude addresses, expository of portions of the Prayer Book. His intent watchfulness to catch every word always stimulated and helped me. When he was fifteen, I presented him to Bishop Horatio Potter for Confirmation. My dear wife and I helped him in a scholastic way in his preparation for college. He was only eleven years younger than I; and so, in the old Butternuts Valley, a comradeship, sweet and strong, began between us, that has never weakened, and is not lost—only, please God, suspended for a while.

I would note next for a characteristic, purity of character and conduct. There was a delicacy in him, almost feminine, that shrank from the defiling or the profane, and even from the coarse or common. His religious youth, and perhaps the significant taps of the angel of death upon the window panes of his inner being, caused his back to turn upon the things that are of earth, earthy, if they had no savor of the heavenly, and the more, if they set themselves against the heavenly.

I do not mean that he was not manly. By no means. Manliness was a striking element of his makeup and of his life. One feature of his manliness was like his Saviour's—self-controlled and uncomplaining patience

under disappointment, disaster, or defeat. He must take himself out of college, where his eager and appreciative mind was feeding to his great refreshment. He had to face an insidious malady that would grip and bind him down. Yet none ever heard him complain of his fate or bewail the lot that had fallen upon him. In God was his strength. In God was his trust. In that strength he stood sturdily. In that trust he worked cheerily.

Another feature of his manliness was the soldier's—obedience, fidelity, promptness, devotion to duty, self-effacingness. Witness his night and day gallop in the summer of 1877 from Deer Lodge to the battlefield of the Big Hole, when parishioners of his were fighting the Indians, to give his services for help in whatever way they might be required. That was a soldier's ride and a soldier's proffer.

There was a fascination of chivalric devotedness in what he did. In Deer Lodge a church must be built. He was living in a log cabin, but the church must be of stone. He was not one of those who would dwell in ceiled houses while the sacred temple of the Lord lay waste. One by one the stones were lifted into their place and the beautiful structure was finished and paid for. To Christ Church, St. Paul, he gave time and toil and love for five years and more. Already movements were beginning that would leave it a downtown church, but no lack came to his devotion and no lull fell upon his heroic loyalty. When my dear wife died

in the summer of 1899, he came swiftly from St. Paul, unsummoned and unsolicited, to be with me in my sore hour of need. His fidelity to duty and his devotion to friends were things framed in the strength of truth and furbished with the brightness of chivalry.

Generous unselfishness ruled his aims and life. He knew that he was not the one that Bishop Whipple would have chosen to be his Coadjutor. Nevertheless, in affectionate sympathy and with noble self-forgetfulness, he loved and served and succored his distinguished chief for fourteen years.

He was a valuable and a cordially valued member of the House of Bishops. He was in the House for four General Conventions. In three he was a member of the Committee of Domestic Missions, and a leading member, though a junior, and was often charged with reporting and supporting the reports of the Committee on the floor of the House. In the remaining Convention he was on the Committee for Foreign Missions. His growing influence and measurable leadership in the House had already become a power to be reckoned with. His godly sincerity and unaffected simplicity, his plain straightforwardness and strong practical grasp of needs and means and methods, led the House to accord willingly heed to his influence and room and verge enough for his power.

Minnesota knows what he was as Bishop in the field. Hobart College and Seabury Divinity School know what he was as a student. Utah and Montana know what he

was as teacher and priest. To me he was a dearly loved son in the Gospel, a son whose earthly life was crowned with earnestness in religion, with loyalty to the Church, with stainless purity, with generous unselfishness, with chivalric devotion of self, with affectionate sympathy for all men, and with statesmanlike leadership in the sphere of responsibility assigned to him by God's wise providence.

A grateful, loving father, left in much loneliness, deeply humble for himself, but proud of him, desires to lay this little tribute of affection upon his sacred grave.

DANIEL SYLVESTER TUTTLE.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THOUGH ten years and more have passed since Bishop Gilbert finished his heroic course, his memory is as fresh and green as when he died. The Church in the United States has seen Bishops of greater administrative ability and greater scholarship, but none that has been more greatly loved. "Dear Bishop Gilbert" he was and is to those that knew him.

At a luncheon given January 24, 1911, in honor of the Rev. Theodore Payne Thurston, about to be consecrated Bishop of Eastern Oklahoma, the venerable Presiding Bishop, in recalling the history of earlier days, dwelt with affectionate regard on some of the Church's leaders and pioneers. He paid glowing tribute to the saintly Bishop Kemper, and to the apostolic Bishop Whipple, honored not only in Minnesota, for which he gave himself so unsparingly, but in all the Church. And when he came to speak of Bishop Gilbert, he said with visible emotion and affection:

"Mahlon Norris Gilbert—a man greatly loving, a man greatly beloved; a man giving out sympathy

wonderfully; a man calling out sympathy wonderfully; a man showing loyalty with his whole heart and soul; a man arousing wholesouled and wholehearted loyalty."

On the occasion of Bishop Edsall's tenth anniversary, celebrated in connection with the annual Council of the Diocese, held at Winona, May 30, 1911, praise was given impartially to all three of Minnesota's chief pastors. Of Bishop Gilbert, Dean Mueller said, "What memories of love are recalled by that name!"

In a personal letter to a friend in St. Paul soon after Bishop Gilbert's death, the great Bishop of New York, Henry Codman Potter, wrote:

"Anyone more single, strenuous, and devoted in every best service, anyone more engaging and inspiring in all my contacts with him, I never knew. To have known him is an incomparable privilege; to have lost him is an immeasurable bereavement. In all our House of Bishops, he was to me the prince of manliness, honor, fearlessness, and Christian chivalry. Ah, rare and beautiful soul, what shall we do without you!"

The reason that up to this time no biography has been written is a simple one. After Bishop Gilbert's death, his personal papers and correspondence, which had been carefully placed in a storage warehouse, were destroyed by fire. Only a scrapbook and a volume of memorabilia survived, and these had been injured. The death of Mrs. Gilbert soon after made the work of gathering information still more difficult. The present writer has searched patiently and corresponded widely,

until the material collected, while inadequate, seems sufficient to show much of Dr. Gilbert's personality and to account in some measure for his strong and beautiful influence, as bishop and as man.

The writer will be glad to receive corrections of any errors and to have any omissions supplied.

F. L. P.

SEABURY DIVINITY SCHOOL, Faribault, Minnesota,
November 1, 1912.

CHAPTER I.

HOME AND ANCESTRY.

IN NEW YORK STATE, fifty miles westward from Albany, lies a large rural county, which bears the musical name of Otsego. The Susquehanna River runs near its southwestern border, and its western boundary is the Unadilla River, which flows nearly due south and joins the Susquehanna. Railways follow these rivers, but to this day no railway, not even an electric line, has traversed the main part of the county. It remains fair, prosperous, and secluded, an unusual community.

In the southwestern part of this retired region, a pleasant stream called Butternuts Creek flows to unite with the Unadilla; and here, between hills which rise at times to a height of three or four hundred feet above the creek, lies "the old Butternuts Valley" to which Bishop Tuttle refers affectionately in his Introduction. A writer of local history thus explains the name:

Before the War of the Revolution, when tracts of land upon the frontier of New York were sold by the English governors as "patents," there were three but-

ternut trees, growing from one stump, which marked the corner of Hillington, Wells, and Otego patents. Hence the old name of the town, Butternuts, from which the smaller town, Morris, was formed. The three butternuts stood near where the three corners of the townships of Morris, Pittsfield, and New Lisbon now meet.¹

In this valley settlements were made as early as 1773, but the Indians were so aggressive that little progress could then be made. The Indian leader was the intrepid Mohawk chieftain Thayendanegea, commonly called Joseph Brant. According to the historian John Fiske, "this full-blood Mohawk" was "the most remarkable Indian known in history. . . . He was well-educated, a devout member of the Episcopal Church, and translated the Prayer Book and parts of the New Testament into the Mohawk language. The combination of missionary and war-chief in him was quite curious."² Episcopacy of a somewhat militant type seems thus to have been almost indigenous in this region.

In 1778 two Connecticut Churchmen, Ichabod Palmer and Elnathan Noble, came to Butternuts, and we learn that from that time Prayer Book services were held regularly, usually at the home of Mr. Palmer. By 1793 there must have been some form of parish organization, for in the Journal of the Convention of the Diocese of New York for that year, Jacob Morris,

¹ From *History of Zion Church Parish, Morris, N. Y.*, by Katharine M. Sanderson.

² *A History of the United States for Schools*, p. 226.

Esquire, is recorded as a duly credited delegate. This worthy citizen, also known as General Morris, was son of Lewis Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and it was in honor of this illustrious family that the name of the town was changed from Butternuts to Morris.

As the settlement grew, a house of worship became a necessity, and in 1801 a plain frame building was erected, to which was given the unusual name, Harmony Church. Here for several years there ministered the zealous and kindly pioneer, the Rev. Daniel Nash, who also went far and wide preaching the word. In the old records of the Diocesan Convention he is given the large title, "Rector of Otsego County."

It was in the days of "Father Nash" that Elijah Gilbert and Chauncey Todd, grandparents of Mahlon Norris Gilbert, came to the Butternuts Valley. Both the Gilberts and the Todds were of staunch Connecticut Churchmanship, and it was probably the desire to be near an Episcopal church that led both families to come to this part of the valley. (The story runs that the venerable and witty John Williams, for many years Bishop of Connecticut, was once asked to define the term, "a Connecticut Churchman." His ready reply was, "A Connecticut Churchman is one that will stand without hitching.")

Several families of the name of Gilbert came about this time to the valley. Some of them settled a few miles south in the town called Gilbertsville, but their

relation to the Elijah Gilbert line, if any existed, has not been traced. Elijah Gilbert was born in 1775, came to the valley in 1817, and died in 1862. Of Elijah and of his son Norris, father of the Bishop, more will be said a little later.

Chauncey Todd was born in Cheshire, Connecticut, in 1784, and when twenty-one he went "West" to "the unbroken wilderness of Central New York." After a few years he returned to his native state, and on September 13, 1812, he married Susan Hotchkiss. Their wedding journey was on horseback through the forests and occasional settlements to the village of Butternuts. In 1836 they moved a few miles farther west to New Berlin, in Chenango County. Their daughter, Lucy Todd, the eldest of eleven children, was the Bishop's mother. Her brother Russell Todd, an Episcopal clergyman, wrote a charming sketch of Chauncey and Susan Todd, which shows their sterling and simple character. When the father came in on a winter evening from the cooper shop, where he spent his spare time, to find his wife knitting or mending, the children who were reading or at play would expect to hear him ask their mother, "Susan, is there nothing the boys can do for you, no apples to pare for sauce, no pumpkins to be made ready for to-morrow's pies, or something else they can do for you?" "It was his uniform habit, every Sunday evening, to gather his children, old and young, about the home fireplace to teach and to hear them say the old Church catechism. . . . My mother's character was

of the gentle type. Her life, as it seems to me now in this far away time, was like the running of a quiet stream through a peaceful meadow. . . . I overheard from a group of ladies standing round the stove one winter's Sunday noon in old St. Andrew's Church, New Berlin, 'Mrs. Chauncey Todd bears the sweetest and most winning face of all the ladies who appear at church.' " Her son adds, "Her eyes were a soft brown, a pleasant smile about the mouth, her hair a light brown lightly touched with auburn." ³ Some of these characteristics were transmitted to her grandson Mahlon.

It was an older brother of Chauncey, Jehiel Todd, that founded Toddtown, or Toddsville, as it now appears on the map, near Cooperstown (the home of James Fennimore Cooper), also in Otsego County. Persons of strong character were common in the Todd family. One of these was Jonah Todd, father of Jehiel and Chauncey. Jonah was born in 1751, and lived first at Northford and then at Woodbridge, both in New Haven County, Connecticut. He was a Tory during the Revolution, "because he held taking up arms against the mother country the same as lifting his hand against the mother church, the Church of England." ⁴ Jonah was twice married, first to Lowly Harrison by whom he had seven children, and then to Abigail Cruttenden

³ Sketch of Chauncey and Susan Todd, by the Rev. Russell Todd, in Col. Albert Todd's *Notes Concerning a Portion of the Connecticut Branch of the Todd Family in America*, pp. 18-23.

⁴ Col. Albert Todd, *Notes Concerning the Todd Family*, p. 7.

(born Heaton), by whom he had three, of whom Chauncey was the youngest.

We must not pause too long on the matter of ancestry, yet it was a matter in which Bishop Gilbert was deeply interested, and of which he had collected valuable data—unfortunately destroyed.

Jonah Todd's line can be traced to Stephen Todd of Wallingford (born 1702), who married Lydia Ives. Stephen was son of Deacon Samuel Todd (born 1672), a farmer of North Haven, and his wife Susannah Tuttle. Samuel was son of Samuel Todd (born 1645), and Mary Bradley. They lived near New Haven in what is now Whitneyville. This Samuel was son of Christopher Todd (born 1617), and Grace Middlebrook, both of whom came from Yorkshire, England, in 1639, during the great Puritan exodus, and settled first in Charlestown near Boston, but later joined the New Haven Colony. Here Christopher became a leading citizen, holding various offices in the colony. He owned a large farm, a bakery, and a grist mill at Whitneyville, and also a house in New Haven. He died in 1686.

The Todd line can be traced a little farther yet, for Christopher was son of William Todd (born 1593) and Katharine Ward, and this William was also son of William Todd who married Isabel Rogerson in 1592. His home was Pontefract (pronounced Pomfret and so spelled in this country), in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The name Todd originally meant fox, as is borne out by the coat of arms to which Christopher Todd

was duly entitled, as the records of Heraldry show.⁵

Something has been said of the excellent Tory, Jonah Todd. If there had been a "Society of the Sons of Staunch American Tories" the Bishop would have been duly qualified for membership. His patriotism, however, naturally led him to membership in "The Sons of the Revolution" and the "Society of Colonial Wars." He was third in descent from Ambrose Ward, who served in the American Revolution, and seventh in descent from Major Simon Willard, the Puritan leader of Concord, Massachusetts.

The following ancestral line is copied from page 171 of the "Register of Members and Ancestors of the Society of Colonial Wars, in the State of Minnesota, 1901."

Gilbert, Mahlon Norris (Society Number 75),
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Born March 23, 1848, in Laurens, N. Y.

Married Frances Pierpont Carvill, May 20, 1880.

2 Norris Gilbert, 1811-1877.

Lucy Todd, 1813-1891.

3 Elijah Gilbert, 1775-1862.

Lois Ward, 1773-1856.

4 Ambrose Ward, 1747-1819.

Lois Meigs, 1750-1826.

⁵ *Coat of Arms of the Todd Family.* Argent (silver). Three foxes' heads, couped (cut off square), gules (red), a bordure vert (with border of green). *Crest*—On a chapeau (cap) gules (red), with ermine turned up, a fox sejant (sitting), proper (in natural color). *Motto*—"Oportet vivere." This may be translated, "It is necessary to live," or "One must live." From Col. Albert Todd's *Notes of the Todd Family*, p. 5.

- 5 Jonathan Meigs, -1765.

6 Capt. Jonathan Meigs, 1672-1739.
Hannah Willard, 1698-
7 Josiah Willard, -1674.
Hannah Hosmer.
8 Major Simon Willard, 1605-1676.
Mary Sharpe.

Simon Willard was born in England, in Horsmonden, County Kent, the son of Richard Willard and his second wife, Margery. In Johnson's *Wonder Working Providence* Simon is called a "Kentish soldier." With his wife Mary Sharpe, daughter of Henry Sharpe, he emigrated to New England in 1634, and became at once a leader among the Puritans. He was one of the founders of Concord, Massachusetts, where for nineteen years he was town clerk. As surveyor, commissioner, deputy, etc., he served the colony faithfully, but his most conspicuous service was military. In March 1637 he was commissioned Lieutenant Commander.

"A train-band captain eke was he."

For forty years he wore a military uniform, and in King Philip's War, though a man of seventy, he was for months almost constantly in the saddle. A contemporary record says, "He died in his bed in peace, though God had honored him with several signal victories over our enemies in war." His funeral was

"an occasion of much pomp . . . and his death caused profound sorrow far and wide." ^o

In the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral there was placed, a few years ago, a tablet commemorative of Major Willard. It bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORIAM
MAJOR SIMON WILLARD,

Born 1604, died 1676,

Exactly one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence.

A Kentish soldier, and an early pioneer
in the settlement of the British Colony
of New England, America, 1634.

He was made Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces
against the hostile Indian Tribes.

He was distinguished in the Military, Legislative,
and Political Service of the American Commonwealth
until his death, Aged 72.

Of Simon Willard's ancestors, one was Provost of
Canterbury, 1218, and another was Baron of Cinque Ports, 1377,
and his descendants to the present day have held
eminent positions in the United States.

Erected by
Sylvester D. Willard, M.R.C.S.
London, 1902.

Another military name in the ancestral line given above is that of Captain Jonathan Meigs. Of his son Jonathan (great-great-grandfather of the Bishop) a romantic story is told. For some time he had wooed a fair Quakeress of Middletown, but always her reply was, "Nay, Jonathan, I respect thee much, but I cannot marry thee." On his last visit, he had received the usual reply, and was slowly mounting his horse, when

^o A sketch of Major Simon Willard by Charles Phelps Noyes may be found in the Register of the Minnesota Society of Colonial Wars, 1901, pp. 484-486.

he heard the happiest words of his life, "Return Jonathan! Return Jonathan!" When they were married and had a son, the name chosen by the father was, "Return Jonathan." The son rendered distinguished service as Colonel in the Revolutionary War, and his son, also named Return Jonathan Meigs, was Governor of Ohio from 1810 to 1814. Others of the family have borne the same interesting name.

Thus the Bishop's ancestry abounds with strong characters, pioneers and leaders, God-fearing and conscientious, whether Puritan or Churchman. For such a descent he was deeply grateful, and he showed himself in every way worthy of his forbears.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD ON THE FARM.

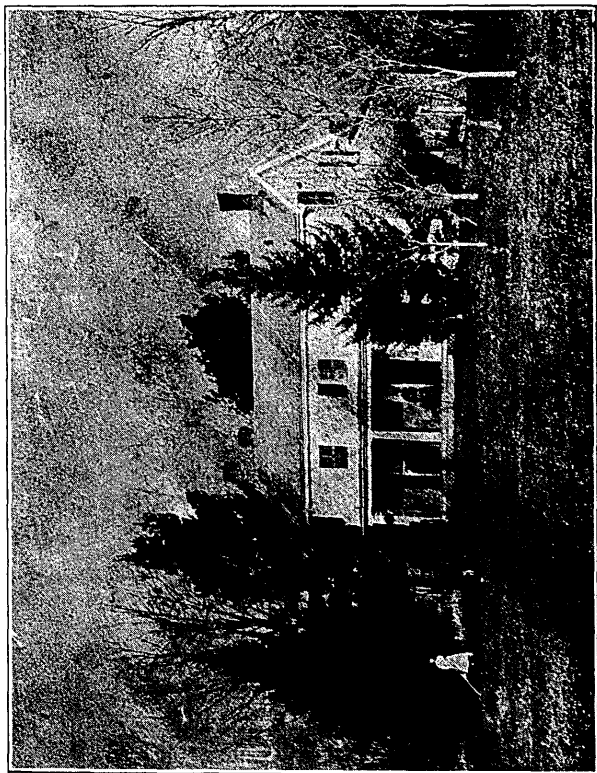
NORRIS GILBERT and Lucy Todd, whose ancestral lines have been traced in the previous chapter, were married on the eighth of June, 1835, and made their home on a pleasant farm in the town of Laurens, four miles or more east of Morris. The old red house is still standing, a plain frame building, large in size but only "a story and a half" in height. Here were born three sons, their only children. The eldest of these, named Hobart Henry, in honor of the great Bishop Hobart, was born in 1842 but lived only two years. Frederick, who was born in 1845, received a business education. He is still living in Lo Lo, Montana, whither the pioneer blood in his veins led the way.

Mahlon Norris Gilbert was born on March 23, 1848, and was baptized on May 20, 1849, by the Rev. Amos Billings Beach, rector of Zion Church, Butternuts. When Mahlon was eight years old his father bought a better farm, in the little town of New Lisbon, five miles north of Morris, or Butternuts. It is still re-

membered that "Norris Gilbert was well-to-do, and bought the farm outright and had money to spare."

The new home, which is still standing, is an eight-roomed frame house, with an ell at the rear. There is a porch across the front, and there are chimneys at both ends. The house stands facing the east, on a gentle sloping hillside, far back from the country road. Behind the house the hill rises more steeply to a considerable height, and bears a "sugar-bush," or grove of hard maples, yielding every spring an abundance of sap and sugar. South of the house stand two large pines; and in the yard are many fruit trees and shade trees. In front the ground slopes down, first to the road, and then on across the fields to the winding creek, old Butternuts, which makes its way through the valley among trees and bushes, giving charm to all the land.

It was a happy valley for boys to grow up in, with neighbors enough for sociability and with the varied life of the farm, and the changing work and sport as the seasons changed, year by year. The home was marked by simplicity and refinement. Both father and mother are remembered as "of lovely character, plain and unassuming, very quiet in their ways, and leading always most exemplary lives." The mother, Lucy Todd, was slight and frail from her childhood, but she outlived nine younger brothers and sisters, Russell, the clergyman, alone surviving her. For several years she played the organ in Zion Church, and in her own parlor there stood a pipe organ which was the wonder of the neigh-



BISHOP GILBERT'S BOYHOOD HOME AT MORRIS, N. Y.

borhood. The father was a man of considerable wealth and of position in the community. He was warden of Zion Church for many years, and in the absence of the rector was accustomed to read service and conduct Sunday school. In this home, as in the homes of their forefathers, the Christian faith was very dear and very real.

Since early days, Harmony Church in the parish of Butternuts had grown and prospered. In 1818 the stone church was erected, which still stands on the hill, near the business center of the village. At the time of its consecration by Bishop Hobart, in the fall of the same year, the name of the church was changed from Harmony to Zion.

The church consisted of the part known now as the nave, with the hall and vestibules. The pulpit was in the middle of the east end of the church with a large sounding board over it. On the left, winding stairs led up to it from behind a reading desk, and on the right was the white marble-top altar. The altar rail went straight across, ending where three pews were placed in opposite corners. The little white marble font stood just outside the altar rail at the end of the middle aisle. There were galleries on three sides, and the organ and choir were in the gallery opposite the pulpit. The robing-room was in the vestibule at the left of the front door, and during the sermon hymn the clergyman passed down through the congregation and changed his white surplice for the black gown in which to preach.¹

¹ Katharine M. Sanderson, *History of Zion Church Parish*, pp. 8, 9.

Frederick Gilbert's recollections of the time when he and his brother Mahlon worked and played and went to school and to church together help to make those early days vivid and real.

"Ours had always been Church people. I cannot recall a Sunday, no matter how severe the weather, in which we failed to go to church, a distance of five miles. The morning service was at ten o'clock, with Sunday school at noon, followed by afternoon service, and we remained to all."

Frederick continues:

"My school-days began at six, as all children were started to school at that age. Mahlon, who was only three, would walk with me as far as the front gate, when I started each morning for school. I can see his face now, peering through the fence after he had said good-bye. As soon as he was old enough he accompanied me to the little district school, about half a mile away.

"One of Mahlon's greatest trials while a small boy at home was washing his face in the morning. Getting up and dressing in a cold room was nothing in comparison. 'Now,' he would say, 'this is the worst of all!'"

Another memory of boyhood days which Mr. Frederick Gilbert has written down is of the fireside tales of old days in New England. "Often have we listened to the stories told us by our grandmother (Lois Ward Gilbert) of Revolutionary times. On the day the British under Arnold attacked New London, she was at

church with her father Ambrose Ward when the sound of the cannon from the ships reached their ears. The men started at once for the scene of action, leaving the women and children to return to their homes. On their way home, Lois, who told the story, was so alarmed by the noise of the guns that she lay down for a time under a fence."

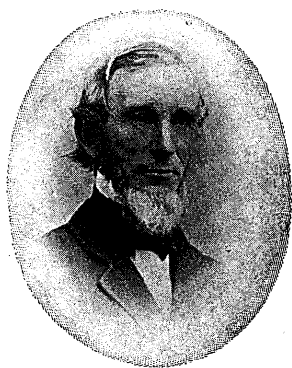
Another story that was often told, was the coming to the valley of Elijah and Lois Ward Gilbert. This was early in the last century, and it was they who "built at Laurens, a large substantial house, painting it red." This is the house, already referred to as the birthplace of Frederick and Mahlon.

The origin of the Bishop's love for fishing is thus told by his brother. "A trout stream ran through our farm, and there his love for the sport began, growing as the years increased. He was never happier than when, far removed from the worries and toils of life, by the side of some stream in the mountains of Montana or at some lake or brook in Minnesota, he could cast his hook and feel the thrill of the bite."

There was also good fishing in the Butternuts Creek and good hunting for small game along its banks or on the hillsides. Wild flowers of great variety and trees and shrubs of many kinds also gave beauty and interest to the valley; and the coming and going of the birds in spring and fall made Nature not a formal "study" but a kindly companion and friend.

The work of the farm was a constant education.

Those who have grown up in the country appreciate its meaning as others cannot—the hard routine of rising before light in the cold winter to milk the cows; the daily “chores” about the place; the following the plow and the harrow; the battling constantly against weeds and insects; the working in the hot hayfield, and hotter haymow; the husking corn in late autumn, with fingers numb and sore—these are some of the hardships of life upon the farm. But there is another side—the joy of fresh air and open meadow; the charm of the changing seasons; the beauty of the growing grain or of the new-mown field; the excitement of racing with a thunderstorm to get the hay under cover before the rain falls; the satisfaction of great bays filled nearly to the roof with hay or grain; the delight of gathering the harvest, and the honest reward of the cellar stored with homely vegetables and fragrant fruit—these are some of the things that make up for the work and the worry of the farmer’s life. In our modern “return to the country” there is often honest endeavor to restore the healthful conditions of rural life, but we cannot bring back again the simplicity of life in the country as it was sixty years ago in Butternuts Valley.



NORRIS AND LUCY GILBERT

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

THE GILBERT FARM has been described as in New Lisbon, but actually it stood at the meeting of three townships, New Lisbon, Pittsfield, and Morris, near the surveyor's mark of the butternut stumps, explained in the first chapter. The house stood in the township of Morris, but the village of Morris was five miles away, while that part of New Lisbon called Noblesville was near by. "School District Number One" of the town of New Lisbon included part of the Gilbert farm, and it was to this school, only half a mile away, that the brothers naturally went. The schoolhouse is described by Mr. George A. Yates, a close school friend of the Gilbert boys, as an oblong frame building, standing near the Creek. The front door was in the center of the north end, and opened into an entry from which an inner door, also in the center, opened into a long schoolroom.

"The desks in the schoolroom were in one continuous row the whole length of the building on each of the long

sides of the room, each desk having a lid that would open back against the wall. The seat was one flat board running the whole length, and the scholars when studying faced the wall." For recitations there were parallel benches in front. There was no platform for the teacher but his desk stood at one end between the long rows of desks. In the center of the schoolroom there stood of course the long wood stove, which overheated those nearby, leaving the farther regions north and south in the cold, an object lesson in geography. There were then about forty scholars in the school, and there were two terms only in the school year. During the summer term, a woman taught, but in the winter term, when some of the older boys attended, a schoolmaster was in charge. The practice of moving up or down in the class, according to one's proficiency or failure, was then common in the East. Whittier's poem, "In School-Days," turns on this custom. Mr. Yates describes it as follows:

"If a scholar missed a question, the first one below in the class that could answer it would take the place of the one that failed. The one that stood at the head of the class at the close of one recitation would take his place the next time at the foot. Mahlon was very studious, and was always ready to answer questions on which others had failed."

Of this period, his brother Frederick writes: "Mahlon took great delight in his books, especially in reading and elocution. Having a good voice and confi-

dence, he was often called upon, when visitors came to the school, to read or declaim some stirring piece like Rienzi's 'Address,' or Webster's 'Reply to Hayne.' His oratorical powers never left him, and as he thrilled his listeners in his school-boy days, so he thrilled his hearers in the mountains of Montana, and on Minnesota's plains, as he told them the story of the Cross."

Mahlon's physical health as a boy was excellent. He is remembered by his schoolmate, Mr. George Yates, as "very quick on foot, a fast runner and a fast walker." He was very good at the game of "Fox and Geese," which was often played in winter in the snow, or at the simpler game of "Fox," in which one boy, called the "hound," tried to catch the others, often running long distances.

Mr. Yates recalls an incident of their schooldays, when a difference of opinion arose between Mahlon and another boy who became very angry. Suddenly Mahlon, pointing his finger at the boy, shouted in thrilling tones, "*Severa Vashtashni!*" The boy was so "scared" by this unexpected epithet, that he quite forgot his anger, and had no more to say. The magic words were from Mahlon's geography lesson. The name is not found in modern atlases, but geographies may have changed. One is reminded of that other geographical term of magic power—"Mesopotamia."

Mr. Edwin E. Carpenter, editor and proprietor of the *Morris Chronicle*, recalls an amusing accomplishment of his uncle Mahlon. Any word which he could

spell in the usual way he was able to spell with equal rapidity backward. His friends often tested this ability with difficult words, but he never failed to answer promptly, and when tested his answer was invariably correct.

These are trifling incidents, but they show the natural accuracy and alertness of his mind.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, Frederick was fourteen and Mahlon eleven. Frederick remembers the intense patriotism of his brother. He had always listened intently to his grandmother's stories of Revolutionary times and wished that he might have had part in them. And now "his voice could be heard above the loudest, cheering the soldiers as they marched away to the front in '61."

When Mahlon Gilbert was fourteen years old, there came into his life, in God's good plan, a strong new influence, that was in a large measure to determine his career. It was the friendship and guidance of the new "assistant minister of Zion Church," the Rev. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle had just completed his course at the General Theological Seminary in New York City, in the class of 1862. It was a notable class, for it included, beside Bishop Tuttle, three others who rose to the same chief office—Bishop Robertson, Bishop Jaggar, and Bishop Walker.

For two years the Rev. George L. Foote had been rector of Zion Church at Morris, but from the spring of 1862 he was confined to his room by a paralytic

stroke. He was so beloved that the parish wished to keep him still in office, and accordingly the vestry asked Mr. Tuttle, who was a near relative, to come to "fulfill temporarily the parish duties of the rector." Mr. Tuttle hesitated, but Bishop Horatio Potter, whom he consulted, urged him to go. "It is one of the best rural parishes in the diocese. The farmers from a great sweep of country round about are loyal Churchmen." So the decision was made, and Daniel Tuttle came to Morris, his first and only parish.

The Rev. Mr. Foote lived a year and a half, giving wise and valued counsel to his young assistant, but from the first Mr. Tuttle was practically rector, and from the first he won the hearts of the community. The introductory chapter of Bishop Tuttle's *Reminiscences* describes his five years of strong and fruitful service at Morris. One page from this chapter, written while Bishop Gilbert was still with us, belongs to our narrative:

In the Sunday school and in the Bible class of Saturday afternoon were two brothers, who came some miles from the country to attend, sons of Mr. Norris Gilbert, the senior warden. The younger one attracted my attention from the first Sunday. He was fourteen years old, large-eyed and bright-eyed, quick to answer at catechising, an untiring listener at the "talks." This was Mahlon N. Gilbert, now Assistant Bishop of Minnesota. Mr. Foote, when coming to the parish two or three years before, had also been singularly attracted by him. Going up to him one day after Sunday school,

in the kind way Mr. Foote had with children, he said, placing his hand on his head, "You are a good listener, my boy, it interests me to look at you when I am speaking; I hope you will grow up to be one of these days a minister yourself to help us in the Church." The thought was first put into the boy's mind then and there. Behold its growth and fruit! Ought we older ones not to bethink ourselves how a word in season uttered to a boy or young man may be the starting-point for securing him for the work of the sacred ministry? Subsequently young Gilbert studied Latin and mathematics with Mrs. Tuttle and myself. . . . I cannot tell all the story of how the lines of my life's history have become closely woven with his, or how my heart is gladdened as a loving father's over the great good work for the Church that he is doing in these later days.¹

Five other boys who were members of the parish during Mr. Tuttle's rectorship, became clergymen: Henry L. Foote, Albert C. Bunn, Romaine S. Mansfield, Daniel W. Duroe, and Louis C. Washburn. Mr. Tuttle's immediate successor as rector, the Rev. N. S. Rulison, became Bishop of Central Pennsylvania. Miss Sanderson's *History of Zion Church Parish* records the names of five others who grew up in the parish and entered the sacred ministry: Noble Palmer, George W. Foote, Daniel Washburn, Robert Washbon, and Robert Perine. The total number has since been increased to sixteen. The character of this remarkable rural parish has thus been summed up by the present junior warden:

¹ Bishop Tuttle's *Reminiscences*, p. 19.

"The atmosphere of this old parish of Zion Church was always strongly charged with the missionary spirit, and we cannot but believe that Mahlon Gilbert's early life amid such surroundings was a providential ordering indeed."²

At the age of fifteen Mahlon was confirmed by Bishop Horatio Potter. The service was a notable one, the record in the Diocesan Journal being as follows:

July 19 (1863), Seventh Sunday after Trinity, A. M.—In Zion, Morris, preached, advanced the Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, the Assistant Minister of the Parish, to the *Priesthood*, and also confirmed *twenty-three* (*two* of them in private), and addressed them.

Some items from the parochial report of Zion Church from the same Diocesan Journal are of interest:

Number of families, 157. Number of individuals 668. Baptisms: adults, 5; infants, 27; total, 32. Communicants, 236. The Holy Communion celebrated the first Sunday of every month, and on Holy Days of special Preface. Catechists and Sunday school teachers, 32. Catechumens: number of children taught the Catechism openly in the church, 173. Number of times, 40. Members of other classes for Religious Instruction, 14. Sunday scholars, 54. Total number of young persons instructed, 241. Contributions, total, \$1,057.74 [of which only \$620.92 was for parish purposes].

This report shows remarkable economy of administration combined with great generosity in missionary gifts. Of chief interest, however, is the light thrown

² George A. Yates, *History of Noblesville*, Article No. 8, *Morris Chronicle*, February 3, 1909.

on the broad extent of the work of the parish. The report as to "Catechumens" is according to a schedule drawn up for all the parishes, and suggests some lines of religious instruction in which the Church to-day fails to maintain the efficiency of fifty years ago. It was indeed an active and wise pastoral care that provided systematic instruction for so large a proportion of the parish.

Mr. Tuttle's interest in Mahlon showed itself in practical ways. The boy's ability as a speaker interested the clergyman and promised well for the future. Accordingly Mr. Tuttle would take Mahlon and sometimes another boy into the woods, and give them lessons in the use of the voice. The *Reminiscences* describe the training of that remarkable power of speech which Bishop Tuttle possesses and uses with such vigor and charm.

Beyond my swimming-pond at Morris was an island, away from houses, reached by a long slab over the stream, and with a beautiful grove upon it. Between two trees, almost joined together, I set up a rude pulpit board, and there every Saturday I spread out my sermon for the next day, and preached it, loud and full, with the birds for listeners. The exercise helped my voice. Emphasis took to itself right inflections. Eye and hand and bodily posture familiarized themselves with their duties, and adjusted themselves to the ways of most efficient work.³

One day the elocutionary practice was interrupted.

³ *Reminiscences*, pp. 17, 18.

Two Morris boys, Warren Lull and a cousin, were trout-fishing along Butternuts Creek, when suddenly a most startling sound was heard among the trees. The cousin was greatly frightened, and declared there must be some madmen in the woods, but Warren recognized the tremendous voice of the good rector, Mr. Tuttle, who had taken Mahlon and another future clergyman into the open air to give them a lesson in elocution.

In the autumn of 1864, at the age of sixteen, Mahlon entered Fairfield Academy. This was a private school of a type then common in the East. These academies were usually co-educational, and filled the gap between the common school and the college. Under altered conditions some still survive, but most of them long since finished their useful work. Fairfield was then, as it is now, a small rural village of Herkimer County, New York. It is a few miles north of Little Falls, and over forty miles from Morris. Fairfield Academy was founded in 1803 and was for many years a very popular school; it continued its work through the century, and closed in 1901. When Mahlon entered, the principal was the Rev. L. Bartlett Barker, and there was at least one teacher of rare ability, Professor Albert B. Watkins.

There was in the Academy a literary organization with the high name of "The Philorhetorean Society." It was founded in 1854, partly as a debating society, partly to encourage writing and speaking, as its name suggests. It soon became a fraternity, large in numbers and marked by ability and enthusiasm. At the reunion

of 1894 Bishop Gilbert made the chief address, and spoke with high praise of the "healthful and stimulating" life of the Academy, as he had known it, thirty years before. "With the keenest pleasure" he recalls the companionship, the inspiration of those years. He pictured himself when first attracted to these "classic shades" in all the enthusiasm of youth. "The gates into the enchanted land of knowledge seem to swing open; the future with its possibilities of usefulness and fame appears a veritable reality."

With vivid memory he recalls the patriotic spirit of the Academy. Of this society nearly seventy members served in the Union Army. The Bishop says:

This period in the history of the school was unique and significant. The awful stress of the Civil War rested heavily upon the people. The glory and the glamour of marching squadrons and waving banners had passed into a grim and terrible reality. . . . To us, the boys of those days, as we looked into the battle-rent air, there came a realization of the tremendous meaning of life and its duties. We caught the high inspiration which thrilled the nation's heart. The fires of patriotism were kindled. To become worthy of citizenship, to take up, if need be, the battle for freedom and carry it onward to a victorious end, were thoughts which in a certain way solemnized and dignified our lives.

Then back to the school came men to take up anew the class book, which they had dropped for the sword. . . . I was one of the younger boys, and how honored I felt to recite in the same classes and mingle in debate with these war-worn and battle-begrimmed heroes.

It was, I say, not possible to be in touch with such an environment without being uplifted by it. . . .

It was in the midst of such scenes and amidst such associations that my Fairfield days were passed. Then I was too young to fight for my country, and now, should the occasion arise, I am too old. So men come and go, so we step from the stage, and another generation appears to act the same drama in which we have taken part. Nothing is permanent but God and the individual soul.⁴

⁴ *Reunions of the Philorhetorean Society*, p. 140, 141.

CHAPTER IV.

HOBART COLLEGE.

IN THE FALL of 1866, at the age of eighteen, Mahlon Gilbert entered Hobart College. It was a great event in his life, one to which he had long looked forward with intense hope.

The journey of over one hundred miles was then made by stage north to Utica, and thence westward by the New York Central Railway, the road branching off after a time to the south. Of the series of long, narrow lakes, which give such distinction to central New York, one of the largest is Seneca. It extends north and south over thirty miles, the greatest width being about three miles. At the north end, the lake is two miles broad and at the northwest "corner" lies "the fair village of Geneva" (now an incorporated city), the seat of Hobart College. The original college grounds included only "the village lot on which stands Geneva Hall," but now the college owns over fifteen acres, on the west rising toward "The Ridge," and on the east sloping down, with fair prospect, to the lake.

The college which Mahlon's parents had chosen was naturally one under the care of their own Church. It was not a large institution, but it was one with a broad outlook and high standard, and had already educated a large number of able and distinguished men. Of its foundation, a recent graduate, a Presbyterian clergyman, has given a sympathetic and impartial narrative:

Hobart College was the joint product of a theological seminary and a village academy, united in a true chemical compound in which the characteristics of both elements were lost in a totally new creation. The agent which brought about this singular, if not unique, combination was a dash of rare genius on the part of a small group of men providentially at hand.

Educational beginnings at Geneva are lost in the "backward abyss" of time, but within thirteen years of the close of the Revolutionary War, a public Academy had been established in the new community on the shore of Seneca Lake. In 1813 this institution was incorporated under the Regents of the State of New York, and among those who are named as contributors to the Academy are found eight who formed [twelve years later] a part of the original Board of Trustees for Geneva College. . . .

Two qualities exhibited by the founders strike one as being remarkable. These two things are: 1, Their religious catholicity; 2, the breadth and originality of their educational policy. The college was founded under ecclesiastical auspices and its sponsors were zealous Churchmen. Yet nothing could be broader or

more catholic than the spirit in which its purposes and regulations were adopted.¹

The "theological seminary" which was combined with Geneva Academy to form Geneva College, was originally a foundation in connection with Fairfield Academy. The transfer from Fairfield to Geneva was planned by Bishop Hobart, and in time the College came to bear his name. Its first class was graduated in 1826.²

When Mahlon entered Hobart, the Rev. Dr. Abner Jackson was President, and Professor of Christian Evidences. He was a man of marked ability, and soon after became President of Trinity College, Hartford. Other members of the faculty were: Rev. Dr. William Dexter Wilson (Philosophy and History); Rev. Dr. Kendrick Metcalf (Latin and Rhetoric); John Towler, M.D. (Modern Languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry—a Master of Arts of St. John's

¹ Hobart College, by Louis Matthews Sweet, M.A., '92, in *The University Magazine*, July, 1907, pp. 1, 5, 6.

² Among the noted Alumni are: "Father Gear," pioneer Episcopal Missionary of Minnesota; Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin; Hon. Charles James Folger; Bp. Neeley of Maine; Bp. Paret of Maryland; Bp. Welles of Wisconsin; Bp. Worthington of Nebraska; Bp. Brewer of Montana; Bp. Graves of Kearney; Bp. Wells of Spokane; Bp. Mann of North Dakota; Bp. Hale of Springfield; Bp. Graves of Shanghai; Dr. Wm. Watts Folwell, President of the University of Minnesota; Rev. Dr. Geo. Williamson Smith, President of Trinity College; Rev. Dr. Charles A. Poole, of Seabury Divinity School; Rev. Dr. Max L. Kellner, of the Cambridge Theological School; Rev. Dr. Alexander Mann, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. Among the notable non-graduates are: Gov. Horatio Seymour; Dr. Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University; Rev. Dr. Austin Phelps, and the Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Winslow. Many other names of high distinction could be added.

College, Cambridge, England, he was evidently qualified to teach anything); Albert Sproull Wheeler (Greek); Rev. Dr. Francis Thayer Russell (Rhetoric and Elocution); Rev. Dr. Pelham Williams, Chaplain.

There still stand side by side, on the broad main street, three substantial stone buildings which belong to Bishop Gilbert's time: Geneva Hall, erected in 1822; Trinity Hall, in 1837, and St. John's Chapel, of Early English style, completed in 1863. Some other buildings were then in use which time and fire have since destroyed. One was the venerable structure known variously as "Polydromous," "Jan's House," or the "Old Gym." Another was the "Middle Building," used for library, offices, and recitation rooms. A third was the large "Medical Building" which stood on the lake-side of Main Street.³

The Class of 1870, which Mahlon entered, numbered twenty-two students, of whom only thirteen completed the course. In this class were seven who became Episcopal clergymen, seven who studied law, and two who became physicians. William Keith Brooks, who removed to Williams College, became a prominent scientist; Walter North and Charles Henry Smith have been since 1875 rectors of large churches in Buffalo; Cameron Mann is Bishop of North Dakota. In the Senior Class, always a group of great and awful dignity

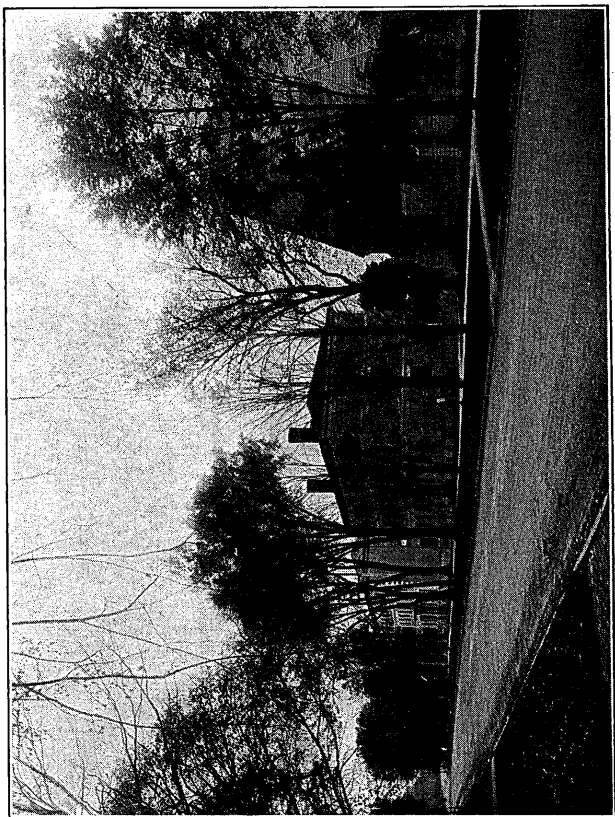
³ From 1834 to 1872 there was a College of Medicine which for a long time was in flourishing condition and graduated over 600 physicians.

to a Freshman, were three men whose fathers were, or were soon to become, Bishops—Southgate, Neely, and Bissell—and one who himself became a Bishop—Lemuel H. Wells. In all there were about eighty students, enough to assist in a young man's education.

The curriculum was chiefly of required studies, but it had long since passed beyond the conventional "Latin, Greek, and Mathematics," for it included the modern Languages and History, and something of Natural Science. While the flexibility of the Elective System was lacking, there was present a balance of studies which the Elective System has often missed. Mahlon's classical training had been encouraged by both his rector and the rector's wife. Mrs. Tuttle had tutored Mahlon faithfully in Latin, and all who know Bishop Tuttle's happy facility in quoting the classics, notably Horace, will understand how strongly his influence would commend a classical education. Bishop Gilbert did not become an erudite scholar, but he was always a ready student and an ardent reader and lover of learning.

At Hobart, as at many favored colleges, a wonderfully subtle and inspiring element in the student's education is simply living where Nature has done so much to elevate and charm. The Hobart alumnus cited above has given an attractive picture of the "Campus" and its setting:

None of us can ever think of the college without calling to mind that noble row of buildings on Main Street, the broad campus in the rear, the observatory at



COLLEGE ROW, HOBART COLLEGE, GENEVA, N. Y.



one corner, flanked by whispering evergreens—at the other, the grove, with the wooded ridge of the “dream” closing in the western view, the broad opening across the street eastward, the steep plunge of the terrace to the edge of old Seneca, which on a misty day seemed as illimitable as the sea, changing with every change of earth and sky. Building, and street, campus and trees and far-stretching fields, lake, hills, sky, and water—all blend into one picture—with the splendor of the park and the inimitable memories of one’s only college life resting upon it.⁴

In most of our American colleges one strong influence, both social and educational, is the Greek Letter Fraternity.⁵ There are several societies, designated by two or three letters of the Greek alphabet, which are represented at various colleges, the local society being usually called a “Chapter.” Through the influence of their alumni, who usually continue their interest after graduation, these fraternities have attained a remarkable prestige in college life. As a rule, the faculty and trustees look upon them with favor, and give them both oversight and encouragement. In some colleges the fraternities take in part a literary character and uniformly they aim not only to give comradeship and a college home, but to develop good manners and bring out in every member, in scholarship, or oratory, or athletics, the best there is in him.

⁴ Louis Matthews Sweet, *University Magazine*, July, 1907, pp. 12, 15.

⁵ A good description will be found in the article, “College Fraternities,” in the Eleventh Edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Vol. XI., p. 40, 41.

At Hobart College two well-known fraternities, Alpha Delta Phi and Sigma Phi, were established in 1840. Kappa Alpha followed in 1844, but withdrew from 1854 to 1879. In 1857 the Xi Charge of Theta Delta Chi was established, and to this fraternity Mahlon Gilbert was pledged before he came to Hobart. Theta Delta Chi had been founded in 1848 at Union College, and had established chapters known as "Charges" at Bowdoin, Tufts, Brown, Harvard, Kenyon, William and Mary, the University of Virginia, and several other colleges, North and South. The Civil War, which broke out in 1861, put an end to several of the Charges. At Hobart a majority of the active members enlisted, three becoming officers in the United States Volunteers, and six entering the service of the Confederate States, brother against brother. Of the Class of 1863 no less than four "Theta Delts" fought on the Confederate side. With the loss of so many members, the Hobart Charge of Theta Delta Chi seemed near its end. How it was saved is told by the Rev. Lewis Halsey, of the Class of 1868, in an article "In Memoriam," written soon after the death of Bishop Gilbert, which gives many interesting particulars of his college life.

At this crisis two loyal fraters of former days sent to save the Xi two students who were easily among the best men in college—Mahlon N. Gilbert and Richard R. Cornell. . . . This was the beginning of the renaissance of the Xi. . . .

Mahlon N. Gilbert, though a freshman, and without

extravagant tastes or means to gratify them, was at once recognized as a man. He was popular among his classmates and with the professors. Somewhat bashful and never obtrusive, he was always ready to do his part and to give his opinion, with the generous self-forgetfulness and kindly sympathy which ever win the hearts of men.

He came to college an unsophisticated country boy, ready to trust any effusive friend, and to think others as truthful as himself. Here his fraternity helped him, shielding him from unpleasant experience, instructing him in the ways of the college world. He was an apt scholar, yet happily retained his love for and sympathy with his fellow men, which gave him such power and success in his ministry.

While in college, he roomed in old "Number Twenty," Geneva Hall, for years the headquarters of Theta Delta Chi. . . .

He was no ascetic, but loved manly sports and genial companionship, yet was a man who knew no guile. He was pure in heart. I believe that during his college life he would have been willing for his mother to have heard his every word, and for his father to have seen his every act. I know of no severer test of a student's Christianity and self-control.^o

There is no record, so far as known, of Mahlon's distinguishing himself in intercollegiate athletic contests. At that time such contests were only beginning to come into prominence, and more attention was given to the prosaic matter of routine studies. However,

^o *The Shield of Theta Delta Chi*, June, 1900, pp. 121, 122.

Mahlon's nephew, Mr. Edwin E. Carpenter, remembers his uncle as "a great athlete. I have seen him jump up to an apple-tree bough and pull himself up thirteen times in succession. When a freshman in college, he had his shoulder put out of joint in a 'rush.' He had stood off half the sophomore class when he happened to fall over the root of a tree, and injured the shoulder. Quite by accident, also, they pulled the shoulder into place again." Another friend remembers that once, when being "hazed," Gilbert received a severe wetting, which led to a fearful cold. This may have been the beginning of his breakdown in health. It was in the middle of Sophomore year that his college course, which he was enjoying so intensely, and using so profitably, was suddenly cut short by a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, which threatened to cut short his life also.

In great disappointment, yet with that brave heart which never left him, young Gilbert went at once to Florida, apparently hoping against hope for recovery in that mild climate. But his friends and family soon received favorable messages, and his condition improved so much that he was able, while in the South, to act as tutor in a private family. After two years he returned home in fair health, but it was evident that it would be imprudent for him to remain in New York. With great reluctance he abandoned the hope of completing his college course. His classmate, Bishop Mann, wrote of this time:

He mourned over the separation from his friends.

He was back in Geneva on a visit at the Commencement when his class, the Class of 1870, graduated, and it was with a pang that he saw them receive their degrees. I well remember how, only a year or so ago, he said to me, "I never came nearer crying in my life than when I saw all you fellows go up to take your diplomas, and knew there was none there for me."⁷

His college, however, did not forget him, and in due time, on three distinct occasions, conferred upon him well-merited degrees: in 1880, M.A.; in 1886, S.T.D.; and in 1895, LL.D. On his frequent visits to his Alma Mater he was welcomed with more than formal honors, and his affection for his college and his college friends was strong unto the end.

⁷ *Ibid*, p. 118.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE IN UTAH.

IN THE AUTUMN of 1870, Mahlon Gilbert made a hazard of new fortunes, and set out for the far western frontier, a region rough and comfortless, with a singular civilization, or lack of civilization, such as the world will not see again. Three forces led him thither: the search for health, the pioneer spirit in his blood, and his affection for his former rector, Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, then Missionary Bishop of Montana, "with jurisdiction in Idaho and Utah." Bishop Tuttle had been consecrated to the episcopate in 1867 and was making his home in Salt Lake City. In bidding Mahlon good-bye he had said, "You will come out and work with me some day." The answer was simply, "Write me when you reach the West." The Bishop did write, and every letter increased the boy's desire to follow his friend to the land of pioneers.

When Bishop Tuttle took charge of his immense jurisdiction of 340,000 square miles in the summer of 1867, he saw quickly that the Church's greatest oppor-

tunity for useful service was in Utah. Just twenty years before, Brigham Young had led to this region a weary company of Mormon pioneers, seeking a land where they might "live their religion," that is, practise polygamy, unmolested. As they looked down from a height upon the fertile valley of Salt Lake they felt that they had come to their promised land. "Drive on, down into the valley," said their leader. "This is our abiding place! I have seen it in a vision. Here will be built the city of the Saints, and the Temple of our God." There was much that was patriarchal in the life and religion of these "Latter-Day Saints"; there was much that was patriarchal in their morals.

With his fair, sagacious mind, Bishop Tuttle was quick to see both the good and the bad mingled in Mormonism. He noted their religious devotion, their missionary zeal, but he pronounced the system "a desperately, hideously, growingly strong institution." Accordingly he made Salt Lake City, let us not say his *see*, but his headquarters, and his home. In that Mormon stronghold, fairly and fearlessly he began his work and was soon recognized as "a consistent antagonist," an opponent of the Mormon faith, a friend of the Mormon people.

Up to this time the non-Mormon, or "Gentile," element in Utah had been a negligible quantity. It included perhaps a thousand—soldiers, stage-drivers, merchants, bankers, United States officials. Brigham Young was no longer Governor of the Territory, but

he was still the autocrat of Mormonism. A single Congregationalist missionary, an army chaplain, had preached a few times in a hall in Salt Lake City and established a Sunday school; but for three years the only non-Mormon services held in Utah were those of the Episcopal Church.

From the first Bishop Tuttle saw that his greatest opportunity to uplift the community, both Mormon and Gentile, would be through parish schools. An excellent work was begun at once in Salt Lake City, and in 1870 Mahlon Gilbert was invited to take charge of a parish school in Ogden, thirty-five miles to the north. He was now a young man of twenty-two years, anxious to be of use in the world, and doubly glad to undertake work for the Church and for the Bishop whom he loved so well.

It was a time of transition in the land of the Saints. Only the year before, two great railways—the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific—had been completed, meeting at Ogden. Soon after, a line was built from Ogden to Salt Lake City. The seclusion, which had fostered the growth of Mormonism, was at an end, and its adherents were forced to adapt themselves to changed conditions.

The coming of the railways had made Ogden a town of importance, and Bishop Tuttle planned at once for a church and school. In July 1870, the Rev. James L. Gillogly came from the East, with his bride, and began a faithful and fruitful work, which con-

tinued eleven years, till his death. Of Mr. Gillogly, Bishop Tuttle writes, "The influence of his patient and sturdy devotion to duty still widely and deeply endures." A realistic picture of those early days is given in *A Sketch of the Women of Utah*, written in 1891 by Mrs. Gillogly, and privately published. Ogden was then a crude town of perhaps 4000 inhabitants, whose homes were chiefly of adobe or of logs. Life among the Mormons had both a pathetic and an amusing side.

Mr. Gillogly held his first church service in the waiting room of the railway, "with trains passing back and forth on both sides of us, and with talking, singing, and swearing, plainly to be heard." Under the same distracting conditions a Sunday school was founded. After a few weeks, with a strong sense of relief, they took possession of an old saloon building, of rough pine boards, which they fitted up, as best they could, for use as church and school.

In October, 1870, when Mahlon Gilbert arrived, he found Mr. and Mrs. Gillogly living cosily in a freight car which had kindly been placed at their disposal by the agent of the Union Pacific Railroad. This unique rectory had been fitted with small windows, and was "divided into two apartments by a green calico curtain." The agent's family was living near by in a passenger car of great historic interest, for it was the one which President Abraham Lincoln had used on some of his journeys, and which later served as his funeral car.

The Gilloglys gave the young Mr. Gilbert a hearty welcome, and proved most helpful and inspiring friends. During his two years stay in Ogden he boarded with them most of the time, and always looked upon their home as his own. The School of the Good Shepherd, which had been founded a month before by Mr. Gillogly, was placed in his charge, and he proved to be an admirable schoolmaster. It was a day school, such as the community needed, and was a success from the start. It began with thirteen pupils, chiefly from "Gentile" homes, and increased soon to fifty or sixty. For a time, the Mormon element made strong opposition; windows were broken, and children frightened, "but in time they found that we intended to do them no harm, and became very friendly."

In 1871, Mr. John D. Wolfe of New York, sent money to buy a large lot, on which was a deserted adobe tannery. This building was remodeled, and was used for church and school for several years. The same summer, two sisters from New York, the Misses Croch-eron, offered their services as teachers, without salary. By their labors and influence they accomplished much good, not only among the children, but also in their homes.

Mr. Gilbert's work as teacher is summed up by Bishop Tuttle in a sentence, "His earnest, genial, sympathetic ways gave the school the best possible sort of start." For twenty-five years, the School of the Good Shepherd did a noble and unselfish work, until the

establishment of excellent free schools in Ogden made it no longer needed.

In the summer of 1871, Mahlon spent a part of his vacation at Bishop Tuttle's home in Salt Lake City. Later he accompanied the Bishop on his visitation in the Montana district, a long and perilous ride by stage. Over 500 miles they journeyed, night and day, changing horses every fifteen or sixteen miles, at times across the desert, and again among the canyons, or over the mountains. One incident has been preserved in Bishop Gilbert's own words:

We were traveling one night along the Port Neuf River, in Idaho. Of the four who were in the stage I was the only one awake. Suddenly the coach gave a lurch and over we went. We rolled over twice, and then stopped on the bank of the river. There we were, all mixed up together, luggage and all. In the beginning I had been on top, but now, after revolving inside the coach twice, I was underneath. Bishop Tuttle was on top of me, and seeing the horses struggling to get free, he tried to free himself also, and in so doing used my cheek for a springboard. This was the only injury I received from the whole adventure. I believe Bishop Tuttle still tells how once "he trod his clergy in the dust!" We finally extricated ourselves, walked twelve miles to a ranch, and from thence we continued our journey in a lumber box-wagon.¹

Much of the wild country through which they journeyed was dangerous on account of Indians, and it

¹ The Rev. Anthon T. Gesner, in the *Parish Visitor*, of St. Peter's Church, St. Paul, June, 1896, p. 2. Bishop Tuttle's account of the incident is given in his *Reminiscences*, pp. 94, 95.

was necessary always to be prepared for an attack. Some of the services held by the Bishop and his young assistant remind one of early days in New England, when, as the men came into church, they would stack their arms in a corner, to be ready for the Indians in any emergency.

This summer trip with Bishop Tuttle ended at Deer Lodge, Montana, a rough mining town, which strangely enough was to become Mahlon Gilbert's first parish.

During these two years his health had steadily improved. Bishop Tuttle writes, "In the Rocky Mountains, my own family physician, Dr. John B. Hamilton, pointed out to him the way of escape from the clutches of his malady, in open-air life, and much courting of the sunlight." It was a wise prescription, and the patient showed its good effect.

CHAPTER VI.

SEABURY DIVINITY SCHOOL.

THE CALL to become a minister of Christ's Church came to Mahlon Gilbert while yet a child. The strong religious atmosphere of his home, the missionary spirit of Zion Church, the direct appeal of his rector, the Rev. Mr. Foote, all made him regard the clergyman's office as the highest vocation in life. The friendship of Bishop Tuttle confirmed this feeling. In after years Bishop Gilbert said to one of his clergy, "I'd rather be the poorest minister in the hardest field than be at the head of any other profession."

For years he had kept this purpose quietly before him. For a time illness and uncertainty blocked the way, and a fainter heart would have lost hope and turned aside to other plans. That natural leadership among men which he had shown in school and college, had served him well; he had mastered his own soul, and with unwavering trust in God had taken up that work which would best help him forward to the desired end. Tested and made strong by sickness and disappoint-

ment, proved by earnest and successful service in a trying field, he now thought himself "truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . to the Order and Ministry of Priesthood." With that utter self-forgetfulness which marked all his ministry, he began the study for Holy Orders, not thinking in this way to achieve distinction, but hoping thus to serve best both God and man.

In the fall of 1872, at the age of twenty-four, Mr. Gilbert entered the Junior Class of Seabury Divinity School for a three years' course of study. He was thus brought into close connection with the Diocese of Minnesota, which he was to serve so long and so well.

Seabury Divinity School, at Faribault, Minnesota, is one of several institutions founded by the Rev. Dr. James Lloyd Breck, the Church's devoted, and picturesque, and somewhat eccentric pioneer. He had come from Nashotah in 1850, and after laying foundations in St. Paul and vicinity, had labored with great self-denial among the Chippewa Indians. In 1858, Dr. Breck began work at Faribault, fifty miles south of St. Paul, and soon established a group of schools to which he gave the hopeful name of "Bishop Seabury University." This was before the coming of Bishop Whipple. When the Bishop made his first visitation to Faribault in 1860, the warm welcome given him by the men of the town, and "the prospect for the establishment of Church schools," led him to choose Faribault for his see and his home. Under his wise and inspir-

ing guidance, there was incorporated that same year the "Bishop Seabury Mission," taking the place of the "University." From this foundation both Seabury Divinity School and Shattuck Military School for Boys were developed; in 1866 Bishop Whipple himself founded St. Mary's Hall for Girls.¹

The spirit of the early days of Seabury Divinity School is shown in the character of its founders, Dr. Breck and Dr. Solon W. Manney, Churchmen of intense earnestness and devotion. The students called them "Dr. Rubrics" and "Dr. Canon." The opening words of Dr. Manney's will, written in 1869 upon his deathbed, reveal the man:

Being unexpectedly called to leave this world for another, I declare that I die in the Catholic Faith, as set forth by the Nicene Fathers. I commit my soul to the mercy of the Saviour who died for me.

Bishop Whipple's high ideal for Seabury is set forth in his Council address of 1873:

It has been my wish to train up men whose faith should be firm as the eternal truths of the Catholic Creed, and whose love and charity should be as broad as the Church is broad.

I do not want, and, God helping me, will not have here a training school for any party. I love all who love Christ. In these times we want men who know what they believe, and in their love for Christ will labor to bring back unity and peace to our divided

¹ See Bishop Whipple's *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate*, Chapters VI., XVII.

Christendom. . . . We must preach the old apostolic sermons; we must tell of a real king and a real kingdom; we must show men a real brotherhood; we must measure all things by the love and faith we have in Christ. . . .

The West needs clergy of a peculiar type of character. There is a freedom here from social restraints that brings out in clear outline every man's individuality; every man speaks out his inner thoughts; he lives his life open to the eye of others; the skeptic states his doubts and unbelief without apology. Infidelity has a teacher in every man who has cast God out of his creed. The challenge to our faith is even bolder, because its advocate is only half-taught in his unbelief. We need men who understand these social problems. . . . Our teachers must be thoroughly acquainted with every phase of modern thought, and defend God's truth against all falsehood.

Seabury has kept close to this wise plan and this broad and high spirit. As a rule, her graduates have been true Churchmen, earnest in purpose and of high character, willing to serve faithfully in high or in low places, as it has pleased God to point the way. Many Seabury men are in eastern parishes, but the majority have found their work in the great West, for whose needs the School was especially founded. It was because Seabury had this aim and this spirit that Bishop Tuttle was glad to have his candidate come here for his theological education.

When Mahlon Gilbert entered Seabury the School had only fourteen years of history, and had graduated

only twenty men, but among them were several of unusual ability and promise. The Church remembers with deep affection such apostolic men as George B. Whipple, Solomon S. Burleson, and William Jason Gold.

The Warden of the School, when Mr. Gilbert began his course, was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Richey, who was also Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Dr. Richey was afterwards called to the same chair in the General Theological Seminary in New York City, and was well-known as an able teacher and author. His churchmanship was of the "advanced" type. In 1874 the Rev. Dr. George L. Chase became Warden and Professor of Homiletics. Dr. Chase was a man of artistic temperament and gentlemanly bearing, and his influence was strong for good. He was regarded "an ideal Warden."

The Rev. Dr. John Steinfert Kedney, a man of rare qualities of mind and heart, had recently entered upon his long and illustrious term of service as Professor of Divinity. Dr. Kedney was a profound scholar; as a metaphysician he had no superior in the American Church, and was a valued member of the Concord Summer School of Philosophy. His numerous volumes of theology, ethics, and æsthetics, might sometimes give pause to the reader, but his sermons were simple in language and style.² His influence upon the

² A member of the Cathedral congregation once asked him, "Doctor, why don't you use as simple language in your books as you do in your sermons?" Dr. Kedney replied, "The language of my books is the technical vocabulary which every student of theology must master."

School and upon the Church has been of inestimable value and inspiration.

Bishop Whipple himself lectured on the Pastoral Office; and Dr. Stirling Y. McMasters, rector of Christ Church in St. Paul, was lecturer on Apologetics. Rev. George C. Tanner, a graduate of the first class (1860), was Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Liturgics.³

The faculty was strengthened in 1873 by the coming of the Rev. William Jason Gold, who became Adjunct Professor of Exegesis. Afterwards he was Professor at Racine College, and at the Western Theological Seminary in Chicago. Dr. Gold is remembered as "a well-balanced theologian and a saint."

It was a group of teachers of noble character and unusual ability, whose impress showed itself on many able graduates of this period. Bishop Millspaugh of Kansas; Daniel Theodore Booth, for many years rector at Willmar; William Henry Knowlton, now Dean of the Mankato Convocation; and Edward Clark Bill, afterwards Professor of Liturgics and Homiletics,⁴ were all seniors when Mr. Gilbert entered the School.

A prominent member of his own class (1875) was

³ At the present time, Dr. Tanner, the venerable and the beloved, after years of notable service at Shattuck and St. Mary's, has returned to Seabury to teach once more Liturgics and Greek.

⁴ Dr. Bill was for many years Precentor of the Cathedral in Faribault. He was a preacher of unusual directness and power. In a memorial volume published in 1892, Bishop Gilbert and others give rare tributes to his ability and his worth.

the genial George H. Davis, a man greatly respected and beloved. After many years of noble service at Brainard and Mankato, Dr. Davis returned in 1905 to the Divinity School and until his death, two years later, filled the office of Warden with high acceptability.

Another Seabury friend, and closest of all, was Charles Augustus Poole, of the Class of 1876, Professor of Divinity since 1888. Dr. Poole was a Hobart graduate, a member of Gilbert's fraternity, and their friendship was unwavering unto the end.

Dean Knowlton, who was a senior when Mr. Gilbert came, and gave instruction in certain classes for some time after graduation, contributes the following recollections of his friend during the years spent at Seabury:

I knew him most intimately, for I roomed with him for three years, all the time he was here. I was then in charge of the "temporalities" at Seabury, and happened to be at the railway station in the fall of 1872, when I saw a young man who seemed to be a stranger. I asked him what place he wanted to find. He answered, "Seabury." There was something about him that made me "take to him" at once. Seabury happened to be full, so I took him to my own room.

Mr. Gilbert wore a full beard at this time, as he did through all his ministry. His height was about five feet, ten inches; and he was as straight as an arrow, with square shoulders.

At this time Shattuck School and Seabury were still closely united in administration, and the then Seabury

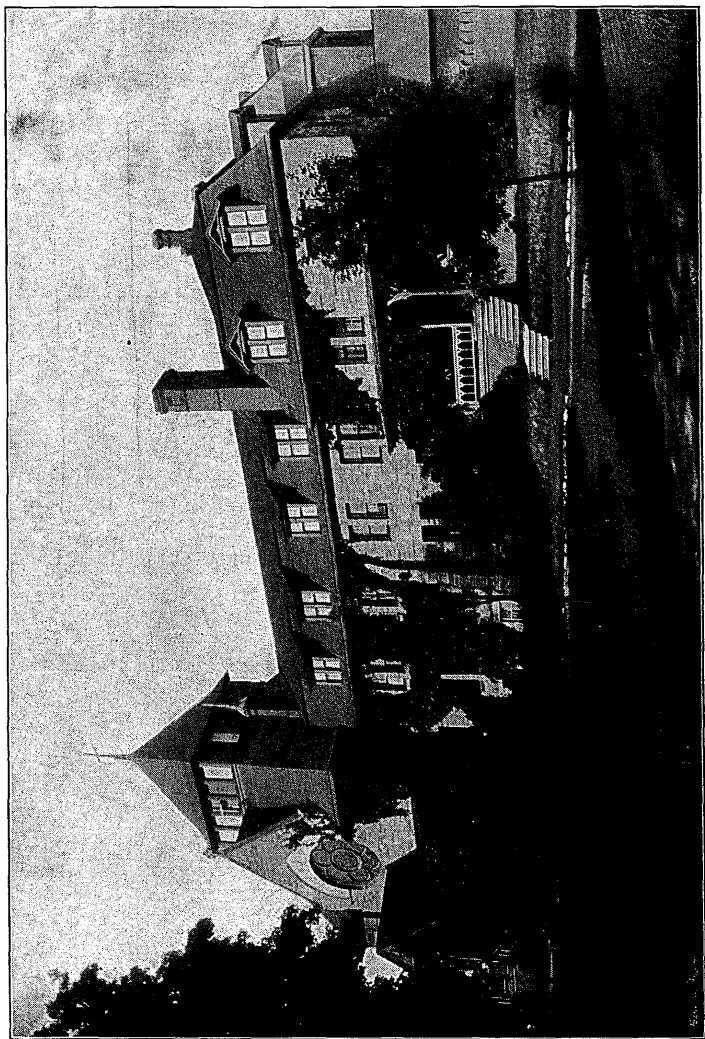
Hall stood on the present Shattuck grounds, not far from the edge of the bluff. When we were at morning service at the Cathedral on Thanksgiving Day of 1872, word came that Seabury Hall was on fire. We hurried from the church, and ran across the bridge, up the hill to Seabury so fast that the exertion on my part brought on a severe hemorrhage, and I could do nothing to help. At my request Gilbert took command and led in the work of saving as much as possible from the lower floor. He was always a leader.

The fire proved to be a blessing, for it led to the separation of the two schools, and the present Seabury Hall was soon begun on the grounds a mile to the south, where Dr. Breck had built his "Mission House" a dozen years before. For a few weeks Gilbert and I were taken in by Col. Robert Scott, Commandant at Shattuck; but after Christmas the Trustees rented a hotel, and there Gilbert roomed with Byrde until Seabury was complete.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1873, just a year after the fire, the Divinity School took possession of the new Seabury Hall with great rejoicing, and this anniversary has been kept ever since as a special School Day. Gilbert and I chose rooms facing the Campus, on the second floor, at the head of the stairs on the right. Our study is room No. 30 to-day; his bedroom was No. 29, and mine No. 31.

Gilbert was a diligent student. As a matter of conscience he studied hard at Hebrew and did fairly well; but he was particularly interested in Church History, and History generally. He was as well informed in the general history of the world as any man I ever met.

While in the School he went out occasionally as a lay-reader; but he was not strong enough to do much



SEABURY HALL, SEABURY DIVINITY SCHOOL

work outside. I well remember that after the great storm of '73 we thought we would make a visit to Northfield; but by the time we reached Barre town the sleigh had tipped over seven times, and we were glad to turn back.

Gilbert was always orderly, and neat in his clothing. He was unselfish to a fault. I can't imagine his doing a mean thing.

The city of Faribault, with its various well-known institutions, must not go undescribed, for it is in many ways unique. On the west side of the so-called Straight River, which winds leisurely along from south to north, lies the business and residence part of the town, with the Court House, Cathedral, and other churches of various communions. On the east side, along the bluffs which rise above the river, are situated on ample and beautiful grounds no less than seven flourishing schools. Three of these are State Schools, for the Deaf, the Blind, and the Defective, now occupying large and well-planned buildings of great number and variety, and having over 1500 pupils. Here are also four prosperous schools, of quite different character, under the care of the Episcopal Church, with large stone buildings of dignified architecture: Shattuck Military School for Boys; St. Mary's Hall for Girls; Seabury Divinity School; and the new St. James' School for little boys—a group of remarkable institutions, with noble history, and noble promise for the future.

The Seabury Campus has perhaps the greatest natural beauty; it comprises over twenty-five well-

wooded acres, bordered on two sides by deep ravines—a quiet academic retreat. The scenery around Fari-bault is of varied character and of great natural beauty. To the west there is rolling prairie with a number of large lakes; to the east there is a series of hills from which one gains wonderfully picturesque views of the city, the schools, and the open country far beyond.

Amid such surroundings, with inspiring teachers and helpful companions, the three years of theological study passed quickly, bringing much conscious progress in education, and much unconscious development and growth. It seems just to say that those who knew him at this time expected of Mahlon Gilbert good things rather than great. One schoolmate, who knew him then and later most intimately, says, "I was so close to him that I could never quite appreciate or understand his great success. He deserved everything that came to him, but it was not because of qualities which usually bring greatness—supreme ability of intellect or administration. He was great in other ways."

The writer's conviction is that much of Mahlon Gilbert's greatness lay in his marvellous capacity for friendship, and his consequent power to inspire and bless. In his preaching, in his conversation, he knew how to appeal to the best in his hearers, lifting them up to the presence of God, revealing to them the Divine Friendship through his own warm and glowing heart. The record of his ministry will be the simple story of "a man who never thought of himself," "a man who

never did a mean thing," "a man greatly loving, a man greatly beloved."

In the spring of 1875 the theological course was completed, and on Friday June 18, Mr. Gilbert was graduated from Seabury with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

On the following Sunday, June 20, the Fourth Sunday after Trinity, at the Cathedral in Faribault, Bishop Whipple ordained to the diaconate four members of the graduating class. Two of these were candidates for Orders from Minnesota—George Henry Davis and Israel Tremaine Osborne; one was a Yale graduate, Frank Whitney Blake, who died in October; the fourth was Mahlon Norris Gilbert, who was a candidate from Bishop Tuttle's jurisdiction, but by his Bishop's request was ordained by Bishop Whipple.

Mr. Gilbert had spent the first long vacation during his course at Seabury with his parents in Morris. The second summer he spent in Minneapolis, assisting the rector of Holy Trinity Church, the Rev. George L. Chase. He now went east to visit his home again, and, as it proved, to see his father for the last time. On August 8, 1875, he preached in old Zion Church, with many friends and relatives as interested hearers. Morris had always expected good things of him, and through all his ministry he was warmly welcomed whenever he revisited his old home.

During this stay Mr. Gilbert joined the Masonic

Fraternity, and continued an active Mason all his life.⁵

In September he returned to the far West, to begin his ministry under Bishop Tuttle, in Montana.

⁵ His record in Tienuderrah Lodge is: "E. A., July 20; F. C., Aug. 3; M. M., Aug. 17, 1875."

CHAPTER VII.

FIVE YEARS IN MONTANA.

WHEN Matthew Arnold was in America, his soul was vexed with our geographical names. Many of them seemed to him unmusical, unoriginal, unlovely. Fortunately, in our Indian names we have a nomenclature which is original, varied, and musical, and Mr. Arnold surely would have taken pleasure in the name of the town to which Mahlon Gilbert now went—Deer Lodge, Montana—a name uniting the historic and the picturesque.

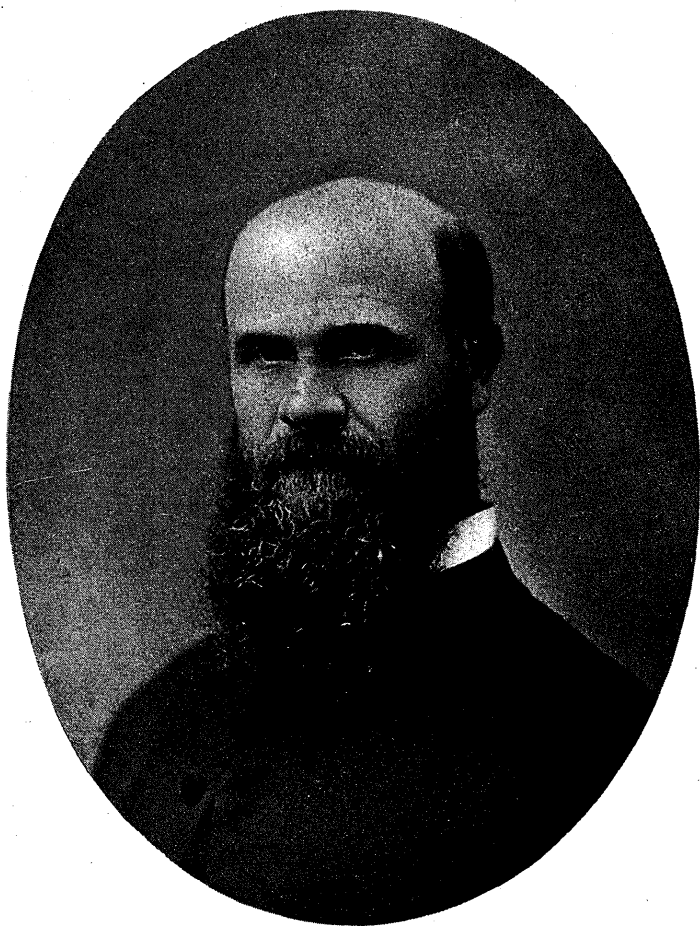
Bishop Tuttle had given Mr. Gilbert his choice of Utah, Idaho, or Montana, for his work, and he had chosen the last. At this time Montana was still a Territory, for it was not admitted into the Union as a State until 1889. It is in large part mountainous, as the name suggests. Its area includes nearly 150,000 square miles, a vast region, at this time wild and sparsely populated. In recent years its broad plains have been occupied by prosperous farmers, but the first settlers went to the mountains.

Gold had been discovered in 1862, and, before the Territorial Government was organized, prospectors hurried in, forming settlements as rough and lawless as those of early mining days in California. Langford's *Vigilante Days and Vigilante Ways* gives a lifelike picture of those rude and perilous times.

The Indians were still numerous and aggressive. Not till 1876 did the United States Government try seriously to put an end to Indian raid and slaughter. In that year, brave General Custer, with a small force, was surprised and overwhelmed by thousands of Sioux under the famous Sitting Bull; but, soon after, General Crook, Colonel Miles, and other United States officers won a series of victories, which put an end to Indian dominion in Montana.

It was, then, to the wildest of the American Frontier that Mahlon Gilbert went in the fall of 1875. Deer Lodge was a town of only 650 people, yet it was one of the principal "cities" of the Territory. It was a good field for one with a stout, warm heart and sturdy common sense, who put little reliance upon the dignity of his office, but went with a divine commission as a man among men.

It was October first when Mr. Gilbert took charge of St. James' Mission. There were at the time only three other Episcopal clergymen in Montana—Rev. E. Gregory Prout, at Virginia City; Rev. Thomas E. Dickey, at Bozeman; and Rev. Eugene L. Toy, at Helena. In order that the work at Deer Lodge might



BISHOP TUTTLE
At the Age of 50

not suffer, the usual year of the diaconate was shortened, in Mr. Gilbert's case, to less than four months; and on Sunday, October 17, 1875, at Deer Lodge, Bishop Tuttle advanced him to the priesthood. Assisting in the service were the Rev. E. L. Toy of Helena, and the Rev. E. G. Prout of Virginia City, his presenter. A class of nine was confirmed at this service. At this time St. James' Mission had no church building of its own, but used for its services a little log church belonging to the Southern Methodists, and it was in this humble building that the ordination took place.

On taking leave of Mr. Gilbert the Bishop said to him, "I have put you in the hardest field I have." For a man without a good share of Mr. Gilbert's qualifications it would have been a field, not only hard but impossible. To him it was the very place for brave and unselfish service. He threw himself into the life of the people in such a way as to help restrain every evil influence and help encourage every good one. He did not make the mistake which some well-meaning clergymen make of trying in the wrong way "to get down to the level" of their people, whether vicious or fashionable or foolish; but he had a message for all, the merchant, the miner, the gambler, the saloon-keeper, and the community and the whole region soon learned to trust him and to come to him for help in their perplexities and sorrows and in their aspirations for better things.

When Bishop Tuttle made his next annual visitation to Montana less than a year later he was delighted

with the progress which had been made in this field. He writes:

At Deer Lodge I found Mr. Gilbert in his hired log cabin. And young as he is, I found him an already loved and trusted pastor. His committee (or quasi vestry) are a Campbellite, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Quaker, and an Unknown. But they all believe in him, and are loyal to him. And this is the way our mountain work is done. Everything at first depends on the man. If the people like the Minister as a man, and gather around him, then the step is taken on the way that, under God the HOLY SPIRIT, will lead them to be Churchmen and Churchwomen. If they do not like the man, not much, humanly, can be done.

Mr. Gilbert gives one Sunday a month to Butte, a vigorous mining town, forty miles distant. He may want to build a church there by and by. Besides, he looks after Blackfoot, and Philipsburgh, and Missoula, and in fact all Deer Lodge and Missoula counties, a region half as large as the State of New York.¹

The story of the building of St. James' Church at Deer Lodge has been often told, and is well worth telling. As the little congregation grew, the need of a church building of their own had grown more urgent; besides the roof of the log church belonging to the "Methodists South" had begun to leak. Years after, Bishop Gilbert told how the deed was done. When he came, there was a fund of about fifteen hundred dollars for a church to be erected in memory of the Rev. Morrill Fowler, formerly in charge at Helena. By a fair

¹ *The Spirit of Missions*, November, 1876, p. 525, 526.

given by the "Ladies Aid Society" and by local subscriptions, this fund had been increased so that there was enough to build a wooden church, but Mr. Gilbert was determined to have a church of stone. Plans were made and the contract for the stone work was given at \$4,500.

"Where the rest of the money was to come from," said Bishop Gilbert, "I did not know. I watched the church going up until the very last day, when they were putting the roof on. The men must be paid the next day, and there was only five dollars in the treasury. So I went into the bank, and said to the cashier, 'Mr. Larabie, I need two thousand dollars to pay for the rest of the work on the church. I will give you my note, and pay you as soon as I can. I have no security to offer, and I don't want to ask anyone to go on my note. Will you do it?' He thought a moment and replied, 'Mr. Gilbert, I will!' 'How much interest will you charge me?' A funny look came over his face, as he answered, 'Not one cent! A man who has the cheek to ask a bank for two thousand dollars for an indefinite period, without any security, deserves to have it, without interest!'

"That fall the ladies had another fair, an honest fair, without raffles or 'chances' of any kind (gambling, I call it), and with what I raised by subscription, we had the whole amount within ten days after the opening of the church. When I walked into the bank and paid back that two thousand dollars, I was the proudest man in Montana."²

² Bishop Tuttle's *Reminiscences*, p. 376; *The Parish Visitor*, St. Peter's Church, St. Paul, Minnesota, June, 1896.

This church is still standing. Its outside dimensions are 28 by 58, and the steeple, above the square tower, rises to a height of 56 feet. The local newspaper of the day describes it as "a substantial and handsome stone edifice, an ornament to the town." The inside woodwork is "groined black walnut," and, "as something new in Montana, all the windows are of stained glass." It was indeed for the time and place an achievement in architecture. Built in the Gothic style, it was a message to the community, reminding many of familiar churches in their old homes across the plains, perhaps across the seas, churches of greater size and beauty, yet of similar structure, and dedicated to the worship of the same great and holy Name.

The cornerstone of the church was laid on Tuesday, June 19, 1877, by Bishop Tuttle, in connection with the "Fourth Annual Convocation of the Clergy and Laity of the Missionary District of Montana, Idaho, and Utah." All the Montana clergy were present, and the Rev. R. M. Kirby had come all the way from Salt Lake City with the Bishop, but no other delegates outside of Montana could attend. (The Convocation of the preceding year had been held at Salt Lake City, with none but Utah delegates in attendance. It was a See of magnificent distances.) The opening service in the new church was on the First Sunday in Advent, 1877. It was consecrated by Bishop Tuttle, on St. James' Day, July 25, 1878, three months after Mr. Gilbert had reluctantly closed his rectorship.

The military adventure which is alluded to by Bishop Tuttle in the Introduction is thus told by Mr. Gilbert in a lecture on "Life in Montana" which he delivered a number of times in St. Paul and elsewhere, but of which only imperfect reports are preserved.

In 1877 came the Nez Perces outbreak under the famous Chief Joseph, and then I had a touch of Indian warfare. General Howard had run the Indians out of Idaho into Montana, and we thought they were going to attack Deer Lodge, but they swung away to the South of us and met the Seventh Infantry, about 350 men, under General Gibbon. This was August 7th. Soon after, we got the news that the soldiers had been attacked and were likely to be destroyed. Two companies were hastily formed to go to their relief. I was in the second company. General Gibbon was intrenched 110 miles from Deer Lodge, and we made a forced march, only to find that they had been relieved by General Howard. We took the wounded back with us to Deer Lodge, a slow and painful journey, while the regulars pursued Chief Joseph and finally captured him near the eastern boundary of Montana.^s

An incident of Mr. Gilbert's first visit to Butte shows the primitive character of the time.

I remember well the first time I preached in Butte. The service was held in Newkirk's saloon, which was crowded. I learned afterward that the other saloons were deserted for the time. The bar had been closed, and boxes had been brought in, with planks resting on them for seats. They were a rough-looking crowd, with trousers tucked into their boots, and there were more

^s St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, March 3, 1895.

weapons in the congregation than the occasion warranted; but the responses were fervid, even if they were not always well-timed. I preached them a sermon, and there was more display of feeling than one could well get in a civilized community. I know that I was impressed myself, and so were the men; but a few hours afterward the saloon was running full blast, and the town took on a new impetus in the way of noise, as though it had been stimulated by having been through the new experience of public worship.

After the service I didn't know where I was to sleep, as the hotels were crowded. However, a man came up to me and invited me to his cabin. There he showed me a row of bunks, one above another, and I was glad to turn in. We slept with the door open, as it was a warm night, and after I had been asleep for some time I woke up and saw a man enter. I inquired of him, "What do you want?" "Oh, I saw the door open, so I thought I would come in and sleep." In the morning when I woke, there were no less than six men who had seen the door open and had come in to find a bed. It showed the hospitality of the people.

Once before a journey to the East, while leaving Butte, a man came to Mr. Gilbert and handed him \$250, saying, "Take it, you'll need it." "Where did you get it?" "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Gilbert. It was this way. I went down to one of the gambling houses, where all the boys are, and said, 'Boys, Parson's going away to-night to see his girl.' 'What parson's that?' 'Mr. Gilbert.' 'Well,' said one of them, 'Take that,' and he wiped all the stakes off the board. That's how I got it." In telling the incident, Mr. Gilbert said:

This touched me very much. Some people have blamed me for being so friendly with gamblers and worse; but I could never have got any hold on them in any other way. I knew perfectly well, when I used to hold services there on Sunday evenings, that four-fifths of them were men from the saloons. They had nowhere else to go. But I also know some of them were awakened to a better life by coming to these services.

A letter bearing date of July 17, 1877, written from Deer Lodge to one of the eastern Church newspapers, shows Mr. Gilbert's feeling at the time with regard to his field:

Ten years ago to-day Bishop Tuttle entered upon his work in Virginia City. Very truly can it be said of him that he has been "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers." The character of the population in Montana has become materially changed during these ten years; those reckless and desperate characters whose lives were given to deeds of violence have been replaced by law-loving and law-abiding citizens. Homes have grown up, family life has been developed, churches and schools are to be found in almost every settlement. Of course there is still a roughness and recklessness existing here far different from what is to be found in the States, but a change for the better is constantly going on.

In March, 1878, Mr. Gilbert was called to become rector of St. Peter's Church in Helena, and consulted his Bishop, to know what he would advise. His answer was, "They have no church building in Helena, and I think you should go and build one." Accordingly he

resigned his charge at Deer Lodge, and held his last service as rector on Easter, April 21.

During his term of office the communicants of St. James' Mission had increased from ten to thirty-nine; he had presented twenty-four for confirmation at Deer Lodge, and nine at Butte. The baptisms numbered sixty-two and took place over a wide territory, and there had been numerous marriages and burials. Parochial statistics alone do not show the spirit of parish or parson, but in the light of other evidence these figures show something of the untiring, earnest service of the ambassador of Christ.

Before entering upon the new work, Mr. Gilbert took a well-earned vacation, and visited his home in Morris and other parts of the East. On July 14, 1878, he held his first service as rector of St. Peter's Church in Helena. Helena is the capital of Montana and its chief city, its population at this time being about three thousand.

The city was then divided by a deep gulch called "Last Chance." Some of the Church people lived on the east side and some on the west, and they could not agree where to build their church. On accepting the invitation to become rector, Mr. Gilbert wisely insisted that the congregation should agree upon a site for the church, and as Bishop Tuttle had already secured a lot on the east side, that seemed the natural place.

As before, Mr. Gilbert wished to build with enduring stone. He had seen in Grand Rapids a church,

costing only five thousand dollars, which suited him well, and hoped to build one like it. Accordingly plans were drawn and bids were asked for its construction, but the lowest sum named proved to be \$14,000. Mr. Gilbert with good courage clung to his ideal. The plans were simplified until \$10,000 was fixed upon as the cost; friends came to his assistance, as usual, and the work went forward.

The *Helena Daily Herald* of May 5, 1879, gives the following particulars of the laying of the cornerstone:

On Saturday afternoon, the 3rd inst., the cornerstone of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, corner Warren and Edwards streets, was laid with appropriate ceremonies, by the Grand Lodge of Montana, A. F. and A. M., conducted by the M. W. G. M., John Stedman. There was a good turn out of the fraternity, and a large number of citizens witnessed the ceremony. A short but impressive oration was delivered by the able pastor of the church, the Rev. M. N. Gilbert. . . .

The dimensions of the building are 34 x 60 feet, with a seating capacity of 250, and recess and chancel in rear for pulpit, choir, and vestry. It will be 28 feet from the floor to the ceiling. . . . Stained glass for all the windows is now en route.

The work of building progressed so rapidly that on Sunday, October 19, of the same year, the opening service was held in the new church. A good report is given in the *Helena Daily Herald* of October 20:

The house was filled to overflowing. The Rev. M. N. Gilbert, rector of the parish, assisted by the

Rev. E. G. Prout, of Virginia City, conducted the services. Mr. Gilbert preached the sermon, and took for his text: Genesis, 12th chapter and 8th verse, "And there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord," and the first verse of the 122nd Psalm, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." The sermon was able and listened to with undivided attention. The argument was to show that in all ages and among all people the religious sentiment existed, and found expression in some form of worship, and that from the simple altar on which sacrifices were laid and around which the worshippers knelt in the early ages of the world to the present day, some kind of structure was erected for the accommodation of the people and dedicated to the worship of the God or superior power in which they believed. As people grew in knowledge and wealth, churches, temples, and cathedrals grew in beauty and grandeur, and were dedicated to the living God. After many years of hope and hard struggles, the congregation were able to meet for the first time in their beautiful building constructed by their liberality, aided by that of other churches and the good people of Helena, who were most heartily thanked.

Mr. Gilbert said after concluding the sermon, that the church cost about \$10,000 and was in debt about \$3,000, and when that was paid it would be formally consecrated by Bishop Tuttle. It was against the laws of the Episcopal Church to consecrate churches in debt.

The singing on this occasion was very fine. The excellent choir was assisted by a portion of the Helena silver cornet band. The anthems, "Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord," by Farmer, and "Daughter of Zion, Awake from thy Sadness," were performed exquisitely.

The noble chants, "Te Deum Laudamus" and Addison's grand hymn, "The Spacious Firmament on High," etc., as executed, satisfied the ear of the most exacting. The acoustic properties of the church are perfect. The church edifice is the finest building, architecturally, in Helena.

This contemporary account is quoted at length, not only for its general interest, but also for the report of the sermon. Very few of Mr. Gilbert's sermons have been preserved, but the accounts of his preaching preserved in such notices as this uniformly show his power as a speaker. "Personal magnetism" was the phrase in use a few years ago for the power to "grip an audience" and hold them fast. Whatever it is called, Mr. Gilbert was rapidly becoming a persuasive and an inspiring preacher. "Undivided attention" was the rule when he spoke. Direct, sincere, kindly, rapid in utterance, carrying his hearers with him, he came to be recognized more and more widely as a great speaker, welcome and ready on any occasion to say the fitting and the inspiring word.

The Lenten leaflets for St. Peter's Church for 1879 and 1880, show something of his custom at this time in parish services. The rule for Sunday was, Morning service at eleven, Sunday school at half past two, and Evening service at seven. There is as yet no mention of early Celebrations of the Holy Communion, and there is daily service only in Holy Week. With frequent services in various other towns, a daily service,

even in Lent, was out of the question. The chief Lenten services were on Wednesday and Friday evenings, to permit the attendance of the men of the parish. The subject of the Wednesday lectures for 1879 is "Personal Religion"; for 1880, "The Christian's Foes, and how to fight them." The Friday lectures in both years are on "The Church."

In the parochial report for the first year at Helena, Mr. Gilbert notes that he has held occasional services in Deer Lodge, Butte, Blackfoot, Fort Shaw, Jefferson, and Unionville. He was thus still a missionary at large. In his annual report for 1879, Bishop Tuttle as usual comments on the work in various parts of his wide field:

Mr. Gilbert at Helena presented twenty-three to be confirmed; and he is building a substantial "St. Peter's Church" of stone, and hopes to occupy it in October. And better, under God's blessing, he is building, with wisdom and success, in this capital of Montana, the spiritual structure of a strong, earnest, Churchly congregation. All around about, also, along a radius of one hundred miles and more, places and people call upon him for Church services. I have therefore resolved, if possible, to secure an assistant for him.⁴

This plan was soon put into operation, and for a time the Rev. Slater C. Blackiston was "nominally assistant minister of St. Peter's Church, Helena." Practically, he was "missionary in a wide field," "traveling over five hundred miles every month in the stage-

⁴ *The Spirit of Missions*, 1879, p. 423.

coach," making Helena "rather his point of departure" than his home.⁵

We are fortunate in having two letters, written from Helena by Mr. Gilbert during his rectorship, which describe vividly both the romantic and the dangerous side of travel in the far west at this period.

To enter a dilapidated stage coach and ride one, or two, or three hundred miles, over rough mountain roads, or through the clouds of Utah dust of the great Snake River plain, oppressed by day with the heat, and irritated by night by mosquitoes, is far less attractive than to be whirled over the blooming prairies of Illinois in a luxurious palace car. However, one can accustom himself to almost any condition, and find enjoyment, even under the most trying of circumstances. The exhilarating mountain air, the glorious mountain views from the summits of lofty ranges, the gorgeous sunsets, all combine to cheer and rest the weary traveler.

I know of nothing more healthily exciting than to sit high up on the "box" with the driver of a coach, with four or six horses in front, and to be rapidly rolled down a steep grade, and around sharp turns, with rocks towering far upward on the one hand, and a bright clear stream dashing over the rocks hundreds of feet below, on the other. You feel yourself watching with a vital interest that right foot of the driver as it presses the brake, and wondering if it is going

⁵ From a letter on "Mission Work in Montana," written to *The Living Church*, by M. N. G. (Mahlon Norris Gilbert), February 16, 1880. Mr. Blackiston soon found such a welcome at Fort Benton that it seemed best for him to make that his center of work. After three years, in 1883, he became rector of St. John's Church in Butte, a position which he filled ably for nearly thirty years.

to slip; you feel yourself rapidly calculating if that next turn can be made successfully; but when you look up to the calm, confident, weather-beaten face of the man who holds the reins, your doubts disappear. The horses are controlled by a master. Anyone who has ridden over and down mountain divides, will understand the feeling perfectly. Many years' experiences have not made me any the less conscious of this peculiar feeling.⁶

Another letter describes "the uncertainty and danger of winter traveling in Montana."

Several months ago I wrote you something about summer missionary work in Montana. Now, I would tell you something about *winter* work. It is quite another thing to ride through the valleys and over the mountains, when the air is balmy, and the roads excellent. Yet, as a rule, the mildness of Montana winters is something seemingly remarkable. You must remember that we are very far to the northward and five thousand feet above the sea.

The winter thus far has been, on the average, a pleasant one. There have been vast falls of snow all along the mountain ranges, and a temperature as low as fifty degrees below zero; but neither the storms nor the severe cold have been frequent or protracted. It is owing to these heavy snowstorms and days of fearful cold, that traveling becomes so trying. The approach of a storm, or of an arctic wave, is always unheralded.

A few years ago, as I was riding over the lofty Cable mountain, between Philipsburg and Butte, in

⁶ "From the Far West. Over the Hills and Far Away—Staging in the Rocky Mountains—Annual Convention of Montana, Idaho, and Utah." M. N. G., Helena, Mont., July 26, 1879., *The Living Church*, August 7, 1879.

western Montana, although the sun was shining brightly when I left Philipsburg, yet before I reached the top of the divide, a most terrific snowstorm struck me full in the face, blinding and bewildering me to such an extent that I soon lost the road. For hours, my faithful horse struggled bravely on, in the deep snow. The sun went down, and darkness came upon us, with no prospect of finding our way to the little mining camp of Cable, which I had hoped to reach before night. When I had become thoroughly discouraged, and my horse utterly wearied, I saw through the darkness (for the storm had then abated), a faint light, which, as I soon discovered, proceeded from a miner's cabin. There I received a warm welcome, and was made comfortable for the night, with a pair of blankets and a rude bunk—the best the miner had.⁷

With experiences such as these, there was little danger of monotony in the life of the rector of St. Peter's, Helena. Of the spiritual work done, or of his social influence upon the community, there is little record, save that which is written in Heaven. Those who are not familiar with the work of the ministry often suppose that a clergyman has little to do except to prepare one or two sermons and preach them on Sunday. In reality, a faithful parish priest is usually busy like his parishioners, from Monday morning to Saturday night, and works Sunday besides. He is called upon of course to visit the sick, and to bury the dead, and for occasional baptisms and marriages. But in addition, the clergyman who has shown himself a friend has con-

⁷ *The Living Church*, March 18, 1880.

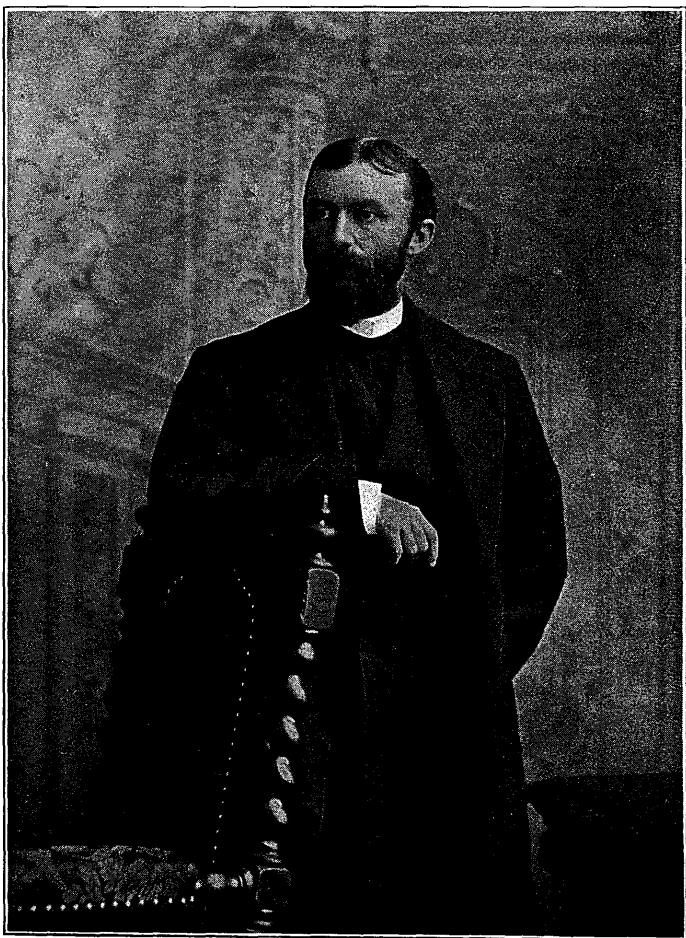
stant appeals to his friendship. He must find a home for motherless children; arrange for nursing the sick; provide for the aged in their declining years; give counsel in trying situations; help to look after wayward boys and girls; perhaps visit the courts, and the jail; in hundreds of ways, some of them strange, and unexpected, amusing, and tragic, the pastor who fulfills his ordination vows is called upon to guide, to warn, to cheer, to bless.

Such a ministry was Mahlon Gilbert's. With a kindly influence extending far beyond parish boundaries, wherever he went, men looked upon him as at once a personal friend and a man of God. He fulfilled wonderfully that ideal of the mission of the Christian Church, summed up by Phillips Brooks in the words, "to bring to the people the life of God."

In May, 1880, Mr. Gilbert went East on a very important errand, his marriage, which took place on the 20th of May. One who knew both Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert intimately has given the following particulars:

While rector at Helena Mr. Gilbert was married to Miss Fanny Pierpont Carvill, a charming young lady of Faribault, Minnesota, whom he had met and courted while a student at the seminary. Her father was George G. Carvill, of English descent, and a native of New York. He was a man of sterling integrity. Retiring from active business, he moved to Faribault at an early day and died there.

Her mother was Ann Augusta Brown, a lineal descendant of Major Hackaliah Brown, of Westchester,



MAHLON NORRIS GILBERT
About 1880

who took an active part in the Colonial wars, and was himself descended from Sir Anthony Brown, who was knighted at the coronation of Richard II.

Miss Carvill completed her school-days at St. Mary's Hall, under the regime of Miss Sarah Darlington. Her father and mother were both dead, and she was living with an aunt in Philadelphia, when her marriage to the Rev. Mr. Gilbert was celebrated. The ceremony took place in Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, and was performed by the Rev. C. A. Poole, an old friend of both bride and groom, now professor in Seabury Divinity School.

Mrs. Gilbert was naturally of a retiring disposition. She had hesitated long before her marriage, saying that she was not fitted for a clergyman's wife. She had no desire for prominence in parish work, and preferred to leave to others that leadership which has often been demanded of the wife of a pastor. Her fears proved groundless. In her husband's work as rector or bishop no constraint was placed upon her to undertake any work for which she felt herself unfitted. Her care was given almost entirely to the home, and she was recognized as a woman of high refinement and character.

After visiting Morris and New Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert took their long wedding journey to Helena, where they received most kindly welcome. Their home, however, was not to be long in Helena. Before this, Mr. Gilbert's growing reputation had brought him a call from St. Mark's Church in Minneapolis, which he

had felt unable to accept. The new church in Helena was not yet complete and much of the cost was still to be provided. In November, 1880, a call came from Christ Church in St. Paul, and this summons he felt could not well be declined. The altitude of Helena had proved injurious to Mrs. Gilbert's health, and a change was necessary.

At this very time, by coincidence, his dear friend Bishop Tuttle was laying down his work in Montana, retaining charge of Utah and Idaho. At the Seventh Annual Convocation of the District of Montana, Idaho, and Utah, held in Helena in August, 1880, a committee of three had been appointed, of which Mr. Gilbert was one, to petition the House of Bishops to divide this immense jurisdiction, and provide an additional bishop. This petition was acted upon favorably, and on the eighth of December, 1880, that noble and wise worker, Leigh Richmond Brewer, was consecrated Bishop of Montana.

With deep reluctance Mahlon Gilbert said farewell, not only to hundreds of friends in Montana, but also to frontier life, with its hardships, its joys, its perils, its enthusiasm. In after years, as often as possible, he returned to Montana for his summer outing; there camping in the invigorating air, he would gain strength for another year of earnest work.

His last Sunday as rector in Helena was the second of January, 1881. The *Helena Herald* of January 3rd gives this notable tribute to his ministry:

Rev. M. N. Gilbert delivered last evening his farewell discourse at St. Peter's Episcopal Church to a crowded congregation, every Christian denomination in the city being represented among his hearers. His sermon was a very able one, and the closing part, which referred to his three years' pastorate in Helena, was received by the congregation with much emotion. Next to Bishop Tuttle, Mr. Gilbert is the ablest and most eloquent divine who has ever administered in the Episcopal pulpit of Montana. He has been a most zealous, indefatigable, and we may add, successful worker. . . . His departure, soon to take place, is a loss not only to the Episcopal congregation, but to the community of Helena, and it will be a difficult matter to replace him by any pastor capable of winning so high a niche in general regard and popular esteem. We express the sense of this people in saying that Mr. Gilbert leaves behind him in these mountains only friendly hearts, and he will carry forward with him to Minnesota the most sincere good wishes of this entire people.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRIST CHURCH, ST. PAUL.

THE REMOVAL from Montana to Minnesota was a great change—from the mountains to the plain; from a mining town of 4,000 inhabitants to a mercantile city of 40,000; from a jurisdiction with five or six clergymen to a strong diocese with seventy clergymen in active service. For over twenty years Henry Benjamin Whipple, great bishop and great leader, had carried on his wonderful work, extending the Church's activities and influence, planting strong institutions, defending the Red Man from oppression and wrong; twenty years of service yet remained before him.

The population of Minnesota was already 800,000, and was increasing rapidly. St. Paul and Minneapolis, the "Twin Cities," were just entering upon their period of phenomenal growth; in the coming ten years St. Paul was to increase from 41,000 to 133,000, while Minneapolis was to grow from 46,000 to 164,000—a marvelous percentage. It was a time for wise planning

and energetic work, and Mahlon Gilbert saw that a large opportunity was before him.

Christ Church, St. Paul, is often called the Mother Church of Minnesota, for it is the oldest organized parish, and from it, or from the labor of its ministers, have come several churches, in St. Paul and the vicinity.

The very beginnings of the Episcopal Church in Minnesota are traced to Fort Snelling, which adjoins St. Paul. There, before the coming of a clergyman, Mrs. Josiah Snelling, wife of the commandant, and Mrs. Nathan Clark, also a resident in the garrison, gathered what was probably the first Sunday school in the Northwest. These two faithful women also used to hold "a service with the aid of the Episcopal Prayer Book, both of them being devout members of that branch of the Church." This was in 1821, or soon after. It is a page of our local Church history which is too little known.¹

In 1839, there came to Fort Snelling as chaplain a noble priest of the Episcopal Church, Ezekiel Gilbert Gear, affectionately remembered as "Father Gear." Every Sunday he officiated at the Fort, and conducted a Sunday school, but, as occasion offered, he held services in the small settlements near by. His first recorded service at St. Paul was on the day before Christ-

¹ See *Early Episcopal Churches and Missions in Minnesota*, by the Rev. George C. Tanner, in Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society, Vol. X., Part I., p. 203.

mas in 1845, but he had probably officiated there several times before.

In June, 1850, there arrived at Fort Snelling the "Associate Mission," consisting of James Lloyd Breck, Timothy Wilcoxson, and J. Austin Merrick. They received a hearty welcome from Father Gear, and he gladly committed to them the work in the vicinity of the Fort. St. Paul was chosen as their headquarters, and from this center an active work was carried on. In August, 1850, the parish in St. Paul was duly organized, and was named Christ Church, after the historic parish in Philadelphia, which had shown much interest in Dr. Breck's endeavors. That same year a wooden church was built, "in the Early Minnesota pointed style," and the first service was held in it on the Second Sunday in Advent.

When Mahlon Gilbert became rector, a little over thirty years had passed since the founding of Christ Church, and already it had an admirable record of work accomplished. The succession of rectors had been as follows:

1850-1852 Rev. James Lloyd Breck, D.D.

1852-1854 Rev. Timothy Wilcoxson.

1854-1861 Rev. John Visger Van Ingen, D.D.

1862-1875 Rev. Stirling Yancey McMasters, D.D.

1876-1880 Rev. William Pray Ten Broeck, D.D.

These were all men of high ability, honored leaders in the Diocese.

At this time there were in St. Paul only three

Episcopal churches. St. Paul's Church, organized in 1856, was a direct colony of Christ Church, and from its favorable location had outgrown the mother church. It now had over four hundred communicants, and its rector, Elisha Smith Thomas, was a leader of rare ability. The parish of the Good Shepherd was founded in 1868 as a free church by the stalwart Churchman, William Cox Pope, who remains its rector unto this day (1912).

Christ Church occupied then, as now, the Gothic structure of gray stone at the corner of Fourth and Franklin Streets. This substantial church was built during Dr. McMaster's rectorship, and accommodates six hundred people. Being near the heart of the city, it has been used for many general gatherings—diocesan councils, missionary meetings, institutes, lectures, and the like—taking almost the place of a pro-cathedral. The parish numbered at this time 160 families and 280 communicants; it had good traditions, loyal workers, and was ready to go forward.

On January 16, 1881, the Second Sunday after the Epiphany, Mahlon Gilbert held his first service as rector of Christ Church. The *St. Paul Pioneer Press* of the following day gives an interesting report. The new clergyman is described as "rather tall in stature, light-complexioned, with slightly aquiline features"; his age is given correctly as thirty-two. The text of the morning sermon was II. Corinthians, v. 14: "For the love of Christ constraineth us."

The central idea of the sermon was the love of Christ as illustrated in the life of the Apostle St. Paul, which seemed to men to be a mere abstraction, utterly impractical. . . . The love of Christ as a motive did not convince, it only dazed the people. It was an unselfish idea. We know how grandly this principle governed the life of St. Paul. Everything in his life was counted but dross, that he might win the love of Christ. This is the central power of Christianity. The ethics of Christianity are all wrapped up in that grand principle of Christ's love, striving within the human heart to win a responsive love. You cannot go beyond the power unfolded in that thought.

The outline is short, but it indicates well the spirit which came more and more to animate the man. His life was singularly free from selfishness, and his ministry was a constant commentary upon his text, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Another sermon, preached a few weeks later, further illustrates this ruling principle of Mahlon Gilbert's theology. His text was St. Luke xix. 10: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

No more striking exemplifications of the religion of fatalism and the religion of Providence can be found than in two grand productions of Pagan genius and Christian art, the Sphinx of Egyptian sands and the Madonna of San Sisto. One combines wisdom and power; the other wisdom and love. . . . God does not attract men to him unless he is brought near to them in genuine sympathy, in an intense Fatherhood.

What is meant by the atonement? It means such a striking revelation of the love of God toward fallen

man, that man is drawn upward by the very potency of the influence. If God loves me, as the coming of his Son would indicate, then I can once more return to him, and be *at one* with him.

It is, I know, a common theory that the sacrifice of Christ is a revelation of the wrath of God toward sinners; that God inflicted upon an innocent man the punishment which was due the guilty. But I do not so read the Scriptures. I do not so regard the wonderful, touching mission of redemption. It meant, I am sure, love; a love which could sacrifice the dearest object of its affection for the salvation of the world; that man, seeing God as he really is, might have confidence to return to him."

Thirty years ago such preaching was less common than it is to-day, and it is no wonder that those who heard it, and who saw it exemplified in the preacher's earnest and unselfish life, were drawn to him with confidence and affection which the years have never marred.

The *Minnesota Missionary* of November, 1881, gives some interesting first impressions. After describing various improvements in the chancel and elsewhere, the correspondent adds:

Mr. Gilbert informs us that he feels much encouraged in his work, as his people are regular at church and Holy Communion, and devout and attentive in the service.

A friend who was at Christ Church not long since tells us that he was much impressed with the heartiness of the service and of the music. . . . Present indications lead us to believe that Christ Church, St. Paul, has entered upon a new era in its existence.

Mr. William H. Lightner, for many years chancellor of the diocese, has given his recollections of first meeting Mr. Gilbert:

I was then a young man in St. Paul, and there were eight of us who had bachelor quarters together. Several of us attended Christ Church. We had been told that there was a new rector coming, and that we should like him, but we had not thought much more about it. One evening, only two weeks or so after Mr. Gilbert's coming, we were told that a gentleman had called to see us, a Mr. Gilbert. We went down, and it proved to be the new rector. We had not thought of seeing him. He sat down and talked with us, and smoked with us, and we felt acquainted with him. He promised to come again, and he did. It was a new experience for us.

Christ Church began to pick up. Men liked him, and came again to hear him. He set to work to do things, and he set others to work.

After a few months he formed a young men's club which grew and prospered. When the rectory was built, he came to us young men and asked us to raise a certain sum for the rectory debt, and gave us the names of certain persons whom he wished us to see. He wanted us to raise in all \$625. We had never been asked to do anything like that before, but we did it.

He soon got the finances of the parish in such condition that we no longer needed the Easter offering for current expenses. One year our offering at Easter was \$3,500 for building the church at Merriam Park; another year it was for St. Stephen's Chapel.

The congregations grew so large that we got a quantity of chairs, which we used to put in the aisles

and in every vacant space, in order to accomodate those that came.

He was not what is called a scholarly man, nor a profound thinker. He did not appeal as Phillips Brooks did by the power of his intellect, but he did hold the attention of men, and they came to hear him as often as they could.

Of his power as a speaker a remarkable instance was once given at the "Informal Club," of which he was an active member. This club includes prominent men of many walks in life, and each one is given perfect liberty to express his own opinion. The one in charge for the evening reads his essay or delivers his address, and then calls on others, and they speak in agreement or disagreement, with perfect good feeling. On one evening, when unfortunately I was absent, the leader had presented a line of thought that was decidedly opposed to the Christian Faith. When it came Bishop Gilbert's turn to speak (for he was Bishop at this time), with perfect courtesy and kindness he made a statement of his own faith, with his reasons for the same. Those who heard it said it was the most masterly defence of the Faith they ever heard.

His earnestness and his kindness of heart won men to him. He never criticised others, unless they were absolutely oblivious of their shortcomings. He knew how, as a rule, to make people feel their sins without telling them of them. He made them want to be better.

More than anyone I have ever known, Bishop Gilbert exemplified the three Christian virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity; his faith was unbounded; his hope was unwavering; he was always overflowing with kindness and love.

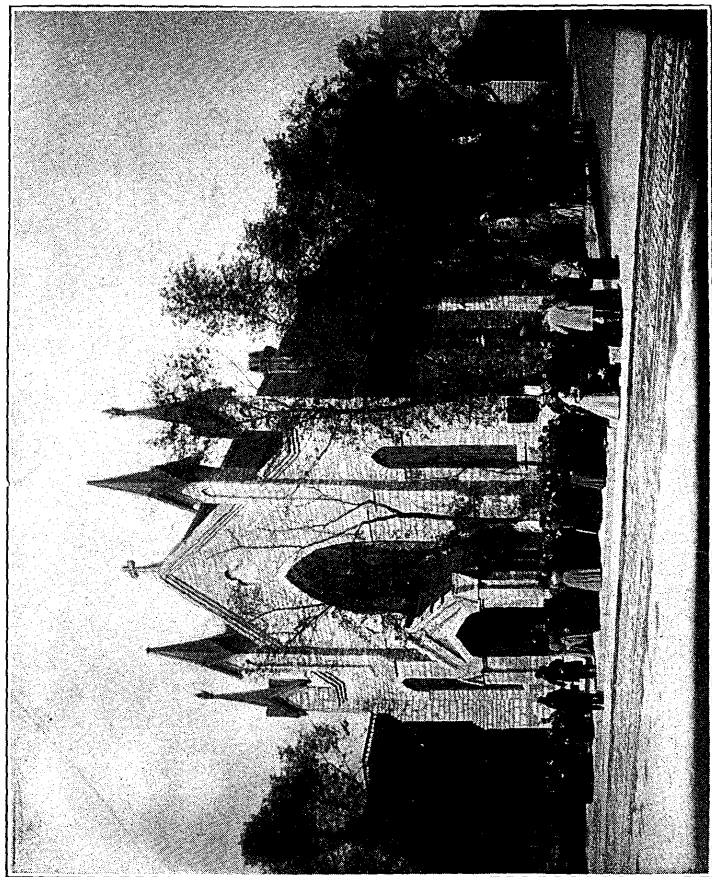
In private life he was the best of company. There was no one with whom I would rather go fishing or hunting, or do anything that was right, than with him. For nearly twenty years we were near neighbors, and his death was the greatest personal loss I ever had.

The coming years are in part anticipated by this estimate, but for the light it throws on Mahlon Gilbert's character, it is quoted here. One spirit, one purpose, binds the years together.

Along the lines described by Mr. Lightner, Christ Church went steadily forward. Land adjoining the church was soon purchased, and a rectory of brick was completed in the spring of 1883. Every department of Church life flourished; the Sunday school became large and enthusiastic, having among its officers and teachers many men of ability; the Young Men's Club was full of interest and purpose; the guilds and other parochial societies were active and united; large classes were presented for confirmation, and the number of communicants increased rapidly.

In all the work there was a spirit of confidence and love. Many who look back at Mahlon Gilbert think of him as the embodiment of chivalry, a modern Galahad, losing himself in generous devotion to others. And as the ancient knight realized the Saviour's saying, and in "losing his life, found his life," so the modern knight, "without a selfish thought," gained what is better than reputation or riches, the love of his fellow-men.

One parishioner has said of him, "He was more like



CHRIST CHURCH, ST. PAUL, IN 1895

a father confessor to me than any clergyman I ever knew. I do not mean in the technical sense of hearing formal confessions, but that he seemed to know one's very spirit, and to draw out one's confidence. One could tell him anything, and was sure of help."

On the evening of Ascension Day, May 26, 1881, Mr. Gilbert made the first annual address before the Breck Missionary Society of Seabury Divinity School. His theme was "Workers together with God." The purpose of the Society was interpreted by two words, Knowledge, and Sympathy; knowledge of "the outreaching missionary field of the Church"; sympathy with the workers, showing itself in genuine interest and helpful service. He closed with a description of the Church's leaders in their heroic labors. Only six years before, though he made no reference to it, the speaker had gone from Seabury to one of these difficult missionary fields, and those who heard him were deeply moved by his earnest words and his sincere example.²

At the Annual Council of the Diocese of Minnesota, held in June, 1881, at Stillwater, Mr. Gilbert, though a newcomer, was honored with two positions of responsibility. Bishop Whipple appointed him to be one of his Examining Chaplains, and he was also elected a member of the Diocesan Board of Missions. This Board then consisted of seven clergymen and four laymen. Mr. Gilbert was chosen secretary of the Board, and served

² See the *Minnesota Missionary*, July 1881.

energetically in that office until his election to the episcopate.

Mr. Gilbert's missionary spirit was shown in his efforts to extend the Church in the city of St. Paul. As already noted, two mission churches mark his rectorship. St. Stephen's Mission on Randolph Street was begun in 1884, its "very neat frame church with open roof," being completed the following summer. The first service at Merriam Park was held by Mr. Gilbert in July, 1885, and the work was organized and carried forward so vigorously that St. Mary's Church was built the following year. St. Stephen's remains a mission, but St. Mary's long since became an independent parish. For four years Mr. Gilbert was also in charge of the little Church of St. John in the Wilderness at White Bear Lake, several miles away. He bore the title of rector, and held service twice a month, besides maintaining a Sunday school. To all these undertakings the Mother Church gave hearty support. Thus, at Christmas, 1885, Christ Church provided for each of these three stations a Christmas tree and service, in addition to their own parish festival.

For some years Mr. Gilbert had no regular clerical assistant in this wide field, but he writes with strong appreciation of "the two lay readers, Messrs. Horn and Bend," who had aided him in services at Fort Snelling, St. Luke's Hospital, and elsewhere. This Mr. William B. Bend, afterwards General of the Minnesota National Guards, was later president for several years of the

diocesan Lay Readers' League. During Holy Week, 1885, "the rector was assisted most acceptably by Mr. Sydney G. Jeffords of Seabury Divinity School," and in June, after his ordination to the diaconate, the Rev. Mr. Jeffords became "Assistant Minister" at Christ Church. St. Stephen's Mission was placed in his special charge and prospered.

Another good work, dear to Christ Church, is St. Luke's Hospital. This was founded by an early rector, Dr. Van Ingen, and for many years the members of its board were drawn so largely from Christ Church that the hospital was listed as a parish institution. With large-hearted devotion, both as rector and Bishop, Mahlon Gilbert aided and guided the development of St. Luke's.

In these days, most clergymen (and their parishioners, too, for that matter), claim to be exceedingly busy men. Many are too busy to make calls; too busy to learn modern methods of Sunday school work; too busy to prepare their sermons properly. It is a condition into which many of our clergy have drifted almost unconsciously, and with which they are deeply dissatisfied. In spite of the admonition of the Apostles they find themselves "leaving the word of God, and serving tables." This condition has come through the high endeavor to meet modern social problems. Parish machinery has been multiplied, and the chief machinist is the one who should be the parish priest. Mr. Gilbert's rectorship at Christ Church came at the beginning

of this modern development in parish life. He himself organized more than one society which has maintained a vigorous and useful existence ever since. A recent Year Book gives the following account of the chief organization:

The Woman's Association of Christ Church had its inception early in the rectorate of Bishop Gilbert in the spring of 1881. It was duly organized with constitution and by-laws which were printed and sent to every person in the parish. The original rules are still, for the most part, adhered to, though with the changes incident to the growth of the city and shifting of localities, some of the work has been abandoned.

As now organized, there are seven instead of eight committees, viz: The Parish Aid, the Altar Guild, the Woman's Auxiliary, the Junior Auxiliary, St. Mary's Guild (organized by Dr. Andrews), and the Industrial School (a recent development), all actively engaged during the autumn and winter months, and the Choir-Mothers throughout the year.³

Over twenty-five years have passed since the close of Mr. Gilbert's rectorship. That this Association was well planned and well organized is evident from this report. It is strong testimony to the wisdom and efficiency of a great rector. It is of value also as showing that parochial administration need not utterly absorb the time and energy of the rector of a large and active parish.

As a parish priest, Mahlon Gilbert knew how to use

³ Christ Church Year Book, 1909-1910, p. 50.

time wonderfully. An aged parishioner says that "he would accomplish more in ten minutes than many clergymen do in an hour. His rule was to call frequently and to stay but a short time. He would get at once to the heart of a matter, whether in a meeting of the vestry or of a parish guild, or in an ordinary parochial call. Where he was well acquainted, he would often run in for a meal, and soon after he would go, but with no sense of hurry." It is this "sense of hurry" which mars so much of life to-day.

Some features of parish life at this time may conveniently be grouped here. The ritual at Christ Church, as in Minnesota generally, was of a simple character. Bishop Whipple wisely opposed extreme Churchmanship of either school. Party strife he abhorred. His one aim was that "the comfortable Gospel of Christ" might be "truly preached, truly received, and truly followed, in all places." There have been some changes in outward forms since 1881 but few in the diocesan spirit.

At that time the weekly Eucharist was not yet the rule even in the large parishes. At Christ Church it was first made a custom in Lent, and afterwards became the rule for all the year. The gift of a white stole to Mr. Gilbert was such a novelty that a neighboring rector borrowed it for a wedding, and thus had the first use of it. Altar lights were not yet introduced. The first vested choir at Christ Church was formed by Mr. Gilbert's successor. Contemporary accounts, however, show that the service at Christ Church was well rendered, and

that the music was of a high order. In the Sunday school a choral service was in common use. It is of interest to know that the offerings of the Sunday school, which sometimes amounted to three hundred dollars a year, were entirely devoted to missionary and charitable purposes.

"On Ash-Wednesday," says a former parishioner, "Mr. Gilbert used to lay down the law, and told us just what he expected of us. We were not to go to the theatre, or card parties, or anything like that. He made it perfectly plain, and we always had good Lenten services. There were large congregations, and a fine observance of Lent."

The Lenten Card of 1882 shows his endeavor to teach as well as to preach. These cards were mailed to every member of the congregation to make sure of reaching them all. The "Subjects for Special Sermons and Lectures for Sunday Evenings at 7:30" were as follows: "The Church and the Holy Scriptures; The Church and Papal Supremacy; The Church and the Reformation; The Church, Her Sacraments and Doctrines; The Church and other Christian Bodies; The Church and the Age." On Friday evenings there were "Lectures on the Beatitudes," and on Wednesday afternoons "Ten Minute Talks on Church Duties." Through Holy Week there was daily service at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. The morning topic was "The Last Days of the Saviour," and the subject for the evening was "The Last Words of the Saviour." On Good Friday there was simply

the morning and evening service provided in the Prayer Book. Many Lenten cards to-day seem planned for women only; the hours of many of Mr. Gilbert's services were arranged so as to permit the men of the congregation to attend. He was not "a man's man" in the sense that his real interest was in the men only; he was rather of that type of shepherd that cares for every member of the flock.

Men's clubs have become a common feature of parish life, but the Young Men's Club which Mr. Gilbert founded, on coming to the parish, filled a special place in a growing city full of young men. Many of its members, in becoming friends with him and with each other, learned also to love the Church.

A pleasant custom, observed in several of the older parishes in Minnesota, is an annual Epiphany Party. This ancient usage appealed to the heart of Dr. Breck, and was introduced by him at Faribault, where it is still maintained. In some parishes which have adopted the custom the Epiphany Party is limited to the rector, wardens, and vestry, and their wives; in others it is a parochial gathering. Its chief feature is a grand Epiphany Cake in which is hidden the Epiphany Ring. Amid much excitement the cake is divided, and the one who finds the ring in his portion is hailed as the Epiphany King or Queen. During the year the ring remains in this monarch's keeping, and it his pleasant duty to preside at the party on the next Epiphany. Mr. Gilbert had become familiar with the custom at Faribault, and

now introduced it at Christ Church, where, with some changes, it is still maintained as a cheerful parish tradition.

An event of unusual character during Mr. Gilbert's rectorship was the visit of "an English Lord Bishop" to the Diocese of Minnesota. On Sunday, August 24, 1884, the Right Reverend Anthony Wilson Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, spoke three times in the city of St. Paul. His evening address on Temperance was at Christ Church, with Mr. Gilbert and other clergymen in the chancel. It was probably the first visit of an English Bishop to Minnesota, and the newspapers show much interest in the man and his message.

Christ Church has had from the beginning a large number of men of ability and prominence, who have served it faithfully. On Mr. Gilbert's coming, the wardens were James Gilfillan, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, and John Quincy Adams. The vestrymen were Reuben Warner, Charles Proal, T. D. Barton, Major J. P. Pond, U. S. A., John P. Larkin, W. J. Footner, and C. C. Elfelt. Others who served on the vestry during Mr. Gilbert's rectorship were J. B. Tarbox, W. H. Hubbard, J. H. Ames, H. P. Hoppin, A. H. Cathcart, S. R. McMasters, and E. C. Allis. These and many others, with faithful and devoted women too many to name, gave themselves, their time, and their substance to this parish. With many of them the supreme thing in life was devotion to Christ and to his Church. Those who remain to this present speak

with one accord of their strong personal affection for Mahlon Gilbert as rector, as bishop, and as friend. He, for his part, trusted them and loved them. In after years as bishop his home was still among them, and their friendship and love never failed.

Through the five years of his rectorship, Mr. Gilbert was recognized in the city and in the diocese as a growing man. In 1883 he was a member of the House of Deputies of the General Convention which met in Philadelphia in October, taking the place of the Rev. Dr. Knickerbacker, who was consecrated Bishop of Indiana.

At the annual Council of the Diocese of Minnesota, which met on St. Barnabas' Day, June 11, 1884, at the Cathedral in Faribault, Mr. Gilbert preached the opening sermon. His subject was, "Steadfastness in the Faith, the antidote of Doubt," the text being I. Corinthians, xvi: 13, "Stand fast in the faith." At the request of the Council the sermon was printed in pamphlet form. A few characteristic sentences are here given:

If we know Christ, we know the faith. . . . St. Paul realized this thought in all its fulness. In this faith he was rooted and grounded. A knowledge of it, springing out of a wonderful experience, was the inspiration of his life. He preached it, he taught it, he lived it, 'mid every people, 'neath every sky. Within the white walls of Damascus where his eyes first saw its light; in Jerusalem 'mid storms of ridicule and threatenings; under the porticoes of the Ephesian Diana's temple; along the altar-lined highway of Mars Hill; to the sybarites of Corinth, and before Roman

Senators; in short wherever men were to be saved—the faith was his text, his tower, his labarum.

After a life spent for Christ, after glorious triumphs for the faith, after weariness and watchings, fastings and persecutions, the one thought upon which he dwelt most proudly, and which he set over against all else, was the thought embodied in almost his dying words, "I have kept the Faith." . . .

You know, my friends, as well as I, that the attempt, so common now, to make the Christian religion a kind of elevated moral philosophy, resting upon the same plane as Positivism and Rationalism, is in its immediate tendency a danger threatening the very heart of the faith. The attempt to explain away the supernatural in Christianity, to call the Scriptures simply noble literature, to make Christ only a sublime moral teacher, is practically to take Christ and a personal God out of the world. It is eliminating all these divine elements from the faith, which have ever served to keep it higher than men's lives, and which have always been the "certain assurance of a hope which maketh not ashamed." . . .

The man who is steadfast in the faith is not the man who is ever ready to chain his thoughts to the chariot wheels of a fallible leader and so be led away a willing captive into new and untried and practically unknown abiding places. Once having utterly absorbed the truth within the innermost recesses of his heart, it becomes a masterful power to control him, and he stands by it, defends it, as he would his own life. . . . There is a supreme loyalty to his convictions which does not waver. . . . The Church to him is his home. He finds therein space for the fresh and grandest development of his character. He is satisfied

and at rest. The only agitation within him results from the pains of a growth into "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

In a sermon preached to his own congregation soon after his coming he took this line of argument:

Have you ever observed this fact, my friends, that in all of the popular infidel attacks upon the Bible and Christianity, the character and life and teaching of Jesus Christ are never touched? . . . Until that life is punctured, that character destroyed, that divine man argued out of existence, Christianity from the very nature of things can not be overturned.*

During the first week of Advent, 1885, a notable mission was held in Christ Church. It was conducted by Bishop Whipple, Rev. E. S. Thomas, and the rector, assisted by the Rev. Charles A. Poole of Duluth, and the Rev. W. H. Knowlton, then of Galena, Illinois. The daily services were as follows: 7 A. M., Holy Communion; 10:30 A. M., Bible Reading; 4 P. M., Instruction; 7:30 P. M., Mission Service and Preaching, followed by an After-service. One of those who took part, the Rev. Dr. Poole, recalls vividly the impression of that time. At the evening services the church was filled to the door, and Mr. Gilbert in particular spoke with a power and persuasion which he never surpassed. In wonderful stillness the great congregation followed his burning words, looking upon him as truly "a man sent from God." The after effect of the mission was strong,

*The St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, March 7, 1881.

and showed itself in many helpful ways in the spiritual life of the parish.

A chapter could easily be written on the patriotism of Mahlon Gilbert. As a child he had listened eagerly to stories of Colonial and Revolutionary days and of the heroic part played by his own ancestors in those stirring times. Too young to take part in the Civil War, his brother has recorded the militant enthusiasm of young Mahlon as he watched the "Boys in Blue" marching to the front. In due time he became an active member of the Society of Colonial Wars, and of the Sons of the Revolution, and he was never happier than when sharing in some patriotic observance. In 1883 he was made Chaplain of the First Regiment of the Minnesota National Guards, and served ably in the office till after his election to the episcopate. When General Grant died in the summer of 1885, there was a spontaneous recognition throughout the country of his services to the nation. On Saturday, August 8, the day of the great General's funeral, impressive services were held in St. Paul. In spite of rain, thousands gathered in the open space by the state capitol and listened to tributes by well-known speakers. Of the four addresses, that of Mr. Gilbert is reported at greatest length, and seems best to sum up the character of the nation's hero and the feelings of the men of the nation in their time of loss.

The steady growth of the parish is shown by a summary of the five years. During this time 235 were baptized and 175 were confirmed; in the year 1885 Mr.

Gilbert officiated personally at 35 marriages and 35 funerals, while several other services of each kind were taken by his curate or other assisting clergyman. At his coming the number of communicants was 280; at the close of his rectorate there were 513. The number of families had increased to 315, thus making Christ Church once more the largest parish in the city. The congregations were always large, the church being filled at each service, often to overflowing.

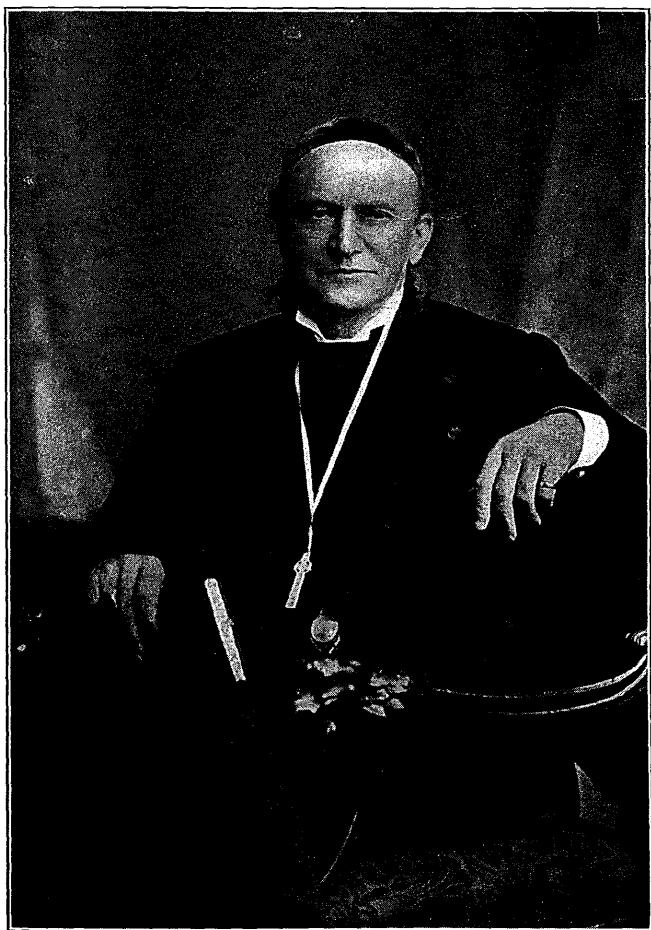
Through these busy years Mr. Gilbert's health was usually good, though he was never regarded as robust. The energy with which he threw himself into any serious undertaking made his friends fear that he would soon wear himself out. After Lent in 1884 he was for some time in poor health, and in August he wisely went to Montana, to recover his strength in the open air. On his return he resumed his work with his usual vigor and good cheer.

CHAPTER IX.

ELECTION TO THE EPISCOPATE.

AS EARLY as 1873, in his address to the Diocesan Council, Bishop Whipple suggested the approaching need of the division of the Diocese. The great size of the state and its rapidly increasing population would soon compel action. Two alternatives were proposed: the election of an Assistant Bishop, or the adoption of the provincial system, by which Minnesota, though divided into two or more dioceses, might remain united as one Church province. A large committee "on the division of the diocese" was appointed and the whole subject was discussed in Council and in the Bishop's address in the following year. At that time Bishop Whipple made a strong plea for the provincial system, and steps were taken to introduce suitable legislation at the General Convention.

Years passed and nothing was done. The great plague of locusts in southern Minnesota impoverished the people and hindered the work. There was also great reluctance to divide the Diocese. Through Bishop



BISHOP WHIPPLE
At the Age of 75

Whipple's wise and strong administration Minnesota had become famous for its great institutions, for its Christianizing of the Indians, for its united and progressive spirit, unhampered by school or party.

In the meantime, anxiety, hardships, and exposure, left their marks on the great Bishop. His health was seriously impaired, and some relief must be given. At the Twenty-fifth Annual Council, in 1882, Bishop Whipple again presented the need of "additional episcopal oversight." Again there was delay. In 1884 after a winter of illness Bishop Whipple asked for the election of an Assistant Bishop and the raising of a suitable endowment. On motion of Mr. Gilbert the matter was referred to a special committee, and a report was made; and yet again, in the Council of 1885, there was a similar committee, and it was recommended that an Assistant Bishop be elected, and that the Bishop call a special council that fall for this purpose. Of both of these committees Mr. Gilbert was chairman, and did what he could to carry out Bishop Whipple's wishes, but the financial problem blocked the way, and nothing was done. However, the discussion had slowly prepared the Diocese for action, and when the Council met on June 9, 1886, at Gethsemane Church it was expected by all that the great work of the Council would be the choice of an Assistant Bishop. For months this had been the topic of chief interest in the diocese. Two men were constantly mentioned as worthy of this high office—the Rev. Elisha Smith Thomas, for ten years rector of St.

Paul's Church in the city of St. Paul, and the Rev. Mahlon Norris Gilbert.

There was no question of the suitability of Mr. Thomas. He had been a member of the Standing Committee for many years, and was now its president. In the city and the state he was recognized for his ability and his integrity. He had been in the Diocese since 1865, and seemed to many the ideal man for the office. It was known that he was the choice of Bishop Whipple, and his election seemed both fitting and probable. On the other hand, Mahlon Gilbert had appealed in many ways to the hearts of the men of the Diocese. Though he had been with them only five years, many felt that they knew him better than they did the older man. His youth and his energy and his personality made a profound appeal. Another factor in his favor was that he was a graduate of Seabury Divinity School, and was a strong favorite with many who had known him there.

On the second day of the Council, June 10, 1886, after pledges had been made in open session for the endowment of \$15,000, to assist in the support of an Assistant Bishop, an informal ballot was taken for the nomination of a Bishop. By vote of the Council, no nomination speeches were permitted. Before the voting Bishop Whipple spoke of the great importance of their proposed action, and the whole Council knelt with him in silent and earnest prayer.

The result of the informal ballot showed, as was expected, that there were but two men seriously con-

sidered for the office. Mr. Thomas was the favorite with the clergy, leading by 21 votes to 17, while Mr. Gilbert led in the lay vote by 38 to 36. Of scattering votes there were ten from the clergy, and twelve from the laity. Thereupon the laity asked and obtained permission to retire for half an hour for consultation. On their return the first formal ballot was taken. It showed that Mr. Thomas was still leading by 23 to 21 in the clerical vote, with five scattering; but the lay vote stood 46 to 35 for Mr. Gilbert, with only two scattering votes. In the afternoon voting was resumed with no marked variation. The laity stood by the same majority for Mr. Gilbert, while Mr. Thomas led in the clerical vote, though without a majority. On the fourth formal ballot there was a change. Of fifty clerical votes 27 were for Mr. Gilbert, while Mr. Thomas remained at 21; the lay vote gave Mr. Gilbert 51 out of a total of 89, and Mr. Thomas 36. Mr. Gilbert was thereupon declared duly elected Assistant Bishop of Minnesota. At once, with characteristic generosity, Mr. Thomas moved that the election be made unanimous, and, when that had been done, on Mr. Thomas' motion the Council rose and sang the Gloria in Excelsis.

It is pleasant to record that the very next Bishop chosen in the American Church was this same Elisha Smith Thomas, for in the following February, on the first ballot, he was elected Assistant Bishop of Kansas.

At the close of the day, before dismissing the gathering with prayer, Bishop Whipple spoke to the Council,

“with much feeling and earnestness.”

In his remarks he declared his belief that there was not a diocese in the land where deeper love existed between the clergy and their Bishop than in our own. Referring to the election of the Assistant Bishop he said, it would not be long before the Bishop's staff must be committed to his charge, and he believed in his heart, God had granted them to do all he could have asked for.¹

On the eighth of July, Mr. Gilbert wrote the following letter of acceptance to the chairman of the committee appointed to notify him of his election:

Rev. T. B. Wells, D.D., Chairman.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER:—I am in receipt of your communication informing me of my election to the office of Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Minnesota.

I have delayed my reply thereto in order that I might give the matter my earnest, conscientious, and prayerful consideration.

I now write you my acceptance of the office, subject to the approval of the General Convention. I could have wished that the choice of the Diocese had fallen upon one of wider experience and of more approved worth, but coming to me as it does with so much unanimity of sentiment, I can only believe that it is the call of God, and that He will overrule my mistakes to His glory, and give me such wisdom and understanding as will enable me so to watch over His flock entrusted to my care, that it may suffer no injury at my hands. It will be a source of lasting satisfaction to me

¹ Journal of the Annual Council of the Diocese of Minnesota, p. 56.

to lighten the labors and stay up the hands of our venerable and beloved Diocesan, to whose side you have called me.

I ask of my brethren, of the clergy and laity of this Diocese, what I know they will gladly give me, their sympathy, their coöperation, and their unceasing prayers.

Praying that our future labors together may advance always the prosperity of our beloved Church,

I am very truly and faithfully yours,

MAHLON NORRIS GILBERT.

In June, Seabury Divinity School conferred for the first time the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and selected naturally for this honor the Bishop-elect. The nomination was made by the Rev. E. S. Thomas, a member of the Board of Trustees. (In the following year, Mr. Thomas himself received this same degree from Seabury.) Hobart College, which in 1880 had granted Mr. Gilbert the honorary degree of Master of Arts, now also gave him the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology. Thus, at the age of thirty-eight, Mahlon Gilbert received the highest formal honors that could be given him—Doctor and Bishop in the Church of God.

There are some whom elevation to high office changes for the worse; it mars their naturalness and their sincerity; it adds a false sense of dignity, and new perils of selfishness. It is sometimes harder to bear adversity in high estate than in low, and it is a strong soul that is not moved by adulation or flattery.

Through all these perils Mahlon Gilbert was to pass unharmed. He sought not his own; he was not easily provoked; he thought no evil; he bore, and believed, and hoped, and endured unto the end. To him, as to many, the episcopate was a great opportunity, an opportunity for glorious service for God and man.

In the summer Mr. Gilbert went for a few weeks to Montana to gain strength in the open air for his coming work. In August he wrote his resignation of Christ Church, to take effect in November. As Bishop-elect, he made the address at the opening service of Shattuck and St. Mary's Schools in the Cathedral at Faribault. It was a strong plea for high standards of study and character.

Call to mind the wonderful fruits of knowledge which open out before you on all sides. Recall those living examples of the wise and great men of the past. Recall the wonderful work of scholars and thinkers in earth and air and sea. Ere they reached that knowledge which enabled them to attain such marvellous results, their feet passed over the same hard, unromantic paths that are yours to-day. There is no royal road to the enchanted land of knowledge and wisdom. Its milestones are duty, faithfulness, perseverance, and enthusiasm. . . .

Before you there stretches out a new school year. It seems long as you look forward into it, but it will only be long to those who are laggards and unfaithful to duty. Look forward to it one and all cheerily. Make it, with the help of God, a marked year in your lives. Reflect within your lives this year a new and added

glory to Shattuck and St. Mary's. Be inspired by the loftiest standards. Be never satisfied with work half-done. Remember the hopes that center in you, and the prayers that follow you from the dear ones at home. Let them not be ashamed of your record, but let them rather be proud of the son or the daughter they have sent to these Christian Schools.²

On Sunday, October 17, 1886, in St. James' Church, Chicago, Mahlon Norris Gilbert was consecrated to the episcopate. It was hoped in Minnesota that the service would take place in Christ Church, St. Paul, but since the General Convention of the entire Church was in session in Chicago it seemed both appropriate and convenient that the consecration should take place during the Convention. Several of the most distinguished American Bishops took part in the service, and the great church was filled to its utmost capacity. The processional hymn was, "Christ, whose glory fills the skies." The Bishop of Albany, William Croswell Doane, began the office; the Bishop of Western New York, Arthur Cleveland Coxe, was the Epistler, and the Bishop of Ohio, Gregory Thurston Bedell, was the Gospeler. The sermon was preached by Mr. Gilbert's dear friend, Dr. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, Bishop of Missouri. His text was Galatians iv., 26: "But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." His theme was "The Motherhood of the Church." The sermon is preserved in

² *Minnesota Missionary*, October, 1886.

pamphlet form and a part may well be quoted.

We gather this day to commission and send forth one more chief Shepherd in the Apostolic line, to feed the flock and to do the set duty of watch and guidance; and we seek to strengthen his heart and refresh our own with thoughts and thanks about our Mother, the Church.

There follows a thrilling description of the glory and the freedom of the Church, with a moving plea for loyalty to her. One element of the Church's freedom he finds in her love for those who scarcely recognize her claim.

If penitence for sin, and holiness of life, and unselfish devotion to other souls, and loyalty to Holy Scripture, and undying trust in the mercies of the blessed Lord, and untiring effort to walk the way of His foretreading footsteps, be marks of a true discipleship—I claim them so—then are Methodists, and Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, and Baptists, and others, by multitudes on multitudes, walking in the way appointed, true disciples of their adored Master, and true children, though they may not know and count the truth to all its fulness, of their own Mother, the Catholic Church. . . .

I do not mean that we are to be one whit wanting in the staunchest Churchmanship. But only that we be full of the abundant and affectionate and allowance-making charity that goeth with it. . . .

My brother, through our voices God calls you to the apostleship. By our hands this day you are to be commissioned thereto. Apostle is but Greek, you know, for missionary. What it is to be a missionary you have

counted years ago, you shall count it the more if God spares your life, in years to come. . . .

Coming out from a past of close association, going into a future of like grave responsibility, you and I stand together now for a few moments of hesitancy; the listening ears will forgive us a little personal allusion.

My brother, you've been Sunday school boy, classical pupil, parish school teacher, deacon, presbyter, chaplain, missionary with me. Eleven years ago this very day you were ordained priest by me, in St. James' Church, Deer Lodge, Montana. . . .

The future. The episcopate is only a larger pastorship. The pastor, anywhere, may help to turn many to righteousness. Blessed be he then. He may preach to others and be himself a castaway. Some of us in our infirmities, selfishness, and sins feel keenly how that may be true.

It is the greatest honor on earth to be a Bishop; a successor of the Apostles; a chief ambassador of the Master. But if great and loving service go not with it, it will be a canker-eating curse to the holder, in the day of stewardship.

Be great in duty; great in loving service; great in patient and watchful helpfulness, my brother, and let honor take care of itself.

The solemn service proceeded. The Bishop of Indiana, David Buel Knickerbacker, and the Assistant Bishop of New York, Henry Codman Potter, presented the Bishop-elect to the Presiding Bishop of the Church, the Right Reverend Alfred Lee of Delaware. The formal testimonials were read. Then the nine Bishops present, including the Bishop of Minnesota,

Dr. Henry Benjamin Whipple, laid their hands upon the candidate and he was made a Bishop in the Church of God.

On the following day, Bishop Whipple, according to custom, introduced the new Bishop to his brethren in the House of Bishops. It was the eleventh day of the session, and there remained ten days in which the new Bishop quietly adjusted himself to the men and the methods of the Upper House.

CHAPTER X.

THE WORK OF A BISHOP.

THE State of Minnesota, at this time comprising one great diocese, contains nearly 85,000 square miles. One may gain some impression of the vastness of this area by noting that it equals almost precisely that of England, Scotland, and Wales, combined. Simply to visit the scattered churches was a large task. At this time there were seventy-two parishes entitled to representation in the Diocesan Council; there were also listed seventy-six missions, many of them having a church organization and name. To care for this wide field there were sixty-eight priests and ten deacons.

Bishop Whipple's health now compelled him to avoid the severe winters of Minnesota, but in the spring, summer, and early fall, he usually made many visitations in the diocese, and he always gave close oversight to the various institutions. Being relieved of much of the pressure of diocesan engagements, Bishop Whipple was free to do a great work for the Church at large. He was in great demand as a

preacher on special occasions, and took part in the consecration of many Bishops. His brave defence of the Red Men led to his appointment by the President of the United States on the Indian Commission. In this work for years he took a leading and most useful part. His tall, stalwart form became familiar also in England, where he was highly esteemed and loved. At great missionary gatherings no voice was more eloquent and persuasive than that of the famous "Apostle to the Indians."

Bishop Gilbert's work the first year was, naturally, one of routine and of learning the field. A few extracts from his monthly letters to the *Minnesota Missionary*, and from his annual report to the Council, show something of the nature of his work and of the conditions under which it was done.

My resignation as rector of Christ Church, St. Paul, took effect on Sunday, November 14th, where, at the evening service, I began my work as Assistant Bishop by confirming a class of seventeen persons and addressing them. The following Thursday, at the request of the Bishop of the Diocese, I started northward for a visitation of the parishes and missions in certain portions of the Northern Convocation.

Sunday, November 21st, I held services at the school house at Hallock, Kittson County, confirmed four persons, and addressed them. . . . I organized a mission, named it St. John's, and appointed a Church Committee. . . . At 3 P. M. I consecrated Christ Church, St. Vincent, and confirmed twelve persons. The arduous and self-denying work Mr. Appleby is doing in this

vast region is of untold value to the Church, and the cheerful, self-denying spirit he displays is worthy of all praise. In the evening, held service in the Presbyterian church at Pembina, Dakota. . . .

Tuesday, November 23rd, in the face of what everyone said was the worst storm known here for years, Mr. Currie and I started for Red Lake Falls, twenty-five miles east of Crookston. We had a good strong team and Mr. Currie knows how to drive, and has true "grit." Although we lost the road once or twice, yet we safely reached our destination before dark and were cordially welcomed by Messrs. Joseph and William Smith, old Shattuck boys and good staunch Churchmen. We were greeted with the remark, "We knew Mr. Currie wouldn't weaken, but we were not so sure about the new Bishop." We held service in a vacant store, where I preached and confirmed three persons.

Thursday, November 25th, Thanksgiving Day, held services and baptized one child in the little rural church at Mentor, Polk County. . . .

Friday, held services in the Methodist church at Fisher's Landing.

Sunday, November 28th, the first Sunday in Advent, I preached morning and evening in Christ Church, Crookston, and confirmed in the evening a class of nine persons presented by the rector, the Rev. Mr. Currie. . . .

Monday morning, with subscription book in hand, I started out with two of the vestry and succeeded in a very short time in securing in monthly subscriptions more than was anticipated for the salary of the rector. . . . Mr. Currie has the confidence and esteem of the people, and is in a position to do much good.

December 1, 1886, the Bishop of the Diocese, hav-

ing been compelled by the state of his health to seek a milder climate, committed the Diocese to my care. This trust continued until April 20, 1887, when the Bishop returned. . . .

Thursday, December 7th, I held services in the new church at Sauk Rapids. This church is erected upon the ruins of one destroyed in the spring by the fearful cyclone, and built almost entirely of funds contributed by the parishes of this Diocese. . . .

Saturday, December 11th, I went west to Moorhead and lectured at the Bishop Whipple School for the benefit of the library fund. After the lecture I met a large number of the people socially.

Sunday, December 12th, I preached in St. James' Church, Moorhead, in the morning, and in the opera house in the evening. . . . The congregation at the opera house was very large, the Methodists and Presbyterians suspending their own services and attending in a body. The service was thoroughly Churchly and reverential.

He had spent Thanksgiving Day far from home, but the Christmas Holidays found him in St. Paul. On Christmas Day he preached in Christ Church, and also on the Sunday following. During the week he attended three Sunday school festivals, and spoke to the children. On Sunday afternoon he took great pleasure in consecrating St. Stephen's Mission, in which he had been so interested as rector.

After a holiday season thus filled with work, he resumed his visitations. The winter was unusually severe, as is shown by more than one entry.

Friday, January 7th, we found ourselves delayed by

the intense cold and wind, and could not reach Slayton by rail direct. We therefore drove across the country ten miles from Iona, on the Minnesota Southern, reaching Slayton just in time for service. The mercury was thirty degrees below zero, and the wind was in our faces. We were very thoroughly chilled, but were not at all frozen. The little chapel of our Church was filled.

A still worse storm was encountered at Windom a few days later, the record running as follows:

The most severe blizzard I have seen for a number of years began Sunday morning, and in the afternoon, when we started to drive to Wilder, we found it utterly impossible to see our way across the prairie and were forced to turn back. The storm continued all of Monday, effectually blockading the railroad, so that I was unable to leave Windom until Wednesday night. I improved the time of my stay by talking on Temperance in the Methodist church two evenings.

Only a week later the Bishop was again snow-bound. He was on his way to Redwood Falls, when the train was blocked at New Ulm, fortunately so that he was able to reach a comfortable hotel. A young commercial traveler who was at the hotel with him, remembers what good company the Bishop was. He gave some talks upon his travels and experiences, which were listened to with great interest by the young men snow-bound there with him. On the second day, the storm having abated, Bishop Gilbert arranged for a sleigh with driver and horses to take him thirty-two miles to St. Peter, where he would be able to get a train for Min-

neapolis. Before leaving he bought a large piece of warm goods for an extra wrap. The journey was made in safety, though with much suffering from the cold.

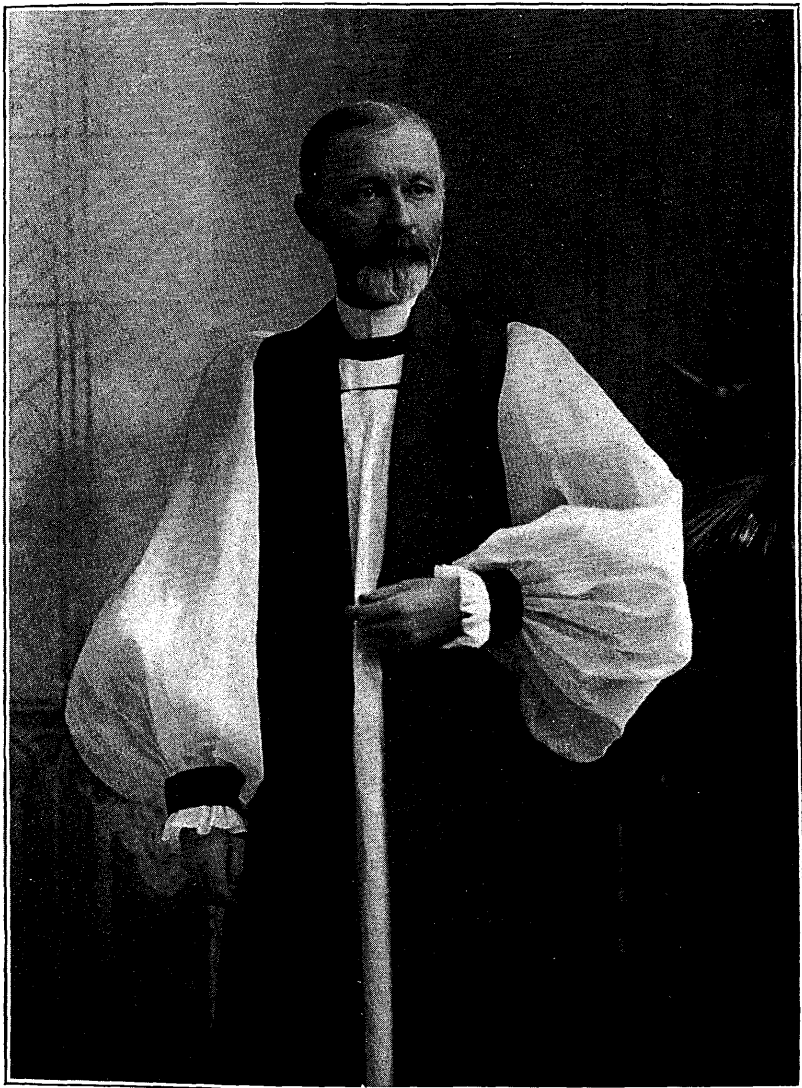
Many times during his episcopate he exposed himself to hardships like this, that he might, if possible, keep his appointments. It is remarkable that, with his impaired constitution, he was able to endure such exertions and such exposure, for so many years.

Another item from the record is of special interest:

On Thursday, January 20th, I had the blessed privilege of ordaining to the diaconate Joseph Wakazoo, a Chippewa Indian, presented by the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan. He is a man of unusual intelligence, and passed a most creditable examination. He is in charge of the Indian Mission field at Lake Winniboshish.

The summary of Bishop Gilbert's acts shows that in the first seven months of his episcopate he visited 99 different parishes and missions, ordained one deacon and one priest, consecrated eight churches, celebrated the Holy Communion 44 times, confirmed 427 persons, and delivered 237 sermons and addresses. He also made 15 visitations in the Diocese of Wisconsin.

At the annual Council of the Diocese of Minnesota, held in June, 1887, both the Diocesan and his Assistant delivered addresses setting forth their episcopal acts in detail, and adding suitable exhortation and suggestions for the future. This custom was followed at each Council of the Diocese. Bishop Gilbert's opening words are characteristic:



BISHOP GILBERT
In 1895



Before reaching my report, I desire to humbly and devoutly return my thanks to the Great Head of the Church for His watchful and preserving care over me and for the many manifestations of His loving providence.

I desire also to express my heartfelt appreciation to the Bishop of the Diocese for the warm and generous heart-welcome he has from the first given me, and for his wise and fatherly counsels in the prosecution of my work. May our Heavenly Father long preserve him to the Church he honors, and to the Diocese in which he is so lovingly and tenderly revered.

Moreover, I cannot refrain from thanking my brethren of clergy and laity for their cordial greetings, always and everywhere given, and for their unfailing and sympathetic coöperation. May God reward them for their kindness!

If the summary of his routine work is somewhat monotonous, it suggests that much of the work of a bishop has that character. Bishop Gilbert was fortunately able to enter into that routine with that large and kindly spirit which has marked many of our American bishops in their pioneer work. As the men of an older generation still with deep affection remember Bishop Whipple and the vigor and inspiration of his ministrations, so a younger generation loves to tell of the joy and uplift which came each year with the coming of Bishop Gilbert. He brought with him an atmosphere of hope, of love, and of faith. Burdens grew lighter, and life was a larger and a better thing. "When you heard him it seemed so easy to be good."

At the close of his first address to the Council, Bishop Gilbert outlined his policy as suggested by his experience up to that time:

In the first place, we ought to pray more earnestly for laborers in the Lord's Vineyard. . . . We want men who realize the blessedness of self-sacrifice. . . . People everywhere are ready to welcome the Church. Readily will they receive her ministrations, if they be offered to them in all their sacred attractiveness. Not only ought the Clergy who minister, to be men of consecration, but they need to be well furnished mentally, with sterling common sense, with a knowledge of affairs, and able to grapple with the problems of the day. Better by far that a field should remain vacant than to have it occupied by a clergyman who cannot win souls to Christ, through the Church.

Secondly, we must never lose sight of the importance and blessedness of simple ministrations. In our natural anxiety to see immediate results, we are apt to minimize this great duty. Throughout this great state there are hundreds of families who have not the privileges of the Church. They are scattered over our broad prairies or gathered in little hamlets. To look after these people pastorally, to preach to them the Word, to administer the Sacrament, to give them from time to time the services of our dear Church, is a Christly work. Let the rectors and the missionaries hesitate not to seek out these hungering ones, even if a congregation cannot be formed or a church erected. Church building should be the natural outgrowth of a real need, the second or third step in Church work, never the first.

Third, the missionary spirit needs to be cultivated

more in our parishes. Episcopal though we are in our government, yet too often, I fear, there is practical Congregationalism. This narrow parochialism should be always discouraged. Present the claims of the Church Catholic *first*; provide for her just demands; then press Parochial claims. Gifts for the former will never diminish, but rather increase, the latter. . . .

Fourth, there should be more certain provision for our aged and infirm clergy, than is to be derived from spasmodic and irregular offerings. No cause appeals more strongly to the heart of our laymen than this. Let it be definitely and personally presented, and I am confident that in a few years this fund will be generously endowed.

In conclusion, let us give ourselves more entirely to the Master's service, cheerfully doing the work committed into our hands, and more and more filling ourselves with enthusiasm for the dear Lord and for the Church which He has purchased with His blood.

"The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own."

These suggestions show wise leadership. The principles here set forth have come more and more to the front in the Church's plans and deeds. None of the problems has received full solution, but substantial progress has been made along the lines here pointed out.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INDIAN MISSIONS.

WHEN entering upon his episcopate, Bishop Gilbert said to a friend, " I hope I shan't have anything to do with the Indian work." His feeling was that this was peculiarly Bishop Whipple's field, and that no one else could hope to win the hearts of these primitive Americans, for whom the great Bishop had done so much. However, the visitation of the Indian churches in northern Minnesota was the most arduous task in the Diocese, and naturally came to the younger man. Whatever misgivings Bishop Gilbert had were soon forgotten. The sturdy intelligence of the Red men, their strong religious spirit, the simplicity of their life in the primeval forest, all appealed to his heart. His yearly visitation among them became one of the supreme joys of his ministry.

The story of the beginning of the Indian missions is told in Bishop Whipple's *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate*. At his coming there were twenty thousand Indians in the State, belonging to three tribes,

Chippewas (or Ojibways), Sioux (or Dakotas), and Winnebagoes. As early as 1852 Dr. Breck had begun a mission for the Chippewas at Gull Lake, and the famous and noble Enmegahbowh was ordained in 1859 by Bishop Kemper, before the arrival of Bishop Whipple. An excellent work has been done among the Sioux, but the largest mission is that which developed at the White Earth Reservation. From the first, Bishop Whipple's heart was touched by the needs and wrongs of the Red Men, and in spite of much opposition and much indifference, he brought the Church to commit itself to the work. In 1873, the Rev. Joseph Alexander Gilfillan, a man of remarkable ability and unceasing devotion, was placed in charge of the Chippewa Missions. For twenty-six years he gave his strength and his means unreservedly to this Christlike labor. At first his title was Missionary, then Superintendent, then Archdeacon. Of the Indian clergy who were his faithful helpers, several at the time of this writing (1912) are still active in the work.

Bishop Gilbert's first visit to these Indian missions was in September, 1887. He was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, the Rev. Charles A. Poole, rector of St. Paul's Church, Duluth, and Mr. Reuben Warner, Jr., of St. Paul. A report of the visitation was made in Bishop Gilbert's usual letter to the *Minnesota Missionary*, and a description by another member of the party was printed in the *New York Churchman*, and copied in part in the *Spirit of Missions* for December,

1887. From these two accounts extracts are here given. What is not from Bishop Gilbert's pen is enclosed in parentheses.

We left Brainerd Friday morning, September 2nd, in a lumber wagon, and after a ride of eighty miles, for two days, over the roughest roads I ever saw, we reached Leech Lake. On Sunday I held services in the Church of the Good Shepherd, and confirmed one person. This station is under the charge of the native deacon, Rev. Mark Hart. I also held interesting conferences with the men and women's guilds of the church. There are a large number of the Pillager band of the Chippewas living at Leech Lake, and many of them are Christians.

Monday morning we launched our birch-bark canoes, and were paddled across the waters of the most beautiful lake in Minnesota. At dusk we reached the shore of Lake Winnebigoishish, and, in the midst of a furious rain storm, our course guided by the incessant lightning flashes, we started across for Raven's Point, reaching there at midnight, having made a journey of thirty-five miles in canoes and on foot since morning.

At Raven's point we have the little Church of St. Philip the Deacon, under the charge of Rev. Joseph Wakazoo, whom I ordained deacon last winter. Here I held services and confirmed three persons. We left Mr. Wakazoo's place in the afternoon, and in our canoes went up the lake and into the Mississippi River, upon whose banks we camped that night, with no canopy over us except the stars. Wednesday afternoon, we reached Rev. John Coleman's station at the head of Cass Lake, where in the evening, in the chapel of the Prince of Peace, I preached and confirmed one person.

Thursday, September 8th, we traveled all day in a canoe and on foot, camping for the night on the shore of a beautiful little lake, where the Duluth parson caught some very nice fish, which were heartily enjoyed by the whole party, at that time reduced to rations of bread and wild rice.

At Cass Lake we were joined by a number of other Indians, men, women, and children, who had come across from Leech Lake by a shorter route, and were on their way to Convocation at Red Lake. Ours was then quite a little fleet of canoes and the scene was very stirring and interesting.

(Many of the canoes were manned entirely by women. It was quite a sight to see the flotilla emerge suddenly on some lake and swarm over it, the olive-complexioned, dark-eyed women bending to the paddle, their long black hair bound in two braids falling from their bonnetless heads, the look of eagerness in their eyes, and the sides of the canoes all in motion from the paddles. . . . When they came to a portage they were as quick as the men to pick the canoe out of the water, and, inverting it over the head, to carry it across the portage, though it weighed perhaps eighty pounds. Others came along, packing a great load on their backs, and perhaps on top of the highest part of the load a baby clinging, both mother and baby equally at home. When night came, camp was made; the men and women lighted their fires a little apart, but when the time came for family prayers before lying down, the men went over to the women's fire, and held a joint service. The Ojibway hymn rang out among the listening woods, and the prayers for pardon, peace, and protection ascended toward the clear sky. The Christian Indians never omit this service when traveling.)

Friday, at noon, we reached the end of our canoe voyaging and then took to lumber wagons sent to meet us, and at seven o'clock, after a drive of fifteen miles, reached Red Lake, quite ready to rest. . . .

Saturday the Convocation was held, with a large attendance of Indians from different points. Questions of interest pertaining to their spiritual life and the ongoing of the Church were discussed with earnestness and intelligence. These convocations are held twice a year and do much good.

Sunday morning I preached, celebrated the Holy Communion, and confirmed four persons in the Church of St. John's in the Wilderness, the Rev. Fred Smith, deacon, and in the afternoon preached, celebrated Holy Communion, and confirmed four persons in St. Antipas' church at the Old Chief's Village farther up the lake. In the evening I preached at the lower church to a congregation which densely packed the edifice. I was deeply impressed with the heartiness and devotion displayed in the services, and joyfully bear testimony to the most excellent work that is being done in the Indian country, among a people who ten years ago were plunged in the grossest wickedness and savage depravity. . . .

On Monday, September 12th, we left Red Lake in the rain by lumber wagon, and after a wearisome ride over horrible roads and through dense forests, at the end of the second day, we reached Wild Rice River. Wednesday morning I preached, celebrated Holy Communion, and confirmed one person in the Church of the Epiphany. This church is under the charge of the Rev. Charles Wright, deacon. In the afternoon I held services in the church at the Pembina settlement, and then drove to White Earth. Thursday morning

services were held in St. Columba's Church. . . . The Rev. Mr. Johnson (Enmegahbowh), owing to his advanced years now retires from the charge of St. Columba's Church. . . .

This completed my first visitation of the Indian missions. The work is most interesting, and is going steadily forward. The wisdom and devotion of Mr. Gilfillan are evident in every way. No one can estimate the untold good he is doing among these people.¹

One comment from the correspondent of the *Churchman* should be added. He is describing the sermons at Convocation, which, of course, had to be interpreted:

The Bishop has the happy faculty of touching the right chord of Indian nature, and there was deep interest. One Indian man was weeping, an unusual thing in an Indian congregation. . . . (After the evening service) they adjourned from the church to their guild room, and there kept up a religious meeting till two o'clock in the morning, in which they gave vent to their feelings which had been extraordinarily stirred by events of the day. There was a succession of religious addresses by both men and women, with the singing of hymns and with prayers. As one of the speakers said, although there had been at other times an honest feeling to serve God, yet now for the first time did it seize them all as by common united impulse.

An article by the Rev. Joseph Gilfillan, entitled "An Indian Convocation," contains some noteworthy observations on Indian character. It was an Indian clergyman, the Rev. Frederick W. Smith, who suggested the plan of such a convocation. The first was

¹ *Minnesota Missionary and Church Record*, October, 1887.

held, with the Bishop's approval, in the winter of 1887, and the second was that just described. Mr. Gilfillan writes:

The subjects discussed in both were such as the following: What are the defects in our methods and practice on account of which the heathen do not come into the Church in larger numbers, and what can we do to cause them to come in? How can we protect the Indians, especially the Christians, from strong drink? What can be done to mitigate the evils we suffer from men putting away their wives and taking others, and other offenses against the Seventh Commandment? What can we do about planting missions in Indian villages where there are none at present? What can be done towards making the Indian churches self-supporting? All these questions were discussed with a good sense, breadth of view, and exhaustiveness, that were indeed surprising, coming from men, who, except the clergy, did not know a letter, but had to depend on their own unaided native intellects. It will seem the language of hyperbole, but yet it is true, that in no white convocation in which the writer has had the privilege to be, did he ever hear the subjects as well, as sensibly, and as exhaustively discussed, as in the first convocation at Leech Lake, by men who a few short years ago were wild savages. This arises from the remarkable intellectual capacity of the Indian.²

Another interesting comment on Indian character was made by the Right Reverend Doctor Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, after his visit to Minnesota. Speaking at a London dinner, he said, "The North

² *Minnesota Missionary and Church Record*, May, 1888.

American Indians have all the dignity of the House of Lords, with the difference that the House of Lords never listen, and the Indians always do.”³

In 1890 Bishop Gilbert went only to St. Columba's Church at White Earth, and from there Bishop Graves made the visitation. Also, in 1893, having been forced by ill health to go abroad, Bishop Gilbert was unable to make his usual visit to the Indian country. With these two exceptions, for nine years, this long missionary journey was a fixed part of the year's routine. He used to take with him different friends from the city, that they might share in this experience which he so thoroughly enjoyed. Once Mrs. Gilbert made the journey, being the first white woman ever seen in the more distant Indian villages.

A few more incidents of these visitations are worthy of record. The journey of 1888 abounded in game, with good fishing, both for the sportsmen and for the “fishers of men.” A narrative of this visitation from Bishop Gilbert's own pen is found in the *Minnesota Missionary* of October, 1888. A few extracts follow:

After many miles of paddling and portaging, we reached at eight in the evening, Little Nat's wigwam on the bank of a small lake bearing his name. Here, tired and cold, we were given a right cordial welcome by the Indian family. The fine bush wigwam was clean and capacious, and although there was but one apartment, the ten persons in our party, and the four

³ *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate*, p. 269.

members of Little Nat's family succeeded in passing a comfortable night. We tarried here over Sunday. It was a day to be remembered. The utter loneliness of the spot, the strange aboriginal life, the services morning and evening in the wigwam, the baptizing and confirming of Little Nat and his wife, all were striking features of a most unique experience. Had I the space I would like to tell the story of Little Nat's conversion to Christianity. It was a wonderful testimony to the workings of the Holy Spirit.

A part of the upper Mississippi is thus described:

Down this lovely stream, here very narrow, between high banks covered with pine and birch, starting up deer in the bushes and shooting wild ducks as they rose from the reeds, we glided rapidly along until we passed out of the river into the broad waters of Lake Winnebigoshish. Following along its northern shore, we reached Raven's Point, the seat of our mission to the band of Chippewas occupying the shores of this lake. In the evening we held services in the chapel of St. Philip the Deacon. Many of the people were away, and the whole village is suffering from the whiskey which is easily procured from the white lumber camps not far away.

The next day we went on down the lake to the government dam at the outlet. Here we stopped for dinner and for an hour's fishing in the river below the dam. It was the best pike fishing I ever saw, hooking a fine fish at every cast. That night we made our camp on a high wooded point among the pines, which we named Point Strobeck, in honor of our worthy companion [Judge Strobeck] from Litchfield. This was a delightful camp and was made specially so by the excit-

ing stories of hunting with which our Indian guides entertained us, as we sat around the bright fire. . . .

Sunday, at Leech Lake, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, we held services and celebrated the Holy Communion. I also confirmed a class of nine persons presented by the deacon in charge, the Rev. George Smith. . . . This completed my second visitation to the Indian field. . . . Had I the time I could multiply incidents to show the firm hold the Church is taking upon these simple red men, and the real work that is being done.⁴

The work was soon strengthened by the establishment of boarding schools for Indian boys and girls under the care of the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, and by the well-known lace schools of Deaconess Sibyl Carter. The Indian women, finding little market for their beadwork and baskets, had asked for some better means of livelihood. The lace work proved to be an industry well-suited to their skill and has had much success.

On the last journey but one which Bishop Gilbert made among the Chippewas, one of the party was Mr. Earle S. Goodrich of St. Paul. He was much impressed by an incident of this visitation and gave a vivid description of it in a letter which he wrote in March, 1900, to Bishop Potter, to thank him for his tribute to Bishop Gilbert.

We were making the return trip from Red Lake by canoes, and had reached Cass Lake behind time. The morning service had been held at the mission there,

⁴ *Minnesota Missionary and Church Record*, October, 1888.

and we were in haste to recover the time lost by a rapid paddle along the length of Cass Lake. As we were about to leave the mission, a Christian Chief told the Bishop of an aged Indian woman, decrepit and for two years blind, who feared she might not live to another visitation, and who desired to be confirmed. She was at a point several miles off our route, with her family, who were gathering the yearly supply of wild rice. The Bishop decided to make the detour, and, if justified, to perform the rite.

Furnished with a guide, we came to the spot, a little clearing of some seventy feet square, with a fire in the open, and crouching by it the postulant, with a long rope about her waist, and one end fastened to a stake, that she might not stray away during the absence of the family, then at the rice fields. She was a pitiable sight, in her blindness and other infirmity, but showed on examination that she well understood the teaching received from the venerable missionary Gilfillan, and from the local Indian deacon. Whereupon the Bishop and clergy, in full canonicals, administered the order of confirmation, as specifically as the circumstances allowed.

I have seen and been impressed by stately cathedral ceremonials, but this simple service in the forest gave a new solemnity to the rites of the Church, and an added dignity to the episcopal office. It was all characteristic of the dear Bishop. The poor creature could not see nor know of the contrast between her squalor and the vested clergy; but to the Bishop hers was a human soul to be received into Christian fellowship, and no form or ceremony possible of observance, could be omitted or abridged.

We left her kneeling in prayer, her hands raised,

and her wrinkled, sightless face radiant with the peace of God.

In October, 1895, the General Convention set apart the northern part of Minnesota as the Missionary District of Duluth, thus removing most of the Indian missions from the Diocese of Minnesota. It was a lightening of the work, but the breaking of many ties of affection. Because of his perfect truthfulness the Indians called Bishop Whipple "The Man of the Straight Tongue." They had also learned in these ten years of close association to trust Bishop Gilbert implicitly. Fortunately for some years Archdeacon Gilfillan continued his close oversight of the field.

There has been no decline. Under the active and successful administration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Morrison, Bishop of Duluth, the Indian work has grown and prospered, and is still one of the notable achievements of the American Church.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME AND PERSONAL LIFE.

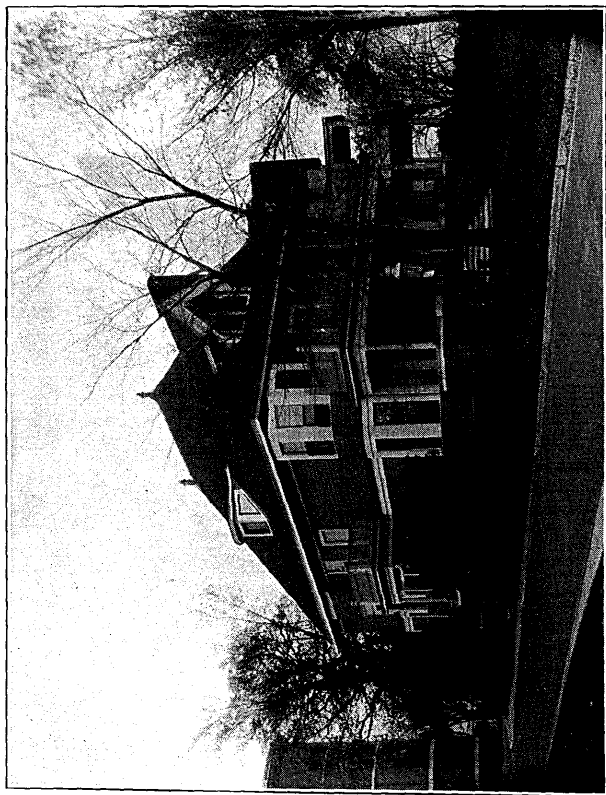
ON ENTERING upon his episcopate, Bishop Gilbert had rented a house at Number 56, Park Place. No provision had been made for an episcopal residence. As rector of Christ Church his salary had been three thousand dollars, with the use of the rectory. As Bishop he received three thousand dollars only, and no increase was ever made in the amount.

Presently, however, some of his many friends in St. Paul determined to give the Bishop a home. He received one day the following letter:

ST. PAUL, Feb. 23, 1888.

Rt. Rev. M. N. Gilbert, D.D.

MY DEAR BISHOP: It is with very great pleasure that I transmit to you the enclosed certificate of deposit for \$10,000. Please accept the same as a token from your friends, whose names I herewith send you, of the love and esteem in which they hold you, and of their grateful and admiring appreciation of you as a friend, and of the good work done by you while rector of Christ Church in this city, and since then in the



THE BISHOP'S HOUSE, ST. PAUL

larger field of labor to which you have been advanced. They hope that with it you will be able to provide yourself a house in which, as they all wish, may you pass a long, useful, and happy life, cheered by the consciousness of work well done, and by the friendship and esteem of all who know you.

Very sincerely yours, JAMES GILFILLAN.

At the time the letter was written, Bishop Gilbert, with some assistance, was holding an eight days' mission in St. Cloud. On his return to St. Paul, he found this delightful letter and wrote in reply:

ST. PAUL, Feb. 28, 1888.

The Hon. James Gilfillan.

MY DEAR JUDGE GILFILLAN:—I cannot fittingly express my gratitude for the generosity of my friends in St. Paul, whose familiar names are before me. My heart is filled to overflowing by this expression of their thoughtfulness, confidence, and love. The friendship of years is cemented the more firmly by this token, and I thank our Heavenly Father that my lot is to be hereafter, as heretofore, cast among a people whom I love with a peculiar tenderness.

In the thick of the cares and perplexities of a life burdened ever with the sense of its responsibilities, I shall always be cheered and strengthened by the memory of an affection which the years may not diminish. May God help and reward them one and all.

Believe me, with highest esteem and affection, most gratefully your friend, MAHLON N. GILBERT.¹

It is a matter of record that this sum was given by no less than one hundred persons. Most of them be-

¹ *Minnesota Missionary and Church Record*, March, 1888.

longed to Christ Church, some to other parishes, but several were not members of the Episcopal Church.

The residence purchased with this gift was a comfortable frame house at Number 18, Summit Court, a short, quiet street leading from the well-known Summit Avenue. The house is finely situated, and commands a wonderful view for miles of the winding valley of the Mississippi.

Bishop Gilbert's home life was very beautiful. As has been said, Mrs. Gilbert was of a retiring disposition. She was quiet and self-contained, and objected to prominence, though she might easily have attained it. One of her closest acquaintances says of her: "Mrs. Gilbert was a very superior woman. She made few friends, but those she loved dearly. She was a good business woman, and had a fine mind."

Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert. The older daughter, Frances Carvill, was born at Christ Church Rectory; the younger, Lucy Pierpont, was born at 18 Summit Court. Both the girls were educated at St. Mary's Hall, in Faribault. Frances was married some years after the death of her parents to Lieutenant Robert M. Cheney of the United States Army.

One of the best photographs of the Bishop shows him with his two daughters, one on either side, with their faces close to his. In no other picture is there shown so well the depth and tenderness of his nature.



FRANCES CARVILL GILBERT

A letter written to Frances, when a young girl at St. Mary's, shows the Bishop's fatherly love:

MY DEAR FRA:

Thank you so much for your picture. You look very *good*, as if you could not do anything naughty. I shall always carry it in my diary, and look at it every day, and hope my dear little daughter is growing to be as good as her picture looks.

Are you getting well settled down to work after the holidays, and are your studies harder this term than last? We miss you so much.

Last night I spent in Minneapolis, and to-day I have been sitting to have my portrait painted by Miss Grace McKinstry of Faribault. I suppose it will be very fine when it is completed.

Your Mama and I went to the Colonial Party at the Ryan this week. I wish you could have seen Musa with her hair powdered, in her Colonial costume, and dancing the minuet. She was very sweet and attractive. Next year we must put a Colonial costume on your mama, and then she could wear the quilted petticoat of her great-grandmother, which she let Mrs. ***** wear this year.

Well, I shall be down next week, and we can have a good visit. Give my love to Alice. All send love. Lucy is just giving her dollie supper upstairs. Lucy has a new school dress which is very becoming.

YOUR LOVING PAPA.

The portrait referred to was finished a few weeks later, and was considered a speaking likeness and a true work of art. The artist, Miss Grace McKinstry, had studied in Paris and elsewhere, under recognized

masters, and twice exhibited pictures in the Paris Salon. Of this portrait there was a descriptive account in the *Pioneer Press* of St. Paul, March 20, 1898:

Miss McKinstry has realized in this last work the mental and moral vigor that is in Bishop Gilbert's countenance, the spiritual refinement in his bearing, and his office. She has accordingly painted the alert strength of his face so as to fix attention the more because of the delicate gray atmosphere within which appear the white lawn sleeves of the Bishop's rochet, the black silk of his chimere, or gown. The expression is earnest, vivacious. The face reproduces accurately the "clean cut" lines which foreigners justly admire in handsome Americans. . . . Holding a Bible in his crossed hands, the Bishop appears in a characteristic attitude. His friends will think they see him . . . about to address a congregation.

This portrait was purchased by friends of the Bishop and presented to Seabury Divinity School. Another portrait, painted from photographs, after the Bishop's death, hangs in Morgan Hall at Shattuck School.

One physical characteristic, not mentioned in the description of the painting, was the power and beauty of his clear, blue eyes. There was a look in them, especially when he was speaking, which charmed and held his hearers. In any assembly Bishop Gilbert's fine, erect figure gave him distinction. At a gathering where several military officers were present, one of them, who had not learned the Bishop's title, asked him, "To what regiment do you belong?"



BISHOP GILBERT
From the Painting by Miss McKinstry

The natural refinement which marked Mahlon Gilbert grew with the experience of life, and shines forth more and more in his later photographs. At Shattuck School he once preached to the boys from the Fifteenth Psalm, on the theme, "The Requisites of a Gentleman." This sermon made a very deep impression, and has never been forgotten.

He was a very rapid speaker. At times his thoughts seemed to come faster than words could be uttered, and reporters found it impossible to keep pace with him. Bishop Millspaugh once cautioned him not to use so loud a voice in speaking in a small church. "You ought to save your strength." "I know it," was his reply, "but when I get interested in my subject, I am carried away."

Mr. William H. Lightner, for many years a near neighbor of the Bishop, and a most intimate friend, bears high testimony to the Bishop's financial integrity:

The Bishop and his wife had invested \$2,000 in the Bank of Minnesota which failed in 1896. It was a pitiful failure, and caused great suffering. I was appointed receiver, and had to collect the double liabilities from many. Some paid promptly; some had to be sued. The Bishop asked me simply how soon he would need to pay the \$2,000. I told him that it would take a year or more to bring some of the suits, and he said that would give him time. He sold some Montana sheep belonging to Mrs. Gilbert and himself, and paid their liabilities, without a word of complaint. He never complained of anything.

When he died I was administrator, and a few

months later, Mrs. Gilbert's will made me executor of her estate, with the care of the property for the children. Except small current bills, I found no debts whatever. Bishop Gilbert had always lived within his income, and paid all obligations promptly. He owed no one. On the other hand, several persons owed him small sums, and some of them had not even paid the interest.

Bishop Gilbert was not a clerical wit, though he enjoyed good stories, and sometimes told them. He was ready at repartee. At a birthday party given to a very old lady, her grandson entered the room carrying a great cake with ninety lighted candles upon it. "How easily he carries it!" said one. "Yes," said Bishop Gilbert, "because it is so *light*!"

Among his very dear friends were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Cathcart, who were most active in Christ Church. Mrs. Cathcart used to keep the Bishop's lawn sleeves in order for him, as she excelled in such work. Once she remarked to him, "Bishop, I hope I shall live to see you have a valet some day, to carry your robes for you, and wait on you." "I hope you will, Mrs. Cathcart," replied the Bishop promptly, "for then you will live to be a very old woman!"

A letter written from the General Convention at Baltimore shows something of his lighter vein:

BALTIMORE, October 25, 1892.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—How good you were to write me, especially on the day so memorable in my life (the anniversary of his consecration). I wish I

could write you a satisfactory reply, but it is not easy to write when the Bishops are all talking and the reading of reports is going on, with the noise and confusion attendant. The House of Bishops is not as noisy as the House of Deputies. We try to be more grave and reverend, but do not always succeed.

My own seat is in the second row, next to the Bishop of Nebraska. Ten new Bishops have pushed me out of the rear row. How fast the complexion of the House changes; new faces come in, and old ones disappear. Opposite me sitting side by side are to be seen the strong face of Bishop Brooks and the youthful one of the "baby Bishop" Sessums of Louisiana.

The picturesque figures are Bishops Williams, Whipple, Doane, and Coxe. The chief speakers are Bishops Doane, Paret, Burgess, Coxe, and Hare. Your humble servant is occasionally on his feet, but his speeches are short and prosaic, and you need not fear that secret sessions are causing the loss to the world of any great amount of eloquence from that source.

This has been the best Convention I have attended. The spirit has been excellent, and the results satisfactory. The Prayer Book revision is finished, the new Hymnal adopted, and seven Missionary Bishops elected. . . .

I have met many old friends and have had a very good time, and certainly feel in much better spirits than when I left. I shall try not to get back into the depths again. . . .

I am so glad you spent the "Chick's" birthday at 18 Summit Court. I thought of you all, all day. . . .

I am as ever, affectionately yours,

M. N. GILBERT.

In Bishop Gilbert's episcopal ring was a beautiful sapphire, valued at six hundred dollars, which he highly prized. The ring and stone had been given him by Mrs. Rensselaer Russell Nelson. One evening in Duluth, the Bishop was preaching in a hall for a mission which worshipped there. After the service, but not till he reached the home where he was entertained, he missed the stone. It was winter; there was snow on the ground, and it was thought that the stone had probably fallen from the ring on his way home. He was troubled at the loss, but nothing could be done. In the morning, however, when the Bishop came to breakfast, he said, "I have had a remarkable dream. I thought I was in the mission hall, and found the stone." He described the place; they went to the hall as soon as possible, and there, just where he had seen it in the dream, the stone was found. It has been suggested that while absorbed in preaching, he may have seen the stone, half-consciously, and that this sub-conscious recollection came to the surface in his dream.

It is impossible to record the names even of the Bishop's close friends, but besides those elsewhere alluded to, mention must be made of the Gilfillans, and the McMasters. Judge Gilfillan was a leader in the Diocese as well as in Christ Church; Mr. Stirling R. McMasters was a son of a former rector of Christ Church, Mrs. Gilfillan being a daughter. In their homes Bishop Gilbert was as a brother, rather than a Bishop. When the Bishop in 1893 visited the battle-

ground of Bannockburn, he made inquiries as to the Gilfillans of that vicinity, knowing that the boyhood home of his friend the Judge was nearby. In a letter written from Stirling, Scotland, he said:

MY DEAR JUDGE:

I want to tell you a little about my visit to Bannockburn. Beyond the historical associations of the place, I felt drawn to it because of its relationship to your own life. After visiting the famous castle on the heights of Stirling, Mr. White and I walked out of the city, through the village of St. Ninian's, to the battlefield. We stood on the stone where Bruce erected his standard and fixed the positions within sight of the Scotch and English Armies.

After this was done, I entered into conversation with the man who seemed to be in general charge of the sacred spot, and I asked him how long he had lived there. "All my sixty-one years," was his reply. I then asked him if he remembered a family of the name of Gilfillan, and he replied, "Very well." I soon discovered that he probably remembered *you*, as he, in his very early life, went to school with a James Gilfillan, and he pointed out the locality where you formerly lived. His name was Ewing. Of course, it may have been another family whom he knew, but he said the boys he remembered were living somewhere in America.

The Bishop's father, Mr. Norris Gilbert, died at his home in Morris, August 12, 1877, while Mahlon was rector at Deer Lodge. The death of his mother was strange and pathetic. At the age of 78, she came in the fall of 1891, to visit her son Mahlon. She arrived on a

Monday, greatly fatigued by the journey, and her mind seemed to wander for some days. On Saturday morning early, her dead body was found on the walk, below an open window, through which she had passed, probably mistaking it for a door. This was the last day of October, the eve of All Saints' Day. The Bishop was greatly affected by this sad event; it was a grief too great for words. The record in his journal is: "November 3d, laid my mother to rest by the side of my father in the old church cemetery in Morris, New York."

There remained two strong ties to bind together his happy childhood and his mature years; there was still his brother Frederick, in Montana, whom he visited nearly every year, and in the East, in Morris, and New Berlin, in New York and Philadelphia, there were many relatives and friends who followed his career with affection and pride. New friends were added, year by year, in increasing numbers, but the old friends were "kept close, and not forgotten."

Bishop Gilbert's last visit to Morris, the home of his boyhood, was marked by special honors. It was in 1897. On Saturday, February 6th, he addressed the Woman's Auxiliary, and "a rousing reception" in his honor followed. On Sunday morning, he preached to an unusual congregation from the text, "Consider the lilies." One hundred and thirty persons received Holy Communion at this service. The rector, Rev. G. H. Sterling, said the Bishop was wonderfully surprised and gratified that so many in the old home town should come to hear him.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIONS AND TASKS.

THE HIGH IDEAL of social service belonging to the episcopate is set forth in the Office of Consecration in words of wonderful beauty. Near the close of the service the Consecrator delivers to the new Bishop the Bible with these words:

Give heed unto reading, exhortation, and doctrine. Think upon the things contained in this Book. Be diligent in them, that the increase coming thereby may be manifest unto all men; for by so doing thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee. Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd, not a wolf; feed them, devour them not. Hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcasts, seek the lost. Be so merciful, that you be not too remiss; so minister discipline, that you forget not mercy; that when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, you may receive the never-fading crown of glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

To realize this ideal is difficult in the extreme, but Bishop Gilbert certainly kept close to the ideal. He

was never "a lord over God's heritage," but "an example to the flock." His own description of his work, often repeated, was, "I go around recharging the batteries." He sometimes added, "I hope they will stay charged until I come again."

A thoughtful estimate of the Bishop and his influence is given in a paper read at the Semi-Centennial of the Diocese in June, 1900, by the Rev. Dr. Poole. It is entitled, "Bishop Gilbert and Later Developments."

We all feel that the Church and the institutions of the Church have gained something that is invaluable, taken into their life and being, from the ministrations of Bishop Gilbert. . . . When Bishop Gilbert went to visit a parish, or a mission, or one of the schools, there was a current of new interest and new enthusiasm started by his presence and his words. Everyone was glad to see him, glad to clasp his hand, glad to hear him speak. And while he was present at any place on his visitations, the interests of that particular spot absorbed his whole attention and thought and sympathy; and, as one has already truly said, Bishop Gilbert turned from interest to interest, in the manifold workings of the Diocese, with an alertness which showed that he bore them all in mind and with impartial care and thoughtfulness.

His visitations were not the perfunctory performance of an allotted round of official duties from which he hastened away, eager to escape any petty annoyances or the pressure of social amenities. He enjoyed the country and the visits to small communities, delightful in their reminiscences of his own boyhood Church life, and took as much thought for them and for their

welfare and growth as if they were, as they often in some ways are, the most important agencies in the development of Christ's Kingdom. . . .

Who of us has not felt new interest, new enthusiasm, flow into our souls from his presence and stirring words? Somehow he seemed to make the outlook take on a more cheering aspect; the shadows drifted away, the burdens grew lighter for the moment; we took a new grip of the difficulties, resolved to overcome them. . . .

It might be said with truth that, while he was still rector of Christ Church, the revival of missionary effort of the Church in Minnesota began. A new spirit was manifested, and new work beyond the limits of parochial lines was begun. It seemed to be a much easier matter to raise the assessment for missions, or the stipend of the Diocesan Missionary, when Bishop Gilbert made the appeal. I think we all felt that in some way he embodied the cause of missions, and that what was given was going to take effect at once through his agency—and it did, for he was not only the inspirer but the director of the missionary work.¹

The Bishop's "embodiment of the cause of missions" is well illustrated by the experience of a St. Paul physician who used to go occasionally to hear him preach. "I heard that Dr. Gilbert was to preach at Christ Church one evening, and went to the service, but to my disgust, instead of preaching a sermon, he began to speak in behalf of the Episcopal City Missionary Society. I could not well leave the church, so I sat and listened. Soon I found myself interested. There were

¹ The *Minnesota Church Record*, March, 1901, pp. 68-70.

blank subscription forms in the pew, and after a while I took one and put down my name for five dollars. The longer I listened the greater was my approval of the cause. It seemed the most important work in the city, and finally I put a figure 2 before the 5 on the subscription blank."

Another instance of Bishop Gilbert's ability to communicate enthusiasm is well remembered in Stillwater. Ascension Church in that city is one of the oldest parishes in the Diocese. Service was held there in 1846, and in 1851 Dr. Breck organized the church. The parish grew, though slowly, and there had been a vacancy in the rectorship for some time when in the fall of 1886, the parish took on new life. The church building was repaired, decorated, and made complete in every way; a fine pipe organ was installed, and on Easter, 1887, the church was reopened with bright hopes for the future. That very night the building burned to the ground, and, though it was partially insured, the blow seemed fatal. As soon as his engagements permitted, Bishop Gilbert hastened to Stillwater, met the vestry and other workers, planned with them, gave them courage, and left them full of enthusiasm and hope. In place of a frame church they would build of brick, and there were to be no more vacancies in the rectorship. The Bishop's comment on the matter is: "The earnest practical way in which the men take up the new burden is very commendable." A year later, on Easter Day, the Bishop had the pleasure of preach-

ing in the new church assisted by the new rector, the Rev. Andrew D. Stowe, who helped to make the parish one of the strongest in the Diocese.

On one of his visitations, the Bishop was speaking after service with a lady whom he had just confirmed, when he turned to her husband and said, "Why weren't you in the class, Mr. B.? You go everywhere else that your wife goes." The question was never forgotten, and, though years passed, in due time the husband also presented himself for confirmation.

A high tribute was once paid the Bishop by a plain man who said, "I like Bishop Gilbert, he is so common." He was common, not in the sense of lacking refinement, but as finding common standing ground with persons of every sort. A river captain was asked if he had known the Bishop. "Know him? Why! many a time we've been fishing together. He was a great preacher, and a first rate fisherman." Mr. Lightner has said of him, "Every man, high or low, rich or poor, cultured or degraded, was to him the image of a brother man."

Something of his own thought of the Christian ministry is seen in a sermon preached at the ordination of Stuart B. Purves to the diaconate. Of this sermon an abstract only has been preserved:

Moreover it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful (I. Corinthians iv., 2).

Faithfulness, not success, is the true standard of the followers of Christ. St. Paul's words are as true to-day as ever. We may not have to die at the stake, or

perish on the arena's sand, but this practical, utilitarian nineteenth century offers as many temptations, as many trials of faith, as any that has preceded it. Constantly faith is being tried through the many petty annoyances and discouragements. We to-day, if we are faithful stewards, "are fools for Christ's sake. We both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place; . . . being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it."

Faithfulness to the Church must be the first and chief consideration, before self, before family even. This faithfulness of which St. Paul speaks requires complete self-consecration. If a man cannot give this, it were better for him not to enter the ministry. That life, thank God, is not one of luxury or self-advancement, but one dominated by the example and pattern of the Master."²

Another statement of his vision of life was given by Bishop Gilbert in his address at the Commencement of St. Mary's Hall in Faribault, June 12, 1888. The class motto was *Vita Vocat*, "Life calls us," and was used by the speaker as the theme of his counsel.

Before delivering the address Bishop Gilbert read a cablegram which he had just received from Bishop Whipple, then in England attending the Lambeth Conference. It read as follows: "Our love and blessing to St. Mary's and Shattuck Schools." "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth" (III. St. John 4).

Bishop Gilbert then spoke as follows:

² *Minnesota Missionary and Church Record*, February, 1889.

Our exercises to-day seem sadly lacking without the presence of him who is both Bishop and Rector of St. Mary's. His words of loving counsel and warm affection have always been treasured as precious things. They have sent many of St. Mary's daughters forth into the world with higher resolves and soaring spirits. His heart is with us to-day, we can be sure, and his love reaches across the expanse of the sea and embraces us all with the same feelings as of yore. We send him our greetings and our own love with prayers for his happiness and safe return.

A year of great and unexcelled prosperity to St. Mary's Hall draws to a close. It has been a year of progress and happiness which will be treasured in the memories of teachers and pupils. It is by such quiet, earnest, faithful years of work that our school has the high position she occupies to-day. The best work is not by any means the showiest, and the best school is not necessarily the most fashionable. Every year adds much to the efficiency of St. Mary's. Every appliance for securing complete and adequate instruction is being secured as rapidly as our means permit.

St. Mary's Hall has always been proud of her daughters. They are known and honored throughout the West. Family life is being made sweeter and truer by their influence. I can call to mind many communities in this State where the influence of this school is being felt through the lives and example of those who have been educated here. I could tell you of Sunday schools gathered and sustained, of mission churches kept alive, of parishes stimulated, of pastors helped and cheered by the loving Christian work of those who have gone out from this Hall. The meaning of life, first grasped here, has unfolded, as the days

went on, until it has been fully accentuated in works and ways of consecrated duty-doing.

To-day we send forth with confidence, pride and love, another class to grapple with life's realities. We feel that you have received no false impressions here of its larger meaning. You have found in your school-days what you will find in the years to come, that life is something more than drifting, and that true rewards only come as the result of genuine work. We often speak of school-life as if it were a preparatory stage, as if it were a space apart and separated from the real story of our life work. Let us rather regard it as a very real part, fully identified with it. It is not the preface of the book but it is one of the chapters of the story itself. You simply turn a new page to-day. You begin no new volume, but you enter upon the continuance of the same experience, only under different conditions.

You can almost certainly forecast the future of your lives by your careers in this earlier portion of it. I mean you can tell, almost to a certainty, how you will fare in the midst of life's surgings and buffetings. If, with cheery resolution and hopeful courage, you have taken hold upon the duties of your school-life, you can be sure that even so will you meet the duties opening out before you. A bright, sunny, hopeful nature will win by its own contagious enthusiasm.

"A cheerful heart is what the Muses love;
A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

Therefore, dear friends, go forward and onward into the mysterious future with a buoyant, courageous heart. Do not look for the dark side of things. Do not be easily dispirited. Our Heavenly Father has filled you with the power of making the world in which you

live better by making it brighter. That has been the secret always of a Christian woman's influence. The love of the Master, shining in her own soul, has reflected its brightness in the sun-lit face, in the sweet content of the nature; and others looking have been warmed into a newer and brighter life by it.

Vita Vocat, calls you up out of the shades, up out of the darksome valleys, up to the reposeful heights where the sunlight of God ever abides. There is a ringing clearness in its note to-day as it comes to you standing upon the summit of a "divide" in your lives. It is a call full of meaning, fuller and deeper than you have ever before realized.

What is your response to the call? Is it a firmer resolution, a most heart-felt prayer, to go out into the life before you with *duty* inscribed upon your hearts? That word, controlling, will make your life work certain, happy, full of content at the close. Life calls you to that high mission, that sublime service. Always true to the call of duty—let this be the simple sentence which can be written over your lives, when at length "it ringeth to evensong."

Vita—not the indulgent bodily gratification, *that* would be life degraded; not the flippant career of the mere ephemera of society, *that* would be life soulless; not a mere mental or intellectual development, *that* would be life narrowed and cramped; not an existence without God or faith or religion, *that* would be a life utterly meaningless; but the life that calls you to-day, and calls us all, is that wonderful composite of body, mind, and soul, which makes for righteousness, which binds duty and God ever closely together.

Keep that life clearly before you. Let not your ears be closed to its call. Go steadily on toward and

into its many duties and demands. Yours then will be lives worth the living. Yours then will be examples and memories which will quicken and inspire others, who also in this very place, and out yonder in the broader world, will hear the "Call of Life."

We go out from this world and into the other—we die, but not the effect of our deeds. All other sounds

"Die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill and field and river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And live forever and forever." ³

How well Bishop Gilbert followed his own counsel, how gloriously he transformed vision into reality, is shown by a great cloud of witnesses. Bishop Whipple, writing from England, in 1888, said: "The Assistant Bishop has been the foremost Missionary of the Diocese. He has eased the burden from my shoulders, and brought joy to many hearts for the noble record of his faithful work."

Two years later, Bishop Whipple said in his annual address to the Council:

No words of mine can express the debt of grateful love which I owe to my son and brother in the gospel, the coadjutor Bishop, for his most abundant labors and for his loyal love and devotion to myself. May God reward him in that day we look for and long for. No Bishop of this Church has had his declining years made more blessed by the love and devotion of a brother's heart.⁴

³ *Minnesota Missionary and Church Record*, July, 1888.

⁴ *Journal of the Thirty-third Annual Council of the Diocese of Minnesota*, 1890, p. 41.

Still later, in 1897, Bishop Whipple wrote from England to the Council:

God has been very kind to me in sparing my life to see the fruition of plans we laid in faith, but most loving in giving to me such a Coadjutor Bishop and helpers in the Lord. . . . There never was a Coadjutor Bishop who shared more thoroughly in his Diocesan's confidence, plans, and hopes.

At the Council of 1890 Archdeacon Appleby bore this testimony:

The general mission work of the Church is in a highly prosperous condition throughout the State, largely due, under God, to the presence of Bishop Gilbert in every field, whether large or small, without distinction, and to that wonderful magnetism and power which infuses itself into God's work wherever he goes.

So the years passed with increasing labor, with increasing success. Using his episcopal office, not as a dignity, but as an opportunity, in season and out of season he devoted himself to the cause. In the East he came to be known as one of the best of missionary speakers. When in attendance at missionary conferences, or at the General Convention, he was much sought as speaker or preacher. He also took every opportunity to address divinity schools or Church students in colleges, hoping to interest some in the work of the ministry, and to attract some to the Church in the West.

He spoke thus at Harvard, at Brown, at Trinity, at

Hobart, at Lehigh, at Kenyon, and at most of our theological schools. His own record of addresses during or following the General Convention of 1889 in New York City is as follows:

I had the opportunity several times in different churches to tell the story of our own work, and I trust excite considerable interest therein. The Diocese of Minnesota stands high in the opinion of Churchmen of the East, on account of its aggressive missionary work and its spirit of harmonious and conservative Churchmanship. It is the keenest pleasure to observe how universally beloved and respected our own Bishop is, and what a position of commanding influence he occupies in the Councils of the Church.

I preached and made addresses in the Churches of the Holy Spirit, St. Andrew's, St. Luke's, and St. George's, in New York City; in St. Paul's, and St. Peter's, in Brooklyn; in Glencove, Long Island; in St. Paul's, Englewood, and Grace, Orange, New Jersey; in Hyde Park, New York; in All Saints', New Milford, Connecticut; and in Sherburn, and Oswego, in Central New York.

(On the way home), I also addressed the Woman's Auxiliary in Indianapolis, and Chicago, and St. Louis. In St. Louis, also, I preached an ordination sermon in the Cathedral, and was one of the speakers at a mass meeting of St. Andrew's Brotherhood.

With this manly organization, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Bishop Gilbert was a great favorite. They looked on him as "a leader, a counselor, and a friend." An editorial in *St. Andrew's Cross* at the time of his death pays him this tribute:

Bishop Gilbert's busy life and his work in the Northwest did not permit of his presence at general conventions of the Brotherhood as frequently as was desired, but when he was able thus to speak to them his message came with a manly vigor, a cheerful confidence, and a reverent purpose that carried conviction and inspired to better living. To the Brotherhood men of his diocese he was ever a comrade and a leader. At the time of his death and for several years previously, he was President of the St. Paul Local Assembly. If the Brotherhood men of that city should ever fall short in realizing his ideal for them, it will be in spite of the example he set of facing difficulty and overcoming it, of bearing responsibility patiently and bravely, of doing his duty as he saw it, and leaving others to gather in the poor praise of men.⁵

We may well close this chapter with an extract from Bishop Gilbert's Council Address of 1892. It reveals his sympathy, his wisdom, and his faith.

The details of my work for the year being presented,⁶ it remains only for me to say one word in conclusion. It is to accentuate what you already realize, viz., the greatness of the problem before us and the inadequacy of means and men. I believe no diocese ever had a band of more earnest, consecrated, common-sense clergy than ours. They are full of the spirit of the Master. Their salaries are small, their fields of work large and difficult. Yet where they receive the

⁵ *St. Andrew's Cross*, March, 1900, p. 144.

⁶ He had made 192 visitations in 118 parishes and missions; had confirmed 750, delivered 315 sermons, lectures, and addresses, had visited Winnipeg to assist in the consecration of the Bishop of Mackenzie River, and had visited Florida to consult with Bishop Whipple.

hearty support of the laity, whether many or few in number, they labor with a cheerful zeal which is beyond all praise.

My heart goes out to you, dear brethren, in tenderest sympathy. I know your trials, your difficulties, your discouragements. In heart I share in every sorrow; in person, as much as may be, I try to help in the carrying of your burdens. The cheery welcome you always give me sends me on my way with a lighter heart. Your burdens are my burdens, your joys are my joys. God grant that so it may be always. Let us understand and realize with a large charity, although we may have differences of opinion, although we may at times err in judgment, that the work in which we are engaged is common to us all, that the cause of Christ is of far greater importance than the accomplishment of our own little plans.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

All around us the battle rages. We are in its midst. Ours it is to be leaders in this conflict, this struggle against sin and the foes of the Faith. Let our hearts be tender and strong, our heads clear, our whole example one which men can imitate, and around which they can gather and be brave. "Stand fast in the Faith."

Let us in this annual assembly take sweet counsel together as to how best the work of the Church of Christ may be enlarged. With this one aim in view we shall make our labors a definite stimulus that will be felt in the remotest mission of the Diocese. When

our duties here are finished, may we all return to our respective fields with hearts so aglow with renewed ardor for our work that others, too, will be filled with greater enthusiasm, out of which shall grow the spirit and the purpose of larger endeavors and fuller realizations. In His name, "who hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoice," let us speak unto the people that they—*Go Forward!*

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

IN THE spring of 1893, after a winter of untiring exertion and much exposure, Bishop Gilbert was suddenly prostrated with pneumonia. The record of his journal is, "May 10th to June 13th, confined at home by illness." For some days his life lay in the balance, and there was great anxiety in the Diocese. As of old, "prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him." Daily, at some church in the city, the Holy Communion was celebrated, and at the altar earnest prayers were made for his recovery. When the Bishop learned it, it touched him greatly, and cheered his heart. At the same time Bishop Whipple was severely ill, and was unable to be present at the Annual Council which met in Faribault at the end of June. By that time Bishop Gilbert was convalescent, and ventured to attend the Council, but he was too weak to deliver his address. Accordingly this was read for him

by the Archdeacon. The opening words are characteristic:

Dear Brethren of the Council:

First of all, in presenting this, my seventh annual address, I wish to express my deep sense of gratitude to Almighty God, for his great goodness in bringing me safely through a dangerous illness and granting me further opportunity for doing His work in His Kingdom on earth. Henceforth it shall be my endeavor to give myself more fully and unselfishly to the service of the Master; for which mission may physical strength be given me, and may his all-sufficient grace sustain me.

I cannot forbear, in your presence, to tell how my heart has melted at all the evidences of affection shown me. They brought light in my illness, and I feel that God, through bodily weakness, has made the bonds of our mutual love stronger.

We are all profoundly thankful that it has pleased our Heavenly Father to preserve to us our beloved Diocesan, who, through much pain and weakness, still lives to bless us, his children, with his benignant presence and fatherly solicitude. We earnestly pray that his recovery may be speedy and complete.

At this time Bishop Gilbert's own recovery was in serious doubt. His physician had told him that he must have a change of climate with entire rest. "Your only hope of living is to go abroad and stay abroad." Some friends in St. Paul heard the report, and sent the Bishop a letter with over a thousand dollars for the journey. (This typewritten letter with the names of the sixteen donors is carefully preserved in the Bishop's scrapbook.)

The voyage seemed both attractive and necessary, but he felt unable to go alone, and Mrs. Gilbert could not leave the young children. Accordingly, he turned to his friend, the Rev. John Hazen White, then Warden of Seabury Divinity School, and since Bishop, first of Indiana, and afterwards of Michigan City. Mr. White had come to the Diocese four years before, at Bishop Gilbert's invitation, to make a new beginning with the reorganized Church of St. John the Evangelist, in St. Paul. At Bishop Gilbert's urgent request he now consented to go abroad with him, and relieve him of the business cares of the journey. On the last day of June, 1893, they started from St. Paul for the East. The narrative which follows is largely from Bishop White's dictation:

At Chicago Bishop Gilbert insisted on seeing something of the famous Columbian Exposition, which was then in full progress. He was too weak to walk far, so I got a wheeled chair and for two days wheeled him everywhere, to see as much of the Fair as possible. We met there Mr. William R. Stirling, then with the Steel Corporation, who gave us letters of introduction to his brother, Sir Robert Stirling, of Dunblane, Scotland.

After two days in Chicago we went on, but the Bishop was so weak that we had to stop in Pittsburgh for the night, and again in Philadelphia. I was greatly worried lest he would not even get to the steamer. In New York, we met a niece of Judge Gilfillan, who was to be under the Bishop's protection for the voyage.

We sailed on the *Germanic* of the White Star Line on the fifth of July.

I got Bishop Gilbert into his steamer chair apparently an invalid. It had been a tremendous task and responsibility to get him there, and the outcome was entirely uncertain. Within half an hour after sailing he began to sit up, and joke and laugh; before night he was like a boy. The sea air acted like magic in putting him on his feet. From that time on he was not sick on all the trip. He had wonderful recuperative power, and never seemed to tire. He would play shuffleboard, and was full of life. On the steamer we became acquainted with Col. Charles Holbeach, an English officer on furlough, who had been traveling through Canada. He kindly gave us a letter of introduction to his father, Archdeacon Holbeach, rector of Banbury. Miss Gilfillan went on to Liverpool, where she was met by friends, but we landed at Queenstown, and visited Cork.

From Cork Bishop Gilbert and Mr. White went westward, taking the well-known coaching trip to Killarney, and made the tour through the Gap of Dunloe and down the lakes. Thence going to Dublin, and across the Irish Channel to Holyhead, they came to Bangor, and visited the Cathedral.

We spent the night at Llanberis, at the large Victoria Hotel. Our experience here at dinner was very amusing. We entered the great dining room, and found it beautifully arranged with flowers, and silver, and fine linen, with waiters in abundance—and we were the only guests that night. We thought it great fun, and being alone, after dinner we went to the

billiard room and tried to play, but neither of us really knew how.

Through the Pass of Llanberis they went on to Bettws-y-Coed, to Conway Castle, to Chester, as through enchanted land. After so many years of familiarity with the history of Castles and Cathedrals and scenes famous in literature, it was a wonderful pleasure to the Bishop and his companion to be actually among them.

From Chester they passed through the English Lake District, up Windermere to Ambleside, to Rydal Mount, to Grasmere, and on by Thirlmere, past Helvellyn, to Keswick at the foot of Skiddaw. They saw "the water come down at Lodore," and then took their way to "merry Carlisle," and on to Glasgow. It was a journey of delight.

So few of Bishop Gilbert's letters have been preserved that it will be well to quote in full his description of the visit to Iona:

OBAN, SCOTLAND, July 26, 1893.

Dear *Missionary and Record*,

I have just returned from a brief pilgrimage to sacred Iona. I cannot forbear telling my friends some of the impressions left on my mind, and calling their attention to a spot which in a certain way is specially dear to the heart of every Minnesota Churchman. We consider, you know, St. Columba as the patron saint of our Diocese, and here on this little island, away 'mid the Western Isles of Scotland, is a spot which is filled with memories and incidents of St. Columba's life and work.

As a fitting preparation of the mind for the sacred-

ness of the place, we land a little before reaching Iona at Staffa, and visit its marvellous Fingal's Cave, with its strange basaltic pillars and deep echoings of the voices of the sea. The mighty power of the Creator is here revealed with a startling distinctness. Far across the wide expanse of sapphire sea we could see the square tower of the cathedral of St. Columba, still although deserted and in ruins, keeping faithful watch over the islands which are scattered here on every side.

As we landed, one instinctively thought of the landing centuries ago, when Columba and his devoted followers set foot upon this rocky soil, full of the purpose of carrying the Gospel to the barbarians of the North.

There are in reality three distinct ruins, all of which are full of interest—the priory, the chapel of St. Oran, and the cathedral. All about and within these enclosures are the tombstones of men famous in the annals of Britain. Here are buried, so the chronicler tells us, forty-eight Scottish kings, four Irish kings, and four kings of Norway. Here are also carved effigies of bishops, and chieftains of the McClean line. Just at the left of the entrance of the cathedral is to be seen the grave of St. Columba, although his body was taken for its final resting place, in the Ninth Century, to Kells in Ireland.

The walls of the cathedral are fairly well preserved, and there is still to be seen much quaint and symbolic carving over the arches. The green grass now grows where once stood the high altar and the blue sky is the dome above. In the cathedral yard are to be seen the only specimens of the original Iona cross in existence. The rude hands of the Reformers of the Sixteenth Century with fanatical zeal destroyed all the rest.

The Island of Iona is only three miles in length by one in breadth, but here for centuries was the central fire of northern Christianity kept burning. No one can resist the hallowing influence of the spot. One's faith is the stronger as we stand among these evidences of our ancient historic lineage.

The day of our visit was one of perfect beauty; the blue sky, the soft air, the genial sunshine, of which Scotland is niggardly in the giving, were with us and around us.

You will all, I am sure, be glad to know, that I am getting quite well and strong. The entire cessation from care and work, as well as the invigoration of new scenes and deeply interesting objects, is effecting complete restoration. Nor should I fail to add that the watchful care and the cheering companionship of Dean White contribute much to the rejuvenating process.

I think often of all my friends in dear Minnesota, and I shall be quite ready in every way to return to them and to my work in the autumn.

Most truly yours,

M. N. GILBERT.¹

At Glasgow they found letters including an invitation from Sir Robert Stirling to visit him in his home. From Glasgow they made the usual picturesque tour by Loch Lomond and Loch Kathrine through the Trossachs to Stirling, where they spent the night. Here they climbed the hill, and visited the castle, and afterwards walked to the battlefield of Bannockburn. Anxious to get their mail, they went on to Edinburgh, and then

¹ *Minnesota Missionary and Church Record*, September, 1893.

came back to Dunblane, five miles only from Stirling. Bishop White gives this account of their visit:

Sir Robert Stirling met us at the station with a drag. He was in highland costume, kilts, bare knees, and all, and drove us to his estate at Kippenross. He asked us at once if we would not like to see the estate and nearly walked our legs off of us, showing us the stables, the hunting grounds, the park, etc. On our return we had tea, and then dressed for dinner, which was served in full English style, with footmen in livery. By contrast, the next morning, we had breakfast without a servant in sight. The Stirlings were charming people, and this visit was our first introduction to home life in Great Britain. I remember how on our departure Bishop Gilbert gave the expected gratuities to the servants. He was quicker than I to adapt himself to unfamiliar customs.

Returning to Edinburgh, they visited many places famous in history or romance, among them Roslin Castle and Chapel, Melrose, and Abbotsford. The great northern Cathedrals lay before them—"Durham, Ripon, Fountain's Abbey, how we did enjoy them all!" At York their experience was most delightful:

After visiting the cathedral, Bishop Gilbert said, "We ought to pay our respects to Archbishop Mac-lagan." His palace, Bishopthorpe, is about three miles south of the city. With much anxiety on my part, we drove there, and entered through the Gothic gateway into the great courtyard. On inquiring for his Grace we were ushered into the library. Almost the first thing that we saw was a fine, large portrait of Bishop Whipple, which was hung over the desk. "That augurs

well for our reception." In a short time the Archbishop entered the room, a bright, dapper, little man in gaiters, a perfect gentleman. He was delighted to see us, and shook hands with us with both hands. "Mrs. Maclagan will soon be here to greet you." She came with equal cordiality, and asked where our luggage was. On learning that it was at the hotel in York, they insisted on sending for it, and we spent a few days at the palace.

One of the most wonderful experiences of my life was the service at the beginning of the Harvest. The Archbishop celebrated the Holy Communion and all the farmers received. Then he blessed their scythes and reaping hooks, and prayed for success in their labor. The Archbishop's chaplain at this time was a son of the Reverend John Keble. On Sunday afternoon, at the request of the Archbishop, Bishop Gilbert preached in York Minster, his first sermon, I think, in an English church. Before leaving Bishopthorpe, Archbishop Maclagan took us into his oratory, and held a brief service, and gave us his blessing. He called our attention to the wooden crucifix, with the face of the Saviour, not suffering, but triumphant. As we were about to go, Mrs. Maclagan took me [Rev. Mr. White] aside and said, "I want to tell you what a pleasure your visit has been to us. You have reminded us so much in voice, gesture, and manner, of one of our dearest friends, John Henry Newman. It was a terrible grief to us when he went to Rome."

So ended a memorable visit. Lincoln, Peterborough, and Ely lay before them. A detour brought them to Warwickshire, a region of many charms. A letter

written by the Bishop to a friend in St. Paul shows how thoroughly he enjoyed his visits to historic places:

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, August 15, 1893.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I must write you a line from this beautiful spot, to me the most fascinating in many ways, in all England. I am sitting under the shade of trees in the Churchyard of Holy Trinity. All around me are the graves of the yeomen of Stratford. Not ten feet away, under the floor of the Church, rest the bones of Shakespeare. Before me flow the gentle waters of the Avon. I could without difficulty sentimentalize and write you a great deal of nonsense on the images which the environment summons up, but I will spare you.

Mr. White and I have spent nearly the whole day in this Churchyard; chiefly (to be right honest), because it is too hot to do anything else, or to walk to Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery. Of course, to make the whole effect harmonious, for we are only a few miles from Warwick Castle and Kenilworth, which we visited yesterday, I am reading "Kenilworth," and making my heart tender with the woes of unhappy Amy Robsart.

The old-timed and old-fashioned inn, at which we are staying, is the Falcon, where the "wild Will," once and again, quaffed his cup and told his tales to boon companions. Holy Trinity Church is full of interest, outside of its fine architectural effects.

We did think we would go to London to-night, but the heat is too intense, and the *dolce far niente* feeling engendered by everything constrains us to linger. . . .

I have preached but once since leaving Minnesota,

and that was in York Minster, on which occasion I wore the robes of the Archbishop. Mr. White and I travel about, generally, with the utmost freedom from constraint in our gray suits. It would do your anti-clerical eyes good to see us.

What cathedral impressed us the most? Well, we have seen at least a dozen of the finest, with St. Paul's and Canterbury yet to see. Durham's interior was the grandest and most uplifting, York's exterior the most imposing, and Ely the most beautiful. How they all "smack" of age! Every one has history written on it. . . .

Mr. White has taken good care of me, and I am in a fine state of preservation. Certainly I am gaining the chief object of the trip in regaining my health and strength. Fanny is very good and writes me twice a week. I am so glad she went to Chicago (to the World's Fair). It will be pleasant to remember. . . .

Give my love to all at your house, and believe me as ever,

Affectionately yours,

MAHLON N. GILBERT.

From Stratford they went direct to London. Bishop White's narrative is full of interest:

In London we had delightful rooms in Norfolk Street, Strand. We visited Parliament with tickets gotten for us by Canon Farrar, then rector of St. Margaret's, who was most kind. On our first Sunday morning we went to Westminster Abbey, and in the afternoon to St. Paul's Cathedral, where we were told we should hear excellent music. We heard also a most remarkable sermon. The preacher was Canon Newbolt, who was for the first time taking the place made vacant by the death of the great Canon Liddon. The Old

Testament lesson was from the second chapter of Second Kings, which tells of the parting of Elijah and Elisha. Dr. Newbolt took for his text the thirteenth verse, "He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him." The sermon began: "A man and a cloak. What will he do with it?" He applied it to his succeeding Liddon, the less the greater, as it must often be in life. It was a wonderful sermon. The next Sunday afternoon we went, not to hear the music, but the sermon. The first lesson was from the sixth chapter of Second Kings, and as it was finished Bishop Gilbert wrote on a piece of paper a part of the seventeenth verse, "Lord I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see." He added, "A magnificent text for a sermon." When Canon Newbolt entered the pulpit, he took as his text these very words, and again he preached a most excellent sermon.

While in London they made several trips and visited Canterbury, Cambridge, and other places. From Oxford they went out to Cowley and heard a sermon by Father Osborne, now Bishop of Springfield.

At Banbury, famous for its Cross, we had a delightful visit with the rector, Archdeacon Holbeach, whose son had given us letters, and arranged for our visit. The Archdeacon lived on the family estate, in a fine, quaint, old stone house. The lawn was like a velvet carpet, the result of mowing only with a scythe, as sharp as a razor. Each night and morning the Archdeacon held family prayers in the great hall, with the servants present. We spent two days here, and enjoyed heartily another beautiful example of English home life.

It was now near the end of August, and Mr. White

had to return to "the States" for another year at Seabury. Bishop Gilbert was so strong that he needed no companion, and was glad to prolong his travels.

Of his Continental journey no record is available. He visited France, Switzerland, Italy, and other countries with intense pleasure and profit. His love of history made his travels a constant delight, and on his return to Minnesota he would often lecture with great interest on some part of his European journey.

He returned from the Continent in time to attend the Church Congress held in Birmingham the first week in October. Here he had the pleasure of hearing and meeting many distinguished leaders of the English Church. On Wednesday evening, October 4, the subject for discussion was "The Anglican Communion," and he was asked to speak for "The Church in the United States of America." It was at the close of a long evening, and he spoke briefly. After allusion to the close ties binding together the Church in America with the English and the Scottish Church, he said:

My friends, the Church in America has been trying experiments through its whole history. It resumed its work, after the Revolutionary War, as an experiment. The charge was made by its enemies that it was a foreign Church, that it had no business to remain there after the English troops left the soil of America. So, labouring under this great disfavor, the Church in America for many years struggled simply for the right to exist, and yet out of that condition she has gone marching down the century, marching out

across the Alleghanies, out into the Mississippi Valley, and then still onward to the Pacific, always carrying the banner of apostolic truth and apostolic order, which you in the Church of England, as a precious legacy handed to us across the seas.

One thing we feel we do need, which you have here in England. We teach the historical position of the Church, because is not that our only reason for separate existence? But we need something more than the simple verbal and written testimony. We need some of the symbols of the Church's history. We need something like the fanes which are everywhere to be found in England, telling of the glorious history of the past. We need minsters like those of York and Canterbury; we need cathedrals whose associations are eloquent in testimony of the position and history of the Church.

We have need of these symbols, but yet in a certain sense we have them, in the very memories that came down through you to us. We look to these monuments as the symbols of our Church history. Our children come over here and study them and go back again more loyally anchored to the Church than ever before.

I cannot touch at all on our varied methods and agencies of work. Time forbids. The Church in America has never been sluggish, but always active. It has made sad mistakes, but the very inherent power derived through the ages from the foot of the Cross has enabled it to overcome mistakes. There has been no narrow policy pursued in the revision of the Prayer Book. The question was first, how can we best keep ourselves close to the standards of the Church of England? and next, how can we best adapt the Prayer

Book to the conditions which exist in America to-day? And while the Prayer Book has been adapted to the needs and special conditions peculiar to America, I do not believe that in any way we have departed from the beauty, or the richness, or the fulness of the Liturgy.

My friends, we stand in America for unity. I prophesy that in the time that is coming, and which in God's own good time will certainly come, the Church in America will be the gathering point and the focus of unity for the disintegrated masses of Christianity there. I believe it, because it is the only Church which possesses a real genuine anchorage with the past, and which is at the same time truly American in its character. I believe it, too, because there are signs in the air that men are looking to us and saying, "Your methods shall be our methods, and your polity shall be our polity." . . .

What the Church in England and the Church in America—her daughter—should strive for more and more is the greater unification of their own forces, more concentration of their potencies, more drawing together of the bonds of family love, and those bonds can be best drawn together by understanding each other better. Do you know, I believe we American Churchmen understand you here in the Mother Church better than you understand us. We know far more about your work, about the every-day life in your Church, than you know about what your daughter in America is doing. . . .

I appeal to you, as members of this Church Congress, to strive to study something about what we are doing in America, so that your increased knowledge may bring us closer together. As a missionary Church

yet, we must have sympathy, and help, and prayer to enter into and carry on our missionary work. So, I say, send us more of your best men. We need men there in those regions beyond the Mississippi. We can get the money, but we cannot get the men. Do not think because a clergyman of the Church in England has failed here in England that he has a divine call to preach the Gospel in America or in the colonies. We want, I repeat, your best men. We have had some of them, and we want more. I believe our future will be a great and glorious one, and God shall be with us, as He was with our fathers.²

This address was well received by the Congress, and at the close there was hearty applause. While on the Continent, Bishop Gilbert had preached at the American Church in Paris, and he now preached one Sunday in St. Paul's, Worcester. A few days later he sailed for America, and on October 26 he was again in Minnesota.

On the evening of November 4 the Church people of St. Paul gave a reception for the Bishop and Mrs. Gilbert in the guild house of Christ Church. A few days later, at the fall meeting of the Minnesota Church Club one of the addresses was made in his honor, and it was suggested that as "a material manifestation of our thankfulness for the Bishop's restored health," there should be special offerings during the Advent Season for the missionary work of the Diocese. In reply Bishop Gilbert expressed his appreciation of the

² Official Report of the Birmingham Church Congress of 1893, pp. 271-273.

regard and affection shown him, and spoke briefly of his ecclesiastical impressions when abroad, and of his part in the Church Congress.

After this welcome home, with his usual energy and good cheer, he entered upon one of the busiest and most successful years of his episcopate.

CHAPTER XV.

GROWTH AND PROGRESS.

THROUGH these years of Dr. Gilbert's episcopate the Church in Minnesota had made notable progress. There had been large numerical growth, but better than mere bigness was the loyal and energetic spirit which pervaded the Diocese. Bishop Gilbert would be the last to take to himself the honor for this advance. In his Council addresses he speaks repeatedly with high appreciation of the wonderful work of Bishop Whipple, and of the unselfish Christlike devotion of the rank and file of the Minnesota clergy. He never forgot the hardships or the achievements of those in rural parishes or in the Indian field. But it is plain from the records of the time, and from the recollections of those who worked under Bishop Gilbert, that much of the progress of those years, much of their good spirit and active loyalty, was due to the generous, unassuming, energetic leadership of Bishop Gilbert. Men might differ from

him in opinion, but they knew his unselfish, large-minded nature; they recognized his perfect sincerity, his entire consecration to the work.

With remarkable tact, with wonderful self-effacement, he adapted himself to the plans and methods of his Diocesan. The two men were quite different in personality; Bishop Whipple was keener as a judge of men, but Bishop Gilbert had the same art of winning men, and holding their affection; Bishop Whipple was greater as an orator, but Bishop Gilbert, in his own magnetic way was wonderfully persuasive as a speaker, and would have gained still more in power, had life been spared; Bishop Whipple laid remarkable foundations, and Bishop Gilbert, with wise judgment, with utter self-forgetfulness, helped forward the work. The younger clergy naturally saw more of the younger Bishop, and became devoted to him; in some cases, they were unfair to Bishop Whipple, not appreciating the past, but such a spirit received no encouragement from Bishop Gilbert. He once said to Bishop Millspaugh, "I have always tried to be thoroughly loyal to my Diocesan, and he has never given me to understand, by any criticism, that I have been otherwise."

On the contrary, the relations of the two Bishops were most harmonious and beautiful. The Chancellor of the Diocese, who was most closely associated with them both in conferences involving matters of supreme importance for the Church, says of them, "I have never

known two men associated in any business or organization who worked together in such perfect harmony as Bishop Whipple and Bishop Gilbert."

From the beginning, the elder Bishop committed to the younger a large part of the administration of the Diocese. In the first seven years Bishop Whipple was present at only four of the annual Councils; once he was in England at the Lambeth Conference, once in France in poor health, and once confined by severe illness at his home in Faribault. It was Bishop Gilbert's rule to refer all possible matters to the counsel of the Diocesan, but for a large part of the time the younger Bishop was alone in the diocese and in full charge of the work. As he won the confidence of the men of Minnesota, he became the leader and founder of certain movements and institutions which deserve record here.

The Minnesota Church Club rightly claims Bishop Gilbert as its founder. In the tribute composed by the Council of the Club soon after his death, there is this statement:

Bishop Gilbert was quick to discern the possibilities embodied in the Church Club idea, and upon his suggestion our diocesan club was early organized and ranks among the oldest in the United States. He was deeply interested in its development, gave it the benefit of his counsel, the inspiration of his words and presence, and took a pardonable pride in its achievements. As he rejoiced in its success as a breaker down of the barriers of parochialism and as a unifier of the clergy and laity of the diocese in a common work, so also he was

pleased at its instrumentality in obliterating diocesan boundaries, and in making our ecclesiastical neighbors welcome to Minnesota.¹

The Rev. Dr. John Wright, rector of St. Paul's Church in St. Paul gives some particulars, not elsewhere recorded. He said, in a conversation with the writer, "Soon after my coming to Minnesota, Bishop Gilbert spoke to me of organizing a Church Club, 'such as they have in the East.' I said, 'It is premature; we are not like the East, and it would not succeed.' But he persisted that it would be a good plan, and later the matter was brought up at the Clericus, and a committee, consisting of Bishop Gilbert, Dean Graham, and myself, was appointed, and together we planned its organization."²

The committee invited several leading laymen to meet them at the West Hotel, January 15, 1891. At this conference, Bishop Gilbert presided, and it was decided to organize. A committee of laymen, of which Mr. Hector Baxter was chairman, soon drafted a constitution and by-laws, and the first banquet was held in Minneapolis, on February 4. At first the Minnesota Church Club did not admit clergymen to membership, but, a year later, they were allowed to join the club, though not to hold office, an arrangement which has worked admirably.

¹ The *Minnesota Church Record*. March, 1900, p. 49.

² Dr. Tanner's History of the Diocese speaks of Dr. Wright as the founder, but the latter's own account gives that honor to the Bishop.

The Swedish work in Minnesota owes much to Bishop Gilbert. In his Council address of 1896, Bishop Whipple, after quoting the report of the Lambeth Conference recommending "more friendly relations between the Scandinavian and Anglican churches," makes this statement:

It was in the spirit of this declaration . . . that our Swedish work has been inaugurated. In its inception it was the work of the Coadjutor Bishop, and he has had at every step of this movement my loving approval. This work has been under the immediate care of the Rev. Mr. Tofteen, of whom a distinguished member of another communion said, "he is truly a man of God," and I must here say that we owe a deep debt to Rev. H. P. Nichols for his devotion and help in this work.

The story of the movement is too long to tell here.³ The Church of Sweden, as is well-known, has much in common with the Church of England. It is an established church, with Bishops, vestments, and liturgy. In the early days many Swedes, coming to America, brought letters commending them to the Episcopal Church, as closely akin to the Church of Sweden.

The Swedish Lutheran Church in the United States has given up many of the usages of the Mother Church; it has no Bishops, but is organized on a modified Presbyterian basis. In different Swedish settlements in America a number of congregations have withdrawn

³ See Chapter XLIV. of Dr. Tanner's History.

from the Swedish Lutheran Synod, and have sought membership in the Episcopal Church, as most closely resembling the mother Church of Sweden.

The first graduate of Nashotah House was the well-known Swede, the Rev. Gustaf Unonius, rector of St. Asngarius' Church in Chicago. In 1851 Mr. Unonius came to St. Paul by special invitation and organized a Swedish work, which did not prove permanent. Again, in 1874, in Faribault and the vicinity, a Norwegian work was begun with Bishop Whipple's hearty approval, but this movement also was transient.

In 1891 there seemed to be an opening for permanent work among the Swedes. Services were held in the Swedish tongue, and two churches, which had of their own accord seceded from the Lutheran Synod, applied for admission to the Episcopal Church and were in 1893 received by Bishop Gilbert. In his address to the Council he says:

In this Swedish work, permission has been given to use the liturgy and vestments of the state Church of Sweden, and in cases of persons confirmed by and under the authority of the Swedish Church, reconfirmation is not required. A larger liberty is allowed than a strict and literal interpretation of existing canons justifies, but the whole situation is exceptional and any other course would have prevented development. We have not acted in this matter simply upon our own responsibility, but under the advice and approbation of some of the wisest and most conservative leaders of the Church.

The work thus begun received Bishop Gilbert's special oversight and sympathy. Dr. Tanner says, "There was no work in the Diocese for which he cared more and prayed more. Whatever may be the success of this movement, his name will always be associated with the effort to unite the members of the Church of Sweden in Minnesota with our own Church."⁴

Another institution which Bishop Gilbert encouraged by his presence and his influence was the Sunday School Institute. This was founded in 1887 before the modern revival of interest in Sunday school methods, and has done pioneer work in helping to improve the curriculum and the spirit of Minnesota Sunday schools. Whenever possible, Bishop Gilbert attended their sessions and was a most helpful speaker in their conferences.

It was said of Bishop Whipple that much of his success as a Bishop came from his being a father to his clergy. It became a tradition of the Diocese that the Bishop was what the Prayer Book expects him to be—a true "father-in-God." Bishop Gilbert naturally and ably maintained this tradition. Dr. Ten Broeck once said, "We who have known Bishop Whipple and Bishop Gilbert need no further argument for Apostolic Succession."

One or two letters will help to show his kindly spirit. To a young clergyman who thought himself

⁴ *History of the Diocese of Minnesota*, p. 483.

ill-treated by the Board of Missions and was planning to take work in another diocese, Bishop Gilbert wrote as follows:

My dear S—,

The first letter I answer among the large number awaiting me on my return from a trip is yours.

I thank you from my heart for your expression of love. I cannot begin to tell you how my heart goes out to you in affection. I cannot bring myself to consider the possibility of your leaving me and the Diocese. Everything will be made right, I can assure you of that. . . .

The Board would not for a moment impose any arbitrary rule. I can see now that the present rule might be so considered. Will you not bear with them, and give them an opportunity to modify it? Do, I beg of you, and tell the Bishop to whom you have written, that you will stay with us. You will never regret it. You have such a bright future before you in this Diocese. Some day you will be on the Missionary Board yourself. Then you can understand how difficult it is always to arrange matters satisfactorily at once.

I have lost H. Do not double my grief by going away yourself now. . . .

As ever, affectionately, MAHLON N. GILBERT.

The letter proved effectual. The young priest remained in the Diocese, and in due time attained not only to membership in the Board of Missions but also to the highest honors among the clergy.

On learning that the Rev. Charles Lewis Slattery had accepted a call to be Dean of the Cathedral of our

Merciful Saviour, in succession to Dean William H. Gardam, Bishop Gilbert wrote the following letter:

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA,

May 2, 1896.

MY DEAR MR. SLATTERY:—I send you a line to tell you how gladly I welcome you to the Diocese of Minnesota. I rejoice to know that you have accepted the call to the Cathedral in Faribault. There is no more important point in the Diocese, and none where a greater work can be done, if the rector has the ability and judgment and perseverance which are required. These qualities I am sure you possess. You can depend upon my cordial and sympathetic coöperation in your work there. . . .

Believe me, Most truly yours,

M. N. GILBERT.

An earlier letter, written when Mr. Gilbert was rector of Christ Church, to a candidate from his own parish just entering Seabury Divinity School, contains good counsel.

One word, my dear friend, whatever you do, do not get into the usual divinity student way of thinking that *preaching* is of little account. Make the most of yourself in that way. Practise on the delivery of a sermon.

Then, too, strive to perfect yourself in reading the service. You know how sadly lacking many of our clergy are in that particular.

To a parish whose incumbent was about to be transferred elsewhere, Bishop Gilbert wrote as follows:

DIocese of MINNESOTA
ASSISTANT BISHOP'S RESIDENCE
18 Summit Court
St. Paul, Minn.

June 22, 1892.

To the Parishioners of the Church of the Holy Communion, Redwood Falls.

MY DEAR BRETHREN:—

Providence is about leading your rector to another field. We must not question it, although it will bring disappointment to every heart. My prayers will be with you that you may take up and carry forward the work bravely and cheerfully. It is God's work, and you are workers together with Him.

I will coöperate with you in every way to secure a rector who will be a faithful and acceptable pastor. I ask that you will do all in your power to provide for his support.

Praying the Great Head of the Church to have you in His gracious keeping.

I am most truly your friend and Bishop,

MAHLON N. GILBERT.

In such a spirit, wise, kindly, and sincere, Bishop Gilbert watched over the clergy and the parishes.

In 1888, when already the pressure of the work began to prove too great, he asked the Council for a general missionary. Soon after, the Rev. Dr. Appleby was appointed, first under this title, and afterwards as Archdeacon. His energetic and fruitful labors continued for nine years, till after the division of the Diocese.

In his Council address of 1892, Bishop Whipple said:

My noble-hearted assistant is breaking from overwork. No man can bear for a long time the strain of such unending toil. If you would save him to the Diocese and the Church, you must relieve him now. The only possible relief is in the division of the Diocese.

As a part of the plan of division, Bishop Whipple further suggested once more the possibility of adopting the Provincial System in Minnesota, and added, "If my own support stands in the way of division, I will gladly resign."

Such a solution of the problem as would involve the retirement of Bishop Whipple was not for a moment considered, but it was difficult to arrange for division. For three years the subject was under discussion, but not till 1895 was action taken.

In October, 1895, the General Convention met in Minneapolis, at Gethsemane Church, a marked event in the history of the Diocese. For the first time many of the Bishops and deputies visited the State of which they had heard so much, and saw the venerable Bishop Whipple and his able Assistant in the midst of their great work. By special train they went to Faribault and saw the large schools and the Cathedral. After this, having gained some knowledge at first hand of the extent of the work and the needs of the Diocese, the General Convention set apart northern Minnesota as a separate Missionary Jurisdiction.

Relief was thus in sight for Bishop Gilbert, but unfortunately the Convention did not proceed to elect a Bishop for the new field, but instead placed it under the charge of Bishop Gilbert. It was his task to organize the new Jurisdiction, and to continue as before his visitations in that large territory. He presided at the Primary Convocation held in December 1895, and also at the Second Convocation held in November, 1896. His episcopal oversight of northern Minnesota came to an end on February 2, 1897. On that day, the Feast of the Purification, the Rev. Dr. James Dow Morrison was consecrated Bishop of Duluth.

Our narrative must now revert to the General Convention of 1895. Another act of that Convention was the change of title of an Assistant Bishop to Coadjutor. The new name met, of course, with some opposition, but after debate it was adopted as a better title, and has since prevailed in the American Church. From this time on, accordingly, Dr. Gilbert's official style was "The Bishop Coadjutor of Minnesota."

It was also during the General Convention that a fine Gothic church of stone was consecrated in St. Paul for Bishop Gilbert's special use. It was built as a memorial to the Rev. Dr. Theodore A. Eaton, for forty-two years rector of St. Clement's Church in New York City. His widow had written Bishop Gilbert of her desire to erect such a memorial in Minnesota. The church was often called the "Pro-Cathedral," but Bishop Gilbert's own statement was as follows:

I have placed the church here after consultation with many in the Diocese, because I feel that we lack strength and importance in the great centers of the state, and because I have at length concluded that it is desirable that a bishop should have a church for the special performance of his official duties—a church which he can call his own. This is not, however, a cathedral. Make no mistake in that respect. The cathedral is in Faribault, and must so remain as long as the precious life of our revered Bishop Whipple is spared to us and the Diocese.⁵

The consecration service was on October 6, 1895, with a notable congregation. Bishop Potter of New York preached the sermon, and in one account is said to have consecrated the building. This act, however, was appropriately performed by Bishop Gilbert himself, as his own journal shows. The name chosen for the new church was fittingly that of St. Clement's. Bishop Gilbert reserved for himself the title and privileges of rector, and appointed as his vicar the Rev. Ernest Dray, who served the parish long and well.

While Bishop Gilbert was growing steadily in the affection and confidence of the Diocese, his strong influence was felt more and more in the city and state. He was now St. Paul's foremost citizen. This came not by virtue of his office, but by his rare ability to represent the people. On patriotic days, or at any civic gathering, no one could so well put into words the common feeling as Bishop Gilbert. Schooled in pa-

⁵ *Minnesota Missionary and Church Record*, May, 1895, p. 32.

triotism, he knew how both to express the highest loyalty and to stir the truest sentiment of the heart.

On one occasion, returning to St. Paul from a journey, he was surprised to see upon "the Flats" along the river a large, new building, evidently erected at great expense, which he was told was to accommodate a coming wrestling match. A little inquiry showed that it was really designed for a prize-fight between two famous pugilists. Bishop Gilbert went promptly to see the Governor of the state, and then wrote a short open letter to the citizens of St. Paul, asking them if they knew the real purpose of the building. This was all he did, or had to do. Public indignation was at once aroused; a mass meeting was held, with Archbishop Ireland as one of the speakers, and the prize-fight was never held.

On Saturday, September 1, 1894, came the terrible forest fires which utterly destroyed the town of Hinckley and other villages of Minnesota. The harrowing news soon reached St. Paul, and every report added to the magnitude and horror of the disaster. On Monday, in St. Paul, a General Relief Committee was organized to help relieve the sufferings of the homeless survivors, and to bury the dead. At the request of this committee, Bishop Gilbert went at once to Pine City to confer with the Relief Committee there, and plan for the best co-operation in the work. The next day he returned, and reported that "out of a population of sixteen hundred at Hinckley and three adjoining towns the dead numbered four hundred, the homeless twelve hundred, of

which eight hundred were destitute.”⁶ These figures were not an over-estimate. The “death list” numbered 413, and there were over 1,500 persons who received for a time assistance or support. Gifts of money and supplies of various kinds were sent from far and wide, and any act that could assuage pain or supply material need was done with sympathetic kindness.

“After the fire,” writes the Rev. William Wilkinson, “it was felt that there should be one great public service, in memory of those who had departed from the life that now is, and gone into that which is on the other side of death. Pine City, being the town nearest the scene of disaster, and most easily accessible at that time by rail, was the place selected for the purpose. . . . To this service, which had been made known all over the land through the public press, had come from all parts of the state and many other states, as pilgrims to a shrine, throngs of people.”

The day was Sunday, September 9th, and the service was planned for the afternoon in a public park, but on account of renewed rumors of approaching flames, the service was postponed till evening in a public hall. The scene there stirred every heart. Many were present with marks of fearful scars; some were still bandaged; nearly everyone had lost relatives or friends. Several pastors joined in the service. The Presbyterian minister read a selection from scripture, and Bishop Gilbert

⁶ Wilkinson, *Minnesota Forest Fires*, p. 324.

offered an earnest prayer. A list of names of many that had perished in the flames was read amid breathless silence. A Roman Catholic priest and a Methodist pastor also spoke with deep feeling. Appropriate music was rendered by solo singers of marked ability, bringing comfort to all. The closing address was by Bishop Gilbert. As reported in the *Pioneer Press* of St. Paul, he spoke in part as follows:

I stand before you to-night to give voice to the sympathy which swells up from responsive hearts over the land. This little community, before obscure and scarcely discovered on the map, has for the last week been the nerve center for all the world. Messages of love and sympathy have come throbbing under leagues of ocean. . . . God must have had some sublime object in bringing about this awful disaster did we only read His purpose beneath the intensest of suffering. Let it not be said that God has thus spoken out of the whirlwind and we have not heard. I know we cannot unravel all the mysteries of God. We are often like babes who can only cry out with pain and cannot understand the cause, but then like children we can learn the lesson taught us. Our eyes fill with tears when we recall the awful agony through which many of you passed, when the besom of destruction swept over you and the black cloud of death was illumined only by the lurid flames, but I would have you think not of this, but of those lost friends regained in a better land.

These calamities are all a part of God's plans. The great Civil War of thirty years ago is an illustration of this, where sacrifice and suffering wrought freedom

and a united land. So it has often been in your lives where there has been seeming loss. What is the gain?

First, we are taught that God is greater than all material things. . . . Second, our hearts are brought together. You have heard of the great strikes that agitated the country a few weeks ago, arraying man against man, threatening anarchy and social disruption. Like the finger of God this calamity has come and swept away all distinction of rank and class. God used the sympathy evoked by this disaster to cement again the bonds of fraternity which were being rent asunder. I stood last Monday in the Chamber of Commerce at St. Paul and saw tears moisten the cheeks of the men who rule the finances of a great city as they responded to the appeals made in behalf of a stricken people. They did not know these woodmen; they did not know these men of toil; but their hearts were touched by the sufferings of our common humanity.

Again, we must not lose the lesson of personal heroism. When we have met these men, as we often do upon the train, they did not look like heroes, but plain men, scarcely worthy our notice. When the trial came and an awful death threatened hundreds of human lives, they stood up in their divine heroism and taught us a lesson that beneath the humble garb is often concealed a noble manhood, and when we have turned to dust, the world will still honor the names of Powers, Best, Sullivan, Root, Campbell, and Blair.⁷ Such heroism will cover a multitude of sins, and I doubt not God will blot out some of their faults, for they

⁷ These were railway employees, engineers, conductors, etc., who rescued hundreds by running their trains through the burning forests, taking on board refugees from Hinckley and elsewhere.

doubtless had faults, and remember that they nobly did their duty in the time of trial.

The trial seems hard, but what matter if it makes you better? Look up, and let the sacrifice of friends and loved ones make you nobler and purer. Last of all, when the grass has grown green over their graves, and your hearts' wounds are somewhat healed, let us not forget that God came down in a chariot of fire one day, as He did for Elijah of old, to take our better selves up to Him.

This address at Pine City made a profound impression, and brought comfort and hope to thousands. Like many of the addresses or sermons quoted in this volume, it is taken from an imperfect report, but it shows the Bishop's ability to understand others' feelings and reach their hearts.

Outside of diocesan routine, Bishop Gilbert was now so much in demand as a speaker that it is impossible to give even a list of his many sermons and addresses on special occasions. A few of the more important are here grouped:

On the first day of January, 1890, he preached the sermon at the consecration of the Rev. Anson R. Graves as the Missionary Bishop of The Platte. His theme was "The Open Door, or the Church's Opportunities," the text being from Rev. iii. 8.

In 1893 he preached the sermon at the consecration of the Rev. Dr. William Morris Barker as Bishop of Western Colorado. His text was Deut. xxxiii. 23. Both these sermons were printed in pamphlet form, and

some quotations are given elsewhere in this volume.

Bishop Gilbert also assisted in the consecration of six other American Bishops, as follows:

1887—Elisha S. Thomas, Bishop of Kansas.

1889—Cyrus F. Knight, Bishop of Milwaukee.

1889—Charles C. Grafton, Bishop of Fond du Lac.

1895—John Hazen White, Bishop of Indiana.

1897—James Dow Morrison, Bishop of Duluth.

1899—Samuel Cook Edsall, Bishop of North Dakota.

In November, 1891, Bishop Gilbert went to Winnipeg, Manitoba, in company with Bishop Walker and Archdeacon Appleby, to represent the American Church at the consecration of the Rev. Dr. W. D. Reeve as Bishop of Mackenzie River. While in Winnipeg, Bishop Gilbert was the guest of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, the venerable Dr. Machray. Besides assisting in the consecration, Bishop Gilbert attended a reception given to the visiting Bishops by the Lieutenant-Governor at the Government House. It was his first experience of English hospitality, and a good preparation for his visits to England. A second visit to Winnipeg was made in September, 1896, Bishop Gilbert being chairman of a delegation of the American Church sent to attend the General Synod of Canada.

Another Canadian journey was made to Toronto in the summer of 1895. He had been invited to address a large Congress of Religion and Education on "The Outlook for Church Unity," and had prepared a care-

fully written essay. He was introduced as "the rising star of American Episcopacy," and in the newspaper reports is described as "a middle-aged man of good presence and address." His speech (on July 22) was received with frequent applause and general approval. One account thus comments: "His peroration was a most eloquent one, and his whole address throughout was characterized by a broad-mindedness and comprehensive treatment which earned the sincere admiration of those who listened to it."

Christian Unity was a cause dear to Bishop Gilbert's heart, and he accepted every opportunity that he could to advance it. On one occasion he spoke before the Congregational Club of Minnesota in the first Congregational Church in Minneapolis, and more than once he spoke in the People's Church in St. Paul. On April 15, 1895, he made an address in that church "in the interest of better observance of Sunday." In 1896 a series of five lectures on "Unity, and the Lambeth Declaration," was given under the auspices of the Church Club of Minnesota. These lectures were given during Lent in both St. Paul and Minneapolis, and drew large audiences. The opening lecture was by Bishop Gilbert on the subject, "Organic Unity." Toward the close he said:

What a glorious day will be ushered in, when from adoring worshippers everywhere underneath the bending sky shall ascend heavenward, like the voice of many waters, the harmonious diapason of lips and hearts

speaking to God in the oneness of a common language of worship! How will it draw myriad hearts closer together, and cause them to realize the fellowship of the whole household of Faith!

Let us now recapitulate the reasons advanced for my hopeful outlook into the future, as I have briefly placed them before you:

1. Dissatisfaction with absolutism.
2. Dissatisfaction with individualism.
3. The practical spirit of the age demanding conservation and concretion of energy.
4. The growing recognition of the truth that mere opinions and theories, confessions and articles, are not the essentials of Faith and salvation.
5. The recognition of the historic method in the treatment of Church Union.
6. The constant and ever-growing agitation of the question.
7. The increase in the use of liturgical methods in public worship. . . .

In that ideal Church which is sometime to be made real, we shall find that oneness for which the Saviour prayed, that oneness which is like to that above.⁸

In evidence of the growing regard for Bishop Gilbert in the Church at large may be cited his Eastern visit of the autumn of 1894. At the annual Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Washington, he made an address, of which one sentence is worthy of lasting remembrance: "Men of St. Andrew's, when

⁸ *Unity and the Lambeth Declaration.* Minnesota Church Club Lectures, 1896. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co., pp. 31-57.

your hearts burn at these meetings, see that they burn to warm some one else." Two days were spent in New York at a special meeting of the House of Bishops, and four days in Hartford at the Missionary Council. There he presided at one session and addressed the Council. In addition upon this journey he spoke seventeen times, in various cities. On one day in Philadelphia, he made five addresses in different churches.

Bishop Gilbert's associations outside of the Church are of interest. In 1883 he became an annual member of the Minnesota Historical Society, a venerable organization of honorable record. In 1888 he was made a life member. His only historical paper read to the society was, "The Beginnings of the Episcopal Church in Minnesota, and the Early Missions of Park Place, St. Paul." This was published in Volume IX. of the Society Collections.

In 1884 he affiliated with Ancient Landmark Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in St. Paul, and continued in active membership till his death.⁹

The Society of the Sons of the Revolution in the State of Minnesota admitted Bishop Gilbert into membership, December 2, 1893, by virtue of the military service of his ancestor, Ambrose Ward. He became President of this society, and was active in their meetings and patriotic services. He was also an honored member of the Society of Colonial Wars.

⁹ His earlier Masonic record is given at the close of Chapter VI.

At the celebration of Lincoln's Birthday, February 12, 1895, the Loyal Legion had invited Archbishop Ireland of the Roman Catholic Church to make the address. On learning that his Grace was suddenly prevented from coming, the society turned to Bishop Gilbert and asked him to act as substitute. He kindly consented to be present, but, on rising to speak, protested his inability to fill the vacancy. The subject, however, was one dear to his heart and the success of his speech may be inferred from the letter written him by Col. George O. Eddy on the following day:

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 13, 1896.

MY DEAR BISHOP:—I cannot resist the desire to say to you, what lacked opportunity to say last evening, that your splendid speech delighted us all beyond expression. I have never known the "right thing" said in the "right way," more pointedly and brilliantly. We are all more than ever proud of you.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE O. EDDY.

CHAPTER XVI.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ELECTION TO THE EPISCOPATE.

ON THE third of June, 1896, the annual Council of the Diocese met in Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, and the evening of that day was given up to a public commemoration of the tenth anniversary of Bishop Gilbert's election to the Episcopate. This happy event had been carefully planned. A year before, at the Council, a resolution in favor of such a commemoration had been introduced by the Rev. J. J. Faudé, rector of Gethsemane Church, and Bishop Whipple had appointed a committee to make suitable arrangements. It was also voted that the Council should meet at the church where the election had taken place ten years before.

The anniversary service was conducted by the rector, assisted by the Rev. Charles D. Andrews, the music having been carefully prepared. On account of severe illness Bishop Whipple was unable to be present, and his address was read by the Rev. Mr. Faudé. It began as follows:

MY BELOVED BRETHREN:—It is a sorrow that I cannot express in words, that I am unable to be with you at this Council. It is the tenth anniversary of the election of the Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese. I count his election as a marked incident of the good providence of God to the Diocese and myself. He has been a loving son, seeking in every way to lift burdens from my shoulders, and has carried on the work of the Diocese on the lines which I had marked out for myself nearly thirty-seven years ago; to preach Jesus Christ, and work lovingly and loyally in His Church. . . .

We believe that a power above human wills is kindling in Christian hearts a deeper love for God, and this love is kindling a passion for humanity. Love will heal alienated hearts and break down walls of separation.

It is with gratitude to God that I tell you that Bishop Gilbert has shown, in all of his work, the love of his Master, in seeking to lead wandering souls to Christ. He has been the faithful friend of these brown children of our Father, and he has carried the Indians in his heart, as I have tried to do throughout my Episcopate. I wish that I could tell you face to face how deeply I love him, and how grateful I am to God for giving me such a blessed helper in my Bishop's work.

At the close of the Diocesan's address there was sung the hymn:

Go, labour on, spend and be spent!

The Rev. Mr. Andrews then presented to Bishop Gilbert a jewelled pectoral cross of gold from the clergy of the Diocese, and spoke with great felicity of

the Bishop's character, referring to him as "one who has been so much more a brother to us all, than a ruler—so much more a friend, than an official father, and yet who in every relation, never has forgotten to be, in every proper sense, an example to the flock, 'a pattern of good works: in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity.' " He went on to say:

I can conceive of no office to which a man can be called, where the measure of his character can be taken so quickly as in the office of the Episcopate. He fills so large a place in that realm of authority where criticism is so searching and severe, even among the clergy themselves; and, as the arbiter of all lay discontent and trouble in the churches of his Diocese, he must needs be a symmetrical man who wins for himself the love and confidence of both lay and clerical orders, after ten long years of service in every parish and mission station into which he is so frequently called.

It is no little praise to say of any man that he is sincere. It is no little praise to say of any man that he has courage—especially the courage of his convictions. Nor is it little praise to say of any man that, notwithstanding all his prosperity and distinguished honors, he yet retains his humility.

Sincerity, courage, and humility, these are the elements of character that all men everywhere are ready and willing to respect; surely, my brethren of Minnesota, . . . our Bishop Coadjutor fills this measure that I have drawn—of a sincere, courageous, yet humble Christian priest and bishop.

He comes, by generation, from a stock that would not be honored by anything else. Born of Church parentage, and reared by no less a teacher of righteous-

ness than the present Bishop of Missouri, ought we to expect less than we know and see of one who has been faithful to his high privileges, and in whose destined work there has been so little of disappointment?

It is not fulsome praise to tell a man to his face that he has done his duty well. It is not flattery to tell a man that he has helped men by the sincerity of his life; that he has encouraged men by the firmness with which he has carried out the convictions of his own heart. . . .

In all my intimate acquaintance with our beloved Bishop Coadjutor I have never heard him utter one derogatory word of any man, whether clergyman or layman, either to disparage his purpose in work, or to impugn his motives in design. . . .

I ask you to bear witness with me to the splendid loyalty shown by our Bishop Coadjutor to our great Diocesan—a Timothy or a Titus could not have been more lovingly true to St. Paul than the Coadjutor Bishop has been to the distinguished head of this great Diocese of Minnesota. . . . I am sure it takes no jewel from the crown of our great Diocesan, when we place the laurel wreath of newly won victories upon the brow of him who, as Coadjutor in its truest sense, has added lustre even to the name and fame of Bishop Whipple. . . .

In the last ten years the Bishop Coadjutor's hands have been laid upon the heads of 7,406 candidates in Confirmation. He has preached or made addresses 2,971 times, and has traveled over thousands of miles to reach his many appointments. . . . In the last ten years 33 churches have been consecrated, 23 priests and 17 deacons have been ordained to the Sacred

Ministry, and 51 churches have been built in places where there were no churches of our Communion.

Who cannot see in such a record as this, the unstinted measure in which our Coadjutor Bishop has given his life, his time, his love, to the work which God called him to do? . . . Nothing but a high sense of duty to God and of loyalty to the Church, could have inspired and sustained so much of unremitted toil. . . . The phenomenal development of many sections of the state tested his utmost vigor, and from exposure and weary travel I have seen him exhausted and sick nearly unto death. But the Church was on his heart, and I have seen him fight for the life that he believed was yet in him to give to his beloved Diocese, until, by the blessing of God, our prayers prevailed, his faith triumphed, and he still lives to celebrate with us all the first decade of his Episcopate.

What honors may we not bring him to-night that he has so richly deserved at our hands? For ten years he has been the staff of our venerable Diocesan, and I have heard Bishop Whipple affirm that no son could be truer to his own father than Bishop Gilbert has been to him. Has he not been just as true to each one of his brethren of the clergy? Has he not stood between us and many of our perplexing situations? Has he not shared with many of his brethren the far too meagre support of his own living? Has not the anxious care of the churches sifted his hair with the signs of premature age? He gives his life to us, what shall we give to him?

Ah, brethren, I dare to offer your deepest and sincerest love. I never felt so safe in saying for another, that you will join me in a pledge of loyalty, a bond of love between us, to hold up the hands and to cheer the

heart of him whom we seek to honor to-night as our Coadjutor Bishop.

At the close of Mr. Andrew's address, Mr. Hector Baxter, on behalf of the laity of the Diocese, presented to Bishop Gilbert a beautiful gold watch, with appropriate inscription, and spoke eloquently in appreciation of the Bishop's character and of the wonderful esteem of the laity for him.

There followed the appropriate hymn:

Forward be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.

After this, with deep emotion, which at first almost overpowered him, Bishop Gilbert made response:

Dear Brethren of the Thirty-ninth Council of the Diocese of Minnesota:

Every fibre of my being is stirred by the gracious and kindly words you have spoken, and by the tributes you have paid me, so unworthy of them, to-night. You have spoken as friends and fellow-workers, and my heart is cheered by these words and acts of love. I shall be the braver and stronger for them, and with God's help, I shall take up the burden anew with the earnest prayer that from this time forward until the Master calleth me to rest, I may be more faithful to duty, and more worthy of your confidence and love.

To my venerated Father in God, the Bishop of Minnesota, whose greetings coming from his bed of sickness and suffering are doubly valued, I pledge anew my loyal devotion and the offerings of a grateful heart. His has been a father's affection, indeed. In days of joy he has rejoiced with me; in hours of trial he has

been my cheering counsellor and guide. I count it an honor beyond expression to have been associated with the great first Bishop of Minnesota; *clarum et venerabile nomen*. My humble place at his side has been illuminated by the aureole of his own world-wide fame, and all the memorial I ask when I am gone is—"He was the Coadjutor of Bishop Whipple." May the dear God in His infinite goodness permit him to outlive my unworthy self, and so extend the benediction of his presence to him who shall succeed me. His plans have ever been my plans; his wishes my wishes; his Churchmanship my model; his large Catholic spirit my example and inspiration. If at any time I have caused him sorrow, it is a pain and grief to me, and if at any time I have relieved him of his manifold cares and burdens, I rejoice.

To you, brother beloved, selected by the clergy to convey their own greetings to-night, I can only speak my heartfelt thanks. Very close and very dear have you been to me during these years. As my successor in the dear old Mother Parish, you have ever given me a warmth of welcome which has been a sweet unction to my soul, and a rest to feet wearied with never ceasing journeyings. Your large, warm heart has no room in it for anything save love, and the lapse of years has only deepened and broadened our mutual love.

To laymen and to clergy, one and all, I can only voice my love and gratitude. Yours have been the hands that have enabled me to sustain and carry forward under God this work. You have never failed me; cheerfully you have responded to every call upon your time or means. Rich indeed is the Diocese of Minnesota in its clergy and laity. No Diocese in the land is more blessed. They would be marked men anywhere,

and the impress of their characters and work is ineffaceable.

And what shall I say of the women of the Church in Minnesota? Before my eyes everywhere, as I go on my round of visitation, does the evidence of their love and devotion shine. Without them the work in our parishes would cease; with them it goes forward and upward. Their prayers have sustained me; their work aided me; their patience cheered me. May the good God reward them for their work and labor which proceedeth of love.

These ten years have sped by on eagle wings. It seems but yesterday when in this noble church I was called to be a Bishop in the Church of God. The faces of those who stood around me that day arise before me as I speak. Some have fallen asleep; some have gone to other fields; and others, thank God, are with us still to-day. . . . The personnel of that Council is illustrated most plainly by the fact that, from the clergy, four have been selected to be Bishops of the Church. . . . I recognized at the beginning of my Bishop's duties that the great and pressing need of the Diocese was the personal presence of the Bishop in every parish and mission in at least an annual visitation. The infirm health of the Diocesan, extending over many years prior to my election, had prevented that feature of the work receiving the attention which he had so grandly and self-sacrificingly given in the earlier days of his Episcopate. I have been filled with admiration at the success he attained and the great results he was able to accomplish in the face of his many physical infirmities. His ability as an organizer and administrator was strikingly manifested in all portions of this

vast state. I have simply built on these foundations; they were broad and strong.

Whatever may have been accomplished in the line of growth and development could never have been done without the personal coöperation of my brethren of the clergy. No labors have been too arduous; no sacrifices too great for them. The meetings of convocation have stimulated missionary enthusiasm marvellously, and when in 1888 you authorized me to appoint an Archdeacon for the Diocese, a long step forward and upward was taken. May I say here that the spirit and work of Archdeacon Appleby have been factors in the development of the Diocese of which it is impossible for me to speak in too high praise. . . .

The extent of the Diocese and the expansion of the work forced upon us the question of division. . . . The surrender of that portion of the Diocese will be to me a personal sorrow. . . . To me every town and mission, every lake and prairie, every stream and stretch of forest land are dear. For ten years I have traversed this singularly interesting land, in steam cars, in wagons, in canoe, and on foot; its people have become my people, and to visit a parish or a mission now, is to meet friends who are near and dear to me. . . .

The striking events of these ten years, besides the division of the Diocese, may be summarized as follows: The formation of the Sunday School Institute; the appointment of an Archdeacon; the erection and development of the Breck School at Wilder; the erection of the noble new Hospitals of St. Luke in St. Paul, and St. Barnabas in Minneapolis; the establishment of Miss Carter's lace work among the Indians; the formation of the Church Club; the Swedish movement; and

the meeting of the General Convention in Gethsemane Church October last. . . .

I close this address . . . with heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God for his watchful and preserving care, and with the prayer that His Grace, which has thus far comforted and strengthened me may be with me until He calls me from this sphere of care and toil to the rest of Paradise. I know the story of these ten years is one of mingled sorrow and joy, a sad story of incompleteness, of weakness, ofttimes, and sin. I trust only in God's mercy, for the sake of His dear Son. May He overrule my mistakes to His glory, that in all things His great Cause may be advanced.¹

As the Churchmen of Minnesota look back to this anniversary, how glad they are that they gave such hearty expression to their love and esteem for Bishop Gilbert, while he was still with them.

¹ Journal of the Thirty-ninth Annual Council of the Diocese of Minnesota, pp. 29-45.

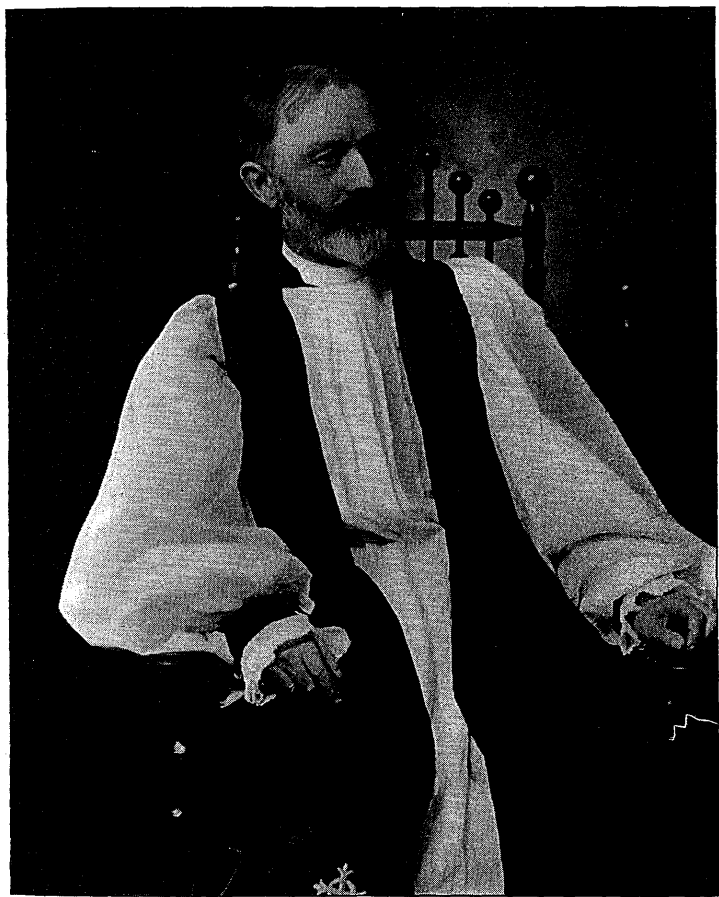
CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE OF 1897.

IN THE summer of 1897 Bishop Gilbert made a second visit to England, to attend the Fourth Lambeth Conference. A kind gift of over six hundred dollars from many friends in the Diocese made this journey possible. Bishop Whipple went early, in order to preach at several special services, but Bishop Gilbert remained for the annual Diocesan Council.

On Saturday, June 19, he sailed from Montreal on the steamship *Parisian*. The Rev. Mr. Andrews and the Rev. Mr. Dray accompanied him, and on different occasions acted as his chaplains. His good friends, the Rev. Dr. Albert W. Ryan and Bishop Morrison of Duluth, were on the same steamer, and also the Bishops of Huron and New Hampshire.

On the voyage Bishop Gilbert had a severe attack of pneumonia, and required most careful nursing, which was gladly given him by his many friends on shipboard. When one of the Minnesota clergy was thanking the Canadian Bishop for his kindness to Bishop Gilbert, he



BISHOP GILBERT
About 1897

answered, "I could not help it, I loved him so." On June 29 they landed at Liverpool, and Bishop Gilbert was able to leave the ship and continue the journey.

During part of his stay in London Bishop Gilbert was entertained by the Rev. Dr. Storr, at St. Peter's Vicarage, Eaton Square. The Bishop preached in St. Peter's, and on one occasion gave a talk to the boys of the parish school. Mr. Dray recalls that in this informal talk, Bishop Gilbert said to the boys, "Some of you boys may some day come to America; if so you will of course become Americans." The good vicar was shocked at such a statement, for it is hard at such a distance to appreciate the spirit of "The States."

The various sessions of the Conference, and the services, pilgrimages, and social gatherings in connection with it proved wonderfully interesting and inspiring. Only those who have attended a "Pan-Anglican" gathering can realize the thrilling interest of their great meetings or the charm of English hospitality which accompanies them. To the *Minnesota Missionary* Bishop Gilbert wrote a letter describing some of the more notable features of the Conference:

The services connected with the opening and closing of the Conference can never be forgotten. The first was held in Westminster Abbey, and was made exceptionally impressive by the historic environment. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of York.

The following day we all went to Ebbs Fleet, the site of the landing of St. Augustine. The site is quite inland now, the waters of the channel having receded

two miles or more during the last thirteen hundred years. A brief service was held here, and then, after a visit to Richborough Castle, the last camp of the Roman Legions, we came to Canterbury.

The citizens of this banner seat of Anglo-Saxon Christianity furnished bountiful entertainment for all the bishops, and made our two days' stay most delightful. Nothing could have been more imposing than the great service in the Cathedral. Nearly two hundred bishops were in line, preceded by the mayors and councils of the towns in Kent, marching to the music of the grand organ and the voices of a hundred choristers. My own place in order of consecration was about the middle of the long line, and as I looked forward and backward as we ascended the lofty flight of steps leading from the nave to the chancel, the scene was one of exceeding beauty and dignity. I said to myself, "Such an occasion as this is in itself worth a journey across half the world to participate in." The Archbishop of Canterbury sat in the ancient episcopal chair of Anselm, and delivered his Allocution from it. His tall, stately form and strong face were most striking. The Sunday following, the Cathedral was thronged with worshippers, and I heard the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Boyd-Carpenter, preach one of the noblest sermons to which I have listened. These services being concluded, we all returned to London and began the work of the Conference. . . .

The bishops met in the ancient guard room or great banqueting hall of Lambeth Palace. The faces of scores of former Archbishops of Canterbury looked down upon us from the walls, notably those of Laud and Wareham, Tait and Benson, the last sweet and strong as though giving his benediction upon the Con-

ference which he himself had summoned before his call to eternal rest. At the head of the hall sat Archbishop Temple, with his strong, massive, yet kindly face, supported on either side by the Archbishops of York and Armagh, while the other Archbishops and Metropolitans were close at hand. . . . I sat next to a bishop from Japan; in front of me was a black bishop from Central Africa; on my right a bishop from Ireland, and behind me a bishop from a see in England. One was there from Hudson Bay, another from the Falkland Islands, one from Corea, another from Trinidad, one from New Zealand, another from Jerusalem; each one represented in himself some great work in the isles of the sea or in the uttermost parts of the earth. There was Tucker, who has conquered Uganda; Tugwell, of Western Equatorial Africa, with his two black assistant bishops from the malarial banks of the Niger; then our own brave Bishop Ferguson of Cape Palmas, and strong, resolute bishops from farther India, and from the great plains of Australia. Surely the sentiment and thought of such a company were enough to move any who were present.

The Archbishop is, in many respects, an excellent presiding officer, although from our American point of view he is decidedly unparliamentary in many things. He frequently enlivened the Conference with his sallies of humor and quaint remarks.

After the first week, the work was assigned to committees, which sat during the recess of the Conference, and prepared reports on the different subjects submitted. I had the honor to be placed on the committees on Foreign Missions, Industrial Problems, Reformation Movements on the Continent and elsewhere, and on Christian Unity. . . . I cannot of

course give any resumé of the work of the Conference. I believe it will be of great benefit to the whole Church, and its conclusions generally accepted. The American bishops fought strenuously against any tendency toward centralization of authority in the See of Canterbury, and some of the most notable speeches were delivered on this subject, especially by the Bishops of Albany, and Missouri. . . .

The social side of the Conference was one of its distinguishing and pleasant characteristics. Receptions and garden parties for the bishops were given in such rapid and constant succession that none but the most robust could take them all in. The most notable were those given by the American Ambassador, by the Queen at Windsor, where we were all presented to her Majesty on the Castle grounds, and the one in the Lambeth Palace Gardens, which was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and by the Duke and Duchess of York. . . .

My time and strength would not permit me to attend all the functions or to preach often, but I saw and heard enough to be impressed deeply with the spiritual and social strength of the Church of England. The American bishops were in great demand as preachers, and we need have no occasion to hold down our heads in comparison with others. Bishop Whipple, not only because he was the senior American bishop present, but because of his personal popularity and reputation, was constantly called upon. We were all very proud of him, and glad that he was so prominent. Mrs. Whipple won all hearts by her beauty and graciousness of bearing.

The Conference closed with a great Eucharistic service in St. Paul's Cathedral, at which the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury preached a sermon of rare simplicity and power.¹

A letter written by Bishop Gilbert to his young daughter Frances gives a pleasant picture of some of the social events of the Conference:

July 11, 1897.

MY DEAR FRA:—I want to tell you about two very grand affairs I have attended this last week.

Wednesday evening, July 7, the Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet to all the bishops and their wives at the Mansion House, where the Mayor lives. The Mayor of London can hold his office but one year, and then he is made a knight by the Queen, and is always afterward known as Sir.

Well, we were received at the entrance of the Mansion House by a number of attendants gorgeously arrayed in scarlet, with hair powdered. Then we were conducted to some other attendants, who gave us each a large card which told us where we were to sit at the tables. Then we were presented in a loud voice to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, who were richly clad in brilliant dress. After a little we were conducted to the banqueting hall, one of the most splendid rooms in the world. . . .

I sat next to the Bishop of Edinburgh. The dinner lasted about an hour and half. Then the loving cup was passed from one guest to another, and we pledged each other's health. This is a custom handed down for more than a thousand years. Then toasts were proposed which were responded to by the Mayor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop of Canada, Bishop Whipple, and the Bishop

¹ *Minnesota Missionary and Church Record*, September, 1897.

of London. We then wandered about the apartments until 11 o'clock, when we went home. It was all very strange and interesting.

The other affair I will tell you about was the Garden Party given on Friday by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, at her beautiful house in the suburbs of London. Such a company of distinguished people I never saw before. Lords and Ladies were as thick as blackberries, and it was a brilliant scene. The grounds are very large and fine. The Baroness and her husband received their guests under a canopy in the center of the grounds. . . . There were to be seen Turks, Chinamen, East Indiamen, Africans, Persians, and other foreigners all arrayed in the costumes peculiar to their countries. The headdresses and rich silk robes which they wore were singular and funny looking things. Some members of the royal family were there. I could only guess who the different people were. It would have been more interesting if some one had told me. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is a very good woman and gives great sums of money to church and charities. . . .

To-morrow I go to Lambeth Palace to be the guest of the Archbishop of Canterbury for three days, and then I am to spend a week with Sir Richard Harvey. . . .

I am quite well and strong again. The weather is very pleasant. Kiss Lucy for me ten times, and give my love to your mother and also to the others.

YOUR LOVING PAPA.

In the Bishop's book of memorabilia are preserved many programmes of services, and invitations to dinners, receptions, and garden parties, in connection with the

Conference. He was specially impressed by the visit to Glastonbury, and took home with him a series of interesting photographs of the services held in the ruined abbey. The letter to the *Minnesota Missionary* describes this visit which took place on the third of August. The arrangements for the journey were most complete, a special train leaving London at 9:40 and arriving at 1 o'clock. The Mayor and Corporation of the town then entertained them at luncheon. Bishop Gilbert thus described the commemoration:

The day following [the close of the Conference], about one hundred bishops went on a pilgrimage to ancient Glastonbury, that historic spot where the Church shone in its splendor long before the landing of Augustine. That to me was the most marvellous scene of all. The little town of Glastonbury, hard by the ancient abbey ruins, was thronged with people from all the countryside, and had put on its gala attire.

Nearly six hundred clergy besides the bishops in their vestments marched through the streets of the town and out into the beautiful abbey grounds, where the service was held. One can never forget the extreme beauty of the scene as the sinuous procession moved in and out under the noble oaks and among the ruins of this venerable seat of our forefathers' faith. The address, a very remarkable one, was delivered by the Bishop of Stepney.

After all was over, a garden party was given on the grounds, and then some of the bishops went to the hospitable homes in and around Glastonbury, while others of us drove across the beautiful Somerset downs to the

cathedral town of Wells, six miles away, where we were entertained.

The day following, a missionary service was held at the Cathedral, with a sermon by the Bishop of Maine. Then, after luncheon, given by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, in the palace grounds, we bade each other good-bye and separated, sorrowing most of all that some of us would meet on earth no more.

Thus ended the great Lambeth Conference of 1897. During one of its high functions Bishop Gilbert had said to his chaplain, the Rev. Ernest Dray, "We must go back to America. They will spoil us here." However, he accepted a number of invitations to visit, and prolonged his stay with great pleasure for four weeks.

His first visit was to Falmouth, in Cornwall, to the home of Mrs. Isabella Purves, the mother of one of his Minnesota clergy. On a weekday he preached for her son, the Rev. R. D. Purves, at Redruth Church nearby. On Sunday, by invitation of Canon Christopherson, the Bishop preached at the large parish church in Falmouth and made a great impression.

Another visit is described in a personal letter to a friend in St. Paul:

ESCOT, OTTERY ST. MARY.

August 12, 1897.

. . . I am writing this from the charming Devonshire country, where I am spending a few days with Sir John Kenneway at his countryseat. It is a typical old English place, with its terraces and lawns, its flowers and varied kinds of trees, its vines and winding

walks. Everything smacks of age and finish, just what our beautiful American homes do not have.

Yesterday Sir John and I walked through the fields, under a cluster of beeches 200 years old, which were planted by the philosopher Locke, to the quaintest little village, where there is one of the best specimens of the 13th Century village church I have seen, and where lie the bones of Sir John's ancestors. The Norman tower of the church is as it was built, but the body of the church has been restored. Not far from here, within a stone's throw almost, S. T. Coleridge was born, and, if tradition is not at fault, my Gilbert ancestors hail from this part of Devonshire. . . .

As ever affectionately,

MAHLON N. GILBERT.

From Devonshire he went up to Boston in Lincolnshire, where he spent a Sunday with friends formerly living in Minnesota, and preached both in Frampton and Boston. Later, he spent a few days in Scarborough as guest of the Bishop of Hull, but first he made a visit to Ireland, by the invitation of the Bishop of Clogher.

A letter from this venerable prelate, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles M. Stack, written in his eighty-fifth year, tells the story of this delightful visit.

KNOCKBALLYMORE, CLONES, IRELAND,

March 28, 1910.

MY DEAR SIR:—I had the great happiness to make the acquaintance of Dr. Gilbert at the Lambeth Conference of 1897.

I was then engaged in making an effort in favor of the Reformed churches in Spain and Portugal in the

face of a strong and determined opposition. When the subject passed into Committee, I found Dr. Gilbert had been appointed a member, and thus we were thrown together during several days of prolonged debate and discussion.

When the committees reported, and we had come back to Conference, I had several opportunities of ripening our friendship. Finally it occurred to me that Dr. Gilbert might wish to see a little of Ireland and I asked him would he kindly pay me a visit when the Conference came to an end.

Dr. Gilbert was most kind and consented to come over channel to my house. He afterward introduced to me his friend, Dr. Cheshire, Bishop of North Carolina, whom I asked to join him in his visit. He most kindly consented to do so.

I was very anxious that Dr. Gilbert and his friend should see, and be seen, in Belfast; so with their permission, I arranged for them to arrive there on Saturday evening. . . . On Sunday they preached to very large congregations in St. Luke's Church. They were both fully appreciated. I had a letter from one of my friends in which was this remark, "I believe Dr. Gilbert's sermon was the best I ever heard in Belfast." I also was thanked very warmly for asking my brother Bishops to visit Belfast.

On Monday they were shown the city as far as time would permit, and had a look at the great ship-building yards, as well as a run round the "Lough" in a steamer. Indeed, they found it very difficult to get away from their kind entertainers.

They arrived here in the evening after two hours of rail. I need not say how warm was their welcome! We had arranged to ask a number of the neighboring

clergy and gentry to meet the Bishops on one afternoon. The weather was lovely, and Knockballymore is a very lovely old place, so the day was most successful. Dr. Gilbert and Dr. Cheshire enjoyed themselves very much. All were delighted with our visitors.

Another day one of my sons took them to Enniskillen, which is at the middle of Lough Erne. A steamer took them down the "Lower Lake," which is very beautiful. My son pointed out the old castles, as they went along, and told them of the old wars and feuds of which they are the monuments. . . .

All hearts went out to Dr. Gilbert, from the first. We little thought how soon, alas! he should be taken from the many, many loving friends he must have left behind him! . . .

May I add that the very great courtesy and loving kindness I received from our American brethren during the Lambeth Conference made an impression on the minds of the Irish Bishops at large, as well as on my own, which can never be effaced. . . .

I remain, Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES M. STACK, D.D.

(Bishop.)

To complete the picture of this charming visit one needs to know the setting of Knockballymore House. It is a plain, solid building of the old Georgian type, erected about 170 years ago. Its charm is in its setting. It is surrounded by 150 acres in the finest cultivation, and its gardens are of unusual beauty. Bishop Stack has been well known as an expert in gardening and farming, and visitors often came to see his fine horses and cattle. On the south side of the house the grounds

extend for about a mile along a lake, and the approach from the north is over a curious, old stone bridge, which was built for the castle which formerly stood on the same site as the present house. On a hill in the grounds stands an ancient Irish "Rath" or circular entrenchment in good preservation. At the time of Bishop Gilbert's visit, the house contained a series of oil portraits of all the Bishops of Clogher since the Reformation, and also the Diocesan Library, with many ancient and beautiful volumes. Knockballymore delighted and refreshed the hearts of the American visitors. Bishop Gilbert continued to correspond with Bishop Stack, and carried back to Minnesota the warmest recollections of Irish hospitality.

He sailed from Liverpool on the eighth of September, and was soon busy at work again in Minnesota.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LOVER OF NATURE.

A MARKED element in Bishop Gilbert's character was his deep love of nature. His boyhood in the country, the years in Utah and Montana, his many journeys in the Indian country, all fostered his love of the open air. He became a trained sportsman, a good shot, a fisherman of unusual skill. It was not the mere joy of bringing down the game or of returning to camp with a large "catch" that made him a sportsman. It was rather his love of nature in every aspect, and his sense of the Divine Hand in nature that drew him, every summer if possible, to camp with congenial companions in the unspoiled forest, far from city or town.

One of his vacation journeys is well described in a letter which Bishop Gilbert wrote for the *Minnesota Missionary* of September, 1890:

VACATION IN THE ROCKIES.

My letter this month will not tell about work, but rather about recreation and rest. I was quite ready for it when the time came. A steady run of work for

several months daily, with no respite, had gotten me into a kind of nervous condition which demanded recreation.

For me to secure the full benefits of a vacation, I must go away from the busy activities of life, away from the haunts of men, and enter into the quiet restfulness of nature's solitudes. Naturally my steps led me westward to the dear old mountains, among which for many years I dwelt. How different the trip from the first I made into Montana, nineteen years ago! Then I entered the territory from the south, riding from Salt Lake City northward five hundred miles by stage. Now I entered it from the east, reclining in comfort on the luxurious seats of the Pullman cars of the Northern Pacific. Then we found our meals in log stables by the wayside or in camps; now the splendid dining cars furnish one with every luxury.

I did get a bit of staging, however, this summer. To transact some necessary business, I left the Northern Pacific at Billings, entered a stage familiarly known as the "Jerky," which at night gave way to a buck-board, and went one hundred miles north to the foot of the Big Snowy Mountains.

(After this trip, the Bishop went on to Livingston, and from there was driven over the foot-hills to a stream called the Boulder. Here he found the Rev. Dr. James M. Sterrett, Professor at Seabury, with his three sons, awaiting him at the camp, which was in fine order. Unfortunately, after one day together, a severe attack of neuralgia of the heart forced Dr. Sterrett reluctantly to return home, and his sons went with him.)

This left me alone with my guide, but I am too fond of streams and mountains and trout-fishing to get

lonely. For ten days I remained in camp and enjoyed every moment of the time. Certainly the trout-fishing on the Boulder is unexcelled by that of any stream in which I have ever wet my line. The trout are large, many of them reaching two pounds; they are gamy; the stream can be waded; a fly can be cast in all parts of it without difficulty; and the numbers to be secured are only limited by one's time and inclination. The scenery of the middle Boulder is very picturesque and in many places grand. Game is also very plentiful, and our larder was kept supplied with it by the slightest effort.

I broke camp very reluctantly, but my memory will return to the Boulder many times the coming year, and each memory will be a distinct refreshment.

On my way out I met my friend, and a veteran in the art of trout-fishing, Judge Wilder of Red Wing, with a party on their way through the Yellowstone Park. . . . I ran over to the west of the mountains, and spent two days with my brother in Missoula, and then returned to my work, greatly refreshed.

On one of his camping vacations in Montana, Bishop Gilbert had a unique experience, which he recorded in an article published in *Field and Stream*, a magazine for sportsmen. It was entitled "Three Big Trout on Two Flies." The story is too long to print here in full. He was casting with two flies on one line, when, at the same moment, two trout seized the flies. While he was playing them, a great "bull trout" tried to swallow the smaller of the two, and, when too late, discovered that he was himself caught. After a

long fight the Bishop succeeded in guiding all three into his landing net.

The excitement and work have exhausted me. I sit down and breathe. Then I weigh them and find that their combined weight is eight pounds and a half. Three trout on two flies, and landed with a seven ounce rod. I was satisfied. . . . I pushed on up the stream until I came, half a mile beyond, to the shores of Red Eagle Lake. The trout were "breaking" all over its surface, yet I made no further casts, but revelled in the glory and grandeur of the scene before me—the sapphire lake, the glacier in the cleft of the mountains, the mighty peaks watching and warding this wondrous jewel at their feet. So I sat upon the beach, and drank in the inspiration of my surroundings. I forgot the world of care in the busy fretting life far away.¹

On another vacation visit, Bishop Gilbert had a startling adventure. He had gone to Montana with a friend for a hunting and fishing expedition. At a familiar place, they left the train, hired horses of an old acquaintance, and started on their journey. On the way they met a party of rough-looking men, one of whom came up to the Bishop, looked his horse over, and claimed it as his own. Fearing trouble, Dr. Gilbert and his friend managed to break away from the men, and rode off at full speed. This did not end the adventure, for the next morning, as they were breaking camp, the county sheriff appeared with a warrant for their arrest as horse thieves. Fortunately, he was well

¹ *Field and Stream*, 1896, p. 108.

acquainted with the Bishop, and, on recognizing him, broke out into uncontrollable laughter. The matter was soon explained. The horses which they rode had strayed into the premises of the man from whom they hired them, and he had ventured to send them out, supposing that no one would claim them. This story has been told in several forms. In the most dramatic version, the rope is actually around the Bishop's neck to hang him, when a friend rides up and saves him.

The last vacation trip among the mountains of which there is record was that of August, 1898. This outing was in the Clearwater Country of Idaho, his companions, besides the guide and cook, being Prof. Charles C. Camp of Seabury, and Mr. Alfred H. Bill, of Faribault. A very interesting narrative of this camping party was written by the Bishop, also for *Field and Stream*, and was published in the number for April, 1899, with four illustrations from photographs. Its title was, "Trout Fishing in Idaho." The journey to the Clearwater involved much hardship, but they were repaid. The Bishop writes:

The situation was ideal; the river teemed with trout, the hot springs, both above and below our camp, were famous "licks" for deer and elk, and our bill of fare was made up of venison steaks, grouse, and fish, served to our liking. . . . For eleven days we revelled in the enchantment of this remote wilderness on the banks of this picturesque stream. . . .

It is the absolute freedom from the conventionalities of social life that adds the keenest zest to the

enjoyment of a vacation. I am frank to say that I cannot appreciate the pleasure which some very excellent and charming people seem to take at the fashionable summer resort, where the restrictions of social requirements are still paramount. Give me the wilderness with its silence, its isolation, its solitude. Give me the music of the secluded water falls, rather than the music of the paid band on the hotel porch. Give me the happy greeting of the graceful, careless water ousel, as he hops through the spray from stone to stone. Give me the gleam of the rainbow on the glistening sides of the darting trout, and the swift rush and break as he strikes for my "coachman." Give me these, and such as these, in preference to all the attractions of artificial environment, and I am content. . . .

Often in the long winter evenings in my study do I live over the incidents of that memorable August on the Lo Lo trail, in the heart of the Bitter Root Mountains, and my memory's chambers are peopled with its fascinating images. Such an experience as this keeps my heart ever young.²

² *Field and Stream*, Vol. IV., pp. 310-314.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOSING YEARS.

MANY YEARS before the modern phrase became current, Bishop Gilbert lived "the strenuous life." When his labor was lightened in one direction, he found room for increased activity in another. His mind and spirit were always alert, and demanded expression.

When, at last, northern Minnesota had a Bishop of its own he was relieved of much care and travel, but the number of his engagements, or of his sermons and addresses, did not diminish. His annual report for 1898 showed that he had made 174 visitations, and had delivered 329 sermons and addresses. Of these latter, fifteen had been in England and Ireland in connection with the Lambeth Conference, and nine others were outside of the Diocese. At the Convention of 1895 he had been elected President of the American Church Sunday School Institute, to serve for a term of three years. Bishop Gilbert was always interested in Sunday school advancement, and now was sought, even

more frequently, as a speaker at Sunday school gatherings and institutes in many dioceses.

In February, 1898, he attended the Fiftieth Annual Convention of Theta Delta Chi, at the Windsor Hotel, New York, and on the evening of February 10, he presided as toastmaster at the Anniversary Banquet, and made a capital address.¹

Without fear of "entangling alliances," on March first, he addressed a Sunday school gathering at the Woodlawn Park Baptist Church in St. Paul, and a fortnight later he preached to the students of the State University in the Andrew Presbyterian Church in Minneapolis.

For many years it was Bishop Gilbert's custom to spend his Easter as follows: In the morning he would preach at Christ Church in St. Paul; in the afternoon he visited the State Penitentiary in Stillwater, where the prisoners looked upon his coming as a great event; in the evening he would visit Ascension Church, in the same city, administer confirmation, and preach to a congregation which filled the church to overflowing.

At the laying of the cornerstone of the magnificent State Capitol in St. Paul, July 27, 1898, Bishop Gilbert was given a position of honor in the elaborate

¹ "Everyone remembers the peculiar grace and pleasing dignity with which Bishop Gilbert presided. He always said the right thing at the right time." The *Shield*, of Theta Delta Chi, March, 1898, p. 58. See also pp. 1-56. Bishop Gilbert also showed a most brotherly interest in the chapter of his fraternity in the University of Minnesota, and presided at their first banquet in 1892.

ceremonies, and pronounced the benediction at the close.

By these services, and by many others like them he fulfilled the wider ministry of his office.

In an open letter in 1898, just before the great revival of missionary interest in the Episcopal Church, Bishop Gilbert made two wise suggestions, which, as since developed, with Bishop Brewer's admirable Apportionment Plan, have done wonders in arousing enthusiasm for missions:

AGITATE! AGITATE!

To the Editor of The Churchman:

Your editorials on the subject of missions have greatly moved me. Never before have I so deeply realized the "sleep" which has so heavily fallen upon the Church in regard to that which is the primary object of her existence. You have sounded the bugle note of awakening and advance. How can the Church respond?

Churchmen are inherently as generous as members of other Christian bodies. They simply need arousing. Can this be done? Yes. How? Agitate! Agitate! In what way? In press, in pulpit, in convocation and convention.

Instead of having one Missionary Council during the year in one city, let there be three in different parts of the country. The Missionary Council focalizes missionary interest and enthusiasm. It warms the hearts of the immediate community. It sends the delegates and attendants home with glowing hearts. Why not utilize this splendid and effective agency in a larger measure?

Put into the work at least two field secretaries. Let them go from one end of the land to the other, organizing missionary meetings, addressing congregations, attending diocesan conventions. Let this be their sole duty. They will go with authority; they will be filled with information; they will be the incarnation of the missionary idea.

Other religious bodies do this, and the results are to be seen in the statistics which you have given. We may bewail the lack of opportunity to present missions at the General Convention, but I do not see how this can be avoided. Let us face the situation boldly, and act with wisdom, hopefulness, and courage. Let us fire the Churchman's heart by the living voice.

M. N. GILBERT,

Bishop-Coadjutor of Minnesota

St. Paul, Minn., July 23, 1898.

(Published in the *Churchman*, Aug. 6, 1898, p. 182.)

The General Convention of the Episcopal Church met in the City of Washington from October 5 to 25, 1898. A marked feature of the Convention was the Pilgrimage to Jamestown, Virginia, famous in the early annals of the Colony. On Friday, October 14, three hundred deputies, including twenty-four Bishops, left on a special train for Richmond, the journey being under the auspices of the Churchmen's League of Washington, assisted by Virginia hospitality. The night was spent at the magnificent Hotel Jefferson, and Saturday morning a chartered steamer took the distinguished company down the James River to solitary Jamestown Island, where stands the ruined tower of the ancient

church. There a memorable service was held, reproducing in America something of the spirit which the Churchman feels at Canterbury or Glastonbury. It was on this pilgrimage, on the steamer passing historic battlegrounds and stately country seats, that the writer of this volume had his longest conversation with Bishop Gilbert. On that holiday the Bishop was free from cares, and had abundant leisure to talk of his college days, and of his life work. The day was an ideal one, and will never be forgotten.

The year which followed was marked by an unusual number, even for him, of addresses, patriotic, civic, religious, outside of diocesan routine, but not outside of diocesan usefulness. His journal contains many items like the following: "attended annual meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution, St. Paul"; "gave an address before the Public School Union of St. Paul"; "made an address before the Knights Templar, St. Paul"; "addressed the Y. M. C. A. in St. Louis"; "gave a lecture in South St. Paul"; "addressed the annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in Minneapolis"; "took part in the patriotic exercises of Washington's Birthday"; "addressed the Woman's Civic League in St. Paul"; "addressed the Society of American Wars in Minneapolis."

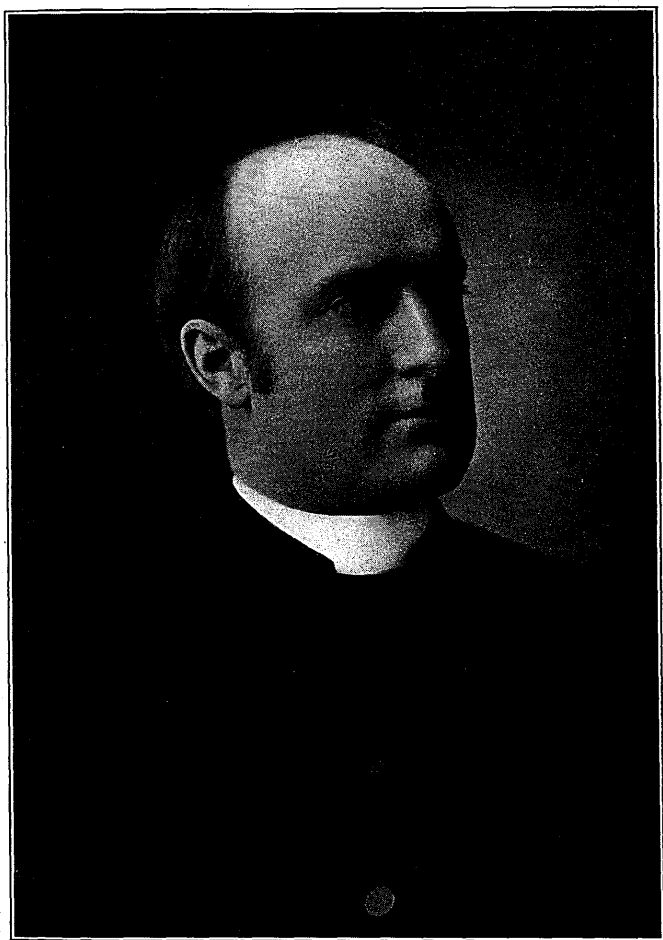
On January 25, 1899, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, Bishop Gilbert took part in a service which was to link his episcopate with that of his successor. On that day he was one of the consecrators of the Rev.

Dr. Samuel Cook Edsall, as Bishop of North Dakota. A little over two years later, Bishop Edsall was elected Coadjutor of Minnesota, and became the third Bishop in that Diocese.

In May, 1899, he made a short visit to St. Louis, the home of the beloved Bishop Tuttle, to take part in an anniversary of unusual character. By the foundation of the late Henry Shaw there is delivered in Christ Cathedral each May what is known as the "Flower Sermon," the design of the founder being that the preacher shall set forth "the wisdom and goodness of God," as seen in nature. On the evening before, there was the annual banquet of the Trustees of the Botanical Garden of St. Louis, at which Bishop Gilbert made an address. On Sunday, May 14, he preached the "Flower Sermon," to a large congregation, from the text, "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide," Genesis xxiv. 63. This sermon was printed in pamphlet form, and is perhaps his last sermon which was thus printed. It abounds in high thoughts beautifully expressed. Here, as in many of his printed sermons, he quotes the poets—Wordsworth, Bryant, Mrs. Browning.

He speaks again of his own personal experience of nature's healing power:

After months of incessant labor, when my physical powers have become so wearied that disordered fancies creep into my brain, and the burdens of life become almost insupportable, and doubts of my fellow men and



BISHOP EDSALL
At the Time of his Consecration

of myself and of God get into my soul, in very desperation I flee away from them all, and hie me to some wild, remote mountain valley, far removed from the haunts of busy men, and the very opposite of the conditions under which I have been living. There, where water courses speed onward with an unfettered freedom, where the wild phlox and the rhododendron bloom in untrimmed beauty, where dark fir and scented balsam bend from the mountain sides, where through the foam of the waterfall the brown thrush darts from stone to stone, where the iridescent trout hides in the shadow of a jutting root, and where the song of nature is a song of peace, there I find physical restoration and mental readjustment, there I find in conscious nearness the presence of my Heavenly Father who, before, had seemed to be far away; and in the words of Mrs. Browning:

"I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness,
Round my restlessness, His rest."

This marvellous power of nature to put things human in proper equipoise is God's way. So simple that most men pass it by; so true, so clear, so unmistakable, that God's wisdom and goodness shine out in clearest light. . . .

Nature does not designedly put before us moral and spiritual truths, but to the reverent mind seeking them she reveals them. To the soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness come, from every corner of nature's pulsating life, streams of refreshment, filling its inmost recesses with the elixir of heavenly blessing.

In nature there is such an inexhaustible supply of suggestions toward a purer and higher life that every person should be put in contact with it. Is not this fact being intelligently and practically accepted? Is

it not the recognition of this principle that has given life to that significant work in so many of our city churches, generally known as the "Fresh Air Fund?"

"What do these poor people most need?" I once asked the founder of Toynbee Hall, in East London, as I looked upon the fearful abjectness and misery congested there. "More imagination," was his quick reply. "How will they find it?" "By bringing the beauty of the country into the city in more parks, by bringing the city into the country in seaside and country-side settlements." This is the conviction of no mere idealist, but of one who knew the needs of poor humanity as few knew them. "More imagination," yes, to make them see in every tree and flower and breaking wave a vision of a purer, freer, more wholesome life, and so seeing to excite within their breasts a new ambition to be what God wants them to be.

He who by his beneficence makes possible the creation of parks and gardens in the heart of our great cities, wherein the man, whose life is cramped and sordid, can "see visions and dream dreams" of something nobler and truer for himself, is the practical philanthropist, the true social reformer.

Noting as I do the ever increasing development of this true philanthropy, . . . I look out with hopeful eyes into the future and forecast a brighter day for my brother man. It may not be a Paradise wholly regained, but it will be not unlike that first Paradise wherein the rich life of nature filled all things, and wherein sin was afraid and ashamed to show its face. . . .

The Greek revelled in ideal creations of beauty, but it tended toward animalism; the Christian revels in the glorious beauty of foliage and flowers, and he is

lifted out of the sphere of his lower self into the realm of purity.

The world is better to-day than ever before, because man "in the fields" is absorbing more and more the life of God. So this earth of ours is being recognized as prophetic of Heaven, as the prototype of that wondrous country which by faith we see from afar. We wander in the fields rich and fragrant with the flowers of hope, and with expectant eyes gaze onward toward that sun-land wherein wisdom and goodness are enthroned in the person of our Ascended Lord.

During Lent, 1899, the pastor of the People's Church in St. Paul, the Rev. Samuel G. Smith, arranged for a series of lecture-sermons by leading representatives of different Christian denominations. On Sunday evening, March 12, as reported in a St. Paul newspaper, "Episcopalianism had its inning." The probability that the lecture would be regarded in such a light would have deterred some of our leaders from participating in the course, but Bishop Gilbert was never one to hold aloof. He began by saying:

MY FRIENDS:—I avail myself very cheerfully of the invitation that was so courteously extended to me by the pastor of this church to deliver one of the lectures in the course which he had prepared, and more especially because it gives me an opportunity of explaining some positions which I have occupied all my life, and perhaps to remove some prejudices, and to affirm some principles which may be held by others who are listening to me to-night. I would far rather always try to discover the points of contact between the dis-severed hosts of the Church than to dwell upon the

differences, and I don't think I shall dwell upon the differences very much to-night. As my eye ranges itself over the audience this evening, I feel that there are fewer points of difference than of contact, and I will therefore dwell upon the things that we hold in common. I am very glad to speak of those things wherein we enjoy what might be called a common purpose and a common ambition.

I have been asked to-night to speak on the subject, "Why am I an Episcopalian?" Of course, if I were to state the subject from my own standpoint and a little more satisfactorily to myself, I should probably state it as, "Why am I a Churchman?" but, nevertheless, as names are necessary in order to distinguish bodies from one another, I am perfectly willing to accept this definition and to give my reasons for the position I occupy.

Some years ago, I was preaching in a little town in the western part of the State, and preaching a sermon which seemed to me perfectly natural to preach, . . . and a very excellent Christian woman, the wife of the Baptist minister, came to me and said that she was exceedingly pleased with my sermon, but she couldn't see how it was that a man of my liberal ideas should not stand on the broad platform with the Baptists. I answered as pleasantly as possible, and told her that, perhaps, with further enlightenment, I might be able to satisfy her ambition; but, nevertheless, I felt somewhat hurt by it, because it seemed to me to express that general misunderstanding of our Church's position which was so perfectly apparent to me myself.

In the atmosphere in which I have always been reared, I could not preach any less of a liberal sermon; it would not have been possible; it was simply because I was preaching that which had grown out of the teach-

ings of my whole life, and which had been confirmed by my experience. . . . It seems strange that any man should talk about the Episcopal Church being narrow. What could be broader than the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Christ, and the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit, and that is the position and teaching of the Episcopal Church. . . .

There is not space to quote the Bishop's fourfold argument; it is summed up in his closing words:

Now, my friends, there are my reasons (for my choosing to remain in the Church in which I was born): First, because of its simple Gospel; second, because of its broad and simple faith; third, because of its historic continuity as a part of the Holy Catholic Church; and, fourth, because of its perfection of liturgy.

I am holding what has been handed down to me, loyally and respectfully, because it is a precious legacy; not in the spirit of discord, but in the spirit of the Master, as far as I can, in order that the good things, which are within the treasury of the Church, may be given to others, that they, seeking, may take life again.

So onward, upward, homeward, heavenward, may I travel. Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians and Roman Catholics and Lutherans and others are all traveling heavenward. I know, thank God that I know, that if we are faithful to the old faith, faithful to the word which is Christ's, if we build our foundations on Him alone, that the things that divide us shall pass away, and we shall be united in the Eternal Kingdom. *Amen.*²

Anyone who has studied the lives of those who have

² *St. Paul Globe*, March 13, 1899.

been raised to high office recognizes that in many cases the opportunity creates the man. It is not always so; some are made and some are marred by positions of influence and authority. If, with President Cleveland, one recognizes that "public office is a public trust," it is probable that the incumbent will develop in unforeseen ways to fulfill his ministry. Others, led astray by the glamour of rank and a false sense of the dignity of their station, make shipwreck.

Bishop Gilbert on three occasions put into words his own experience in the episcopate, his own difficulties, his own ideals. In the sermon which he preached at the consecration of Bishop Graves, he said:

Brother beloved, the Church, our venerated Mother, is calling you to-day, and bidding you to go forth into a field of marvellous opportunities. Before you, as one of her chosen leaders, she sets an open door. It is a door which, while it opens into a land of promise, opens also into a life of toil and care and burden-bearing, which endeth only at the grave. . . . How my heart goes out to you now in this solemn hour of consecration! How it throbs with sympathy as the future with its burdens rises before me! Do I not know, and ought I not to tell you of its isolation, of the wakeful hours of the night watches, when the bleating of the sheep without shepherds will ring and re-ring in your ears; of the wandering across the prairies, of the tiresome car journeys, of the homelessness, for a Bishop has no home, of misconstructions and misunderstandings of motives, of the oft-times crowding down of the spiritual by the constant pressure of the material? All these

things you see now as in a glass darkly, but they will surely come. We would not disguise them. Yea, these are the burdens of the Episcopate—and these are its glories, too. Glories, because to endure hardships for Christ, to spend and be spent in His service, to lay down your life if need be for Him, all this is to feel that you are treading in His very footsteps. Men talk about the honor of being a Bishop. Yea, it is a great honor, but most an honor in its sacrifices.³

In the sermon preached at Bishop Barker's consecration, Bishop Gilbert, mindful of the charge made to him at his own consecration, said:

It is indeed an honor to be a Bishop in the Church of God, but let that take care of itself. In faithful service, in constant duty-doing, in loving ministrations, will you most truly show forth its honor and dignity.⁴

Some years later, after a still wider experience, Bishop Gilbert summed up the ideals of the Episcopate. It was in a sermon of great beauty and power which he preached at the "Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Beginning of Bishop Hare's Work in South Dakota." It was preached in St. Mark's Church, Aberdeen, at the time of the annual Convocation of 1898, on the evening of Thursday, September 15. The text was:

I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. . . . Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern

³ *The Open Door*, Sermon of January 1, 1890, p. 11.

⁴ *The Episcopate and the Prayer Book—The Two Arms of the Church*. Sermon of January 25, 1893, p. 16.

between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? I Kings, iii. 7, 9.

Bishop Gilbert applied these words as expressing Dr. Hare's hesitation and humility when the call had come to him to take up the work of a Missionary Bishop. He showed with what consecration he had entered upon the office, and with what ability and success he had done his difficult work:

We are not to look for the full outcome of the Church's work in our own generation; but I confidently affirm that in South Dakota, and elsewhere throughout our new land, in another generation the claims, the faith, the teachings of this Apostolic Church of ours will be universally understood, recognized, and in a large measure accepted. In the confidence of this hope the Bishop who lays foundations labors patiently, cheerfully on. Disappointments, nay even disasters, may come; his most cherished plans may fail; but working with God he tries to do his duty as he sees it, and leaves the results in the Almighty's hands, knowing that the Church is founded upon the rock, even Jesus Christ, and that "the gates of hell cannot prevail against her."

Did time permit, I would dwell upon some of these fundamental truths for which a leader of God's hosts, a Bishop, must stand. Such thoughts are germane to an occasion like this, and in reality ought to be declared. He must represent in his own personal work and character all that enters into the upbuilding of the Kingdom of righteousness among a people. As the living exponent of this principle he can be no time-server. . . . His voice must ever be heard with no uncertain sound on the side of "temperance, soberness, and chas-

tity." Because he sees and knows the unique importance of the pure Christian home, he must defend it as with a shield. . . .

Again, a Bishop of the Church must be the upholder of law. The wild ebullitions of anarchistic socialism in their various manifestations, defeating as they do the very purposes for which society is founded, are to find their true antidote in the acceptance of those principles of brotherhood which are embodied in the life and teachings of Christ. There can be no unity without fraternity, without the acknowledgement of the Fatherhood of God. For this, the Church stands. If she be true to the teachings of her Founder, she grasps men of every station with an impartial hand, and cries out, "Sirs, ye are brethren." A Bishop must be the active promoter of this divine spirit, and his life and work must know no distinction between the rich and the poor, the employer and the employed. Men will interpret the Church through him. . . .

A Bishop must be the defender of the Faith once delivered to the Saints. He cannot compromise it. . . . He cannot minimize its supernatural power. . . . So standing firm, he shall be a rallying point for men shaken by the uncertainties of the times, and in him they will see and grasp that calm confidence in the unshaken and unshakable truths of the eternal, which shall give them the sure measure of repose. . . .

Finally, a Bishop must be the veritable incarnation of the spirit of charity, love; for love is the fulfilling of the law. The greatest of Christian virtues must find in his heart a willing, congenial home. With it he can extend the olive branch of peace to weary men; by it he can most truly advance the cause of Christian unity; through it he shall draw men near to the heart

of the Church, where the inexhaustible fount of love is found. . . . To his loving heart, expanding ever with sympathy, will come the storm-tossed and distressed; into his ear of paternal affection will they freely pour the story of their sorrows and troubles, and find themselves comforted and strengthened by the touch of a loving soul.⁵

The Diocesan Council of 1899 was the last which Bishop Gilbert attended. It met in Faribault, and was memorable as the fortieth anniversary of the election of Bishop Whipple, which was celebrated with appropriate honors. At the banquet held in the Armory, on the evening of June 7, among other distinguished speakers, Bishop Gilbert was called upon to respond to the toast, "The Diocesan and the Coadjutor."

He began "by paying a very tender and beautiful tribute to Bishop Whipple. The relation between them, he said, had been not only that of co-laborer, but also the nearer and dearer one of father and son."

In closing, Bishop Gilbert spoke most beautifully of the harmony which had ever sweetened and hallowed his peculiar relationship as Coadjutor with the Diocese and its first Bishop. "I was never more surprised nor more grieved," said he, "than on hearing another Coadjutor Bishop once say that he thought the position a most vexing one to fill on account of friction. Never has it been so to me—trials there have been and hard work, and I have been at times, I fear, a fractious

⁵ *Addresses Relating to the Growth of the Church in the Missionary Jurisdiction of South Dakota*, from June, A. D. 1860, to June, A. D. 1898, pp. 101-102.

son—but the great loving heart and broad charity of my superior and father have ever made the relation a blessed and happy one, and when the time comes for the Diocese of Minnesota to choose their next Bishop Coadjutor, I hope he may have as loyal and as loving support from both Bishop and people as I have had.”

Then, addressing himself to Bishop Whipple, the younger Bishop most earnestly wished for the older the best which could come to him in the years during which he still trusted his presence might be a continued benediction to his people.⁶

In this address, and in conversation with friends, Bishop Gilbert several times expressed the feeling that he would not outlive the Diocesan. The work of the undivided diocese had told heavily upon him, and his hair and beard were strongly marked with white. He had never spared himself from exposure, and his friends thought he took very poor care of his health. One act of the Council promised to bring some relief; the Diocese was once more provided with a General Missionary. The Rev. Charles Edgar Haupt, in September, entered upon this office. Mr. Haupt had already founded the Deaconess Home and Training School, which was doing a most excellent work; he now took up the task of visiting the weaker parishes, and those that were vacant or in some special need. In this field he showed untiring devotion, accomplishing great good, and relieving the Bishop of much care.

⁶ Journal of the Forty-first Annual Council, Diocese of Minnesota, pp. 59, 60.

In the spring of 1899, Mrs. Gilbert had a severe illness, and was for several months in St. Luke's Hospital. By special resolution of the Council, it was requested of the Bishop "that so far as possible he will cancel all engagements that may take him from her side." In the summer, while Mrs. Gilbert was convalescent, his sympathy was called in another direction. Mrs. Harriet Foote Tuttle, his former teacher, wife of his dear friend, Bishop Tuttle, died suddenly on August 18. Bishop Gilbert hastened to St. Louis, and officiated at the funeral, and gave the comfort of his loving heart.

Naturally, this summer, there was no outing in the far West. As Mrs. Gilbert's health improved, the Bishop began to make occasional visitations, and by September he was in the midst of his usual routine. This one month is marked by an address in Duluth, at the meeting of the State Board of Charities and Corrections; by an address in St. Paul at the fiftieth anniversary of St. Paul's Lodge of Freemasons; by an address, at the Commercial Club in St. Paul, in behalf of a proposed National Park in Northern Minnesota; by attending a reception to University students in Minneapolis; and by a journey to Kansas, where he preached the sermon at the Diocesan Convention, and addressed the Daughters of the King and the Woman's Auxiliary. These and twenty other engagements well filled the time.

October was equally busy. Bishop Gilbert showed his fraternal spirit by speaking at the fiftieth anni-

versary of the establishment of the Baptist Church in St. Paul, attended sessions of the Woman's Auxiliary, the Sunday School Institute, the Daughters of the King, and the Minnesota Church Club. He was also present, though he did not speak, at the National Church Congress held in St. Paul. On October 14 he took part in the services commemorative of the fortieth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Whipple. A notable occasion was a meeting of the Labor Association in the People's Church, St. Paul, at which Bishop Potter preached, and Bishop Gilbert read the prayers. In this month also, Bishop Gilbert made his last visit to St. Louis, to attend a meeting of the House of Bishops, and while there spoke at missionary meetings and preached.

November 22, the Commercial Club honored Archbishop Ireland, the well known prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, by a large reception at which many distinguished persons were present. Of Bishop Gilbert's speech of congratulation only an abstract is preserved. He said in part:

We who are present to-night are united in a bond that is something more than a civic bond, a bond of brotherhood in a very ideal sense, all looking to the uplifting of the city in righteousness and morality. This occasion is one of peculiar significance. I rejoice in my heart to pay a tribute to one who is a leader in all that makes for righteousness. Archbishop Ireland would be a leader in any city on earth. The whole world honors him for the same qualities that have

brought him such admiration in the city of his home. He stands not only as the citizen of no mean city, but as one of the leaders of the Nineteenth Century.

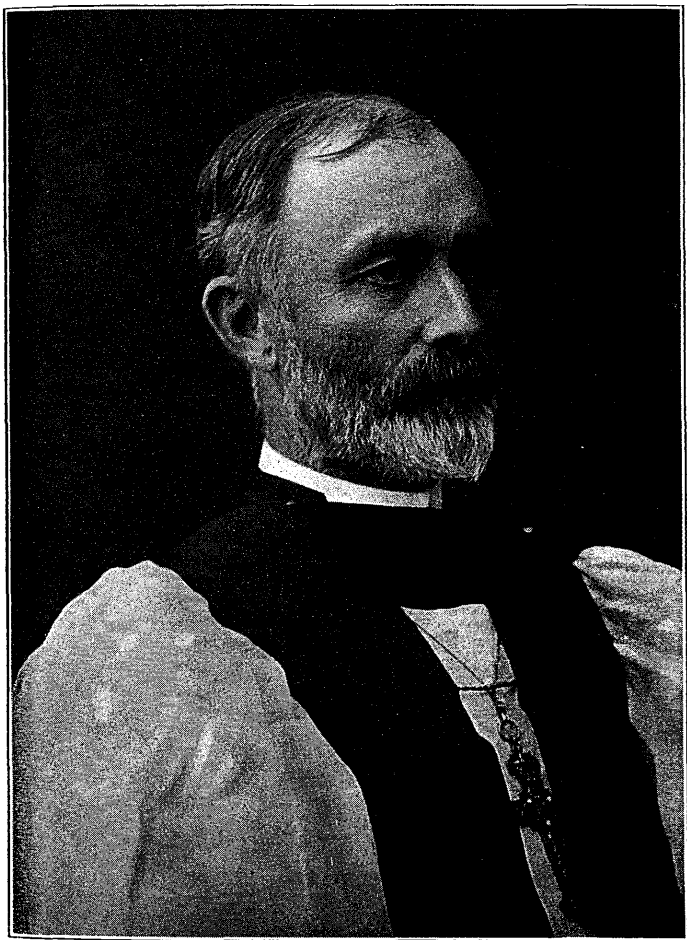
On Thanksgiving Day, which this year fell upon St. Andrew's Day, Bishop Gilbert preached in the morning at the Cathedral in Faribault, and then, as he had done for many years, attended the great Thanksgiving Dinner at Seabury Divinity School.

In December, Bishop Gilbert was present at the opening of the fine parish house of St. Paul's Church, Winona, of which the Rev. Theodore Payne Thurston was rector.

On December 17, as President of the Minnesota Society of the Sons of the Revolution, he presided at a notable service in Christ Church, "In Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Death of George Washington, First President of the United States of America." He also preached the sermon, with his usual patriotic enthusiasm and eloquence.

On December 18, he presided at a meeting of an association for promoting Church work among laboring men, and, perhaps as a result of his evident good will, he was asked, a few days later, to address a meeting in the interest of labor in the Trades and Labor Hall, St. Paul.

Bishop Gilbert ended the year by an address, on December 31, before the Young Men's Christian Association.



BISHOP GILBERT
From a Late Photograph

[To give completeness to the narrative, two or three events of later history are here set down.

Bishop Whipple outlived Bishop Gilbert by over a year and a half. On returning to Minnesota in the spring of 1900, Bishop Whipple planned to ask at once for another Coadjutor, but, following the advice of one of his older clergy, he deferred this, and decided that he would, so far as possible, make once more a general visitation of the Diocese. With youth renewed like the eagle's, the venerable Bishop, almost in his eightieth year, performed the duties of his office, confirming over six hundred, and delivering 239 sermons and addresses, with unabated power. His death came on September 16, 1901, and he was buried beneath the altar of his Cathedral in Faribault.

Before his death, and by his request, the Council elected a Coadjutor. The choice of the Diocese, which was known to coincide with that of the Diocesan, was the Rt. Rev. Samuel Cook Edsall, D.D., Missionary Bishop of North Dakota. During Bishop Gilbert's last illness, Dr. Andrews, hoping to relieve him of some anxiety, suggested that the Diocese would gladly invite some other Bishop to take the spring visitations. Bishop Gilbert assented, saying more than once, "Send for Bishop Edsall!" After Bishop Gilbert's death this was done, and Bishop Edsall made several visitations in Minnesota. In this way, and by other visits, he was well known in the Diocese, and seemed eminently qualified in ability and spirit to succeed Bishop Gilbert.

In accepting the office of Coadjutor, Bishop Edsall asked to remain as Bishop of North Dakota till the General Convention, which was to meet in October, should approve his translation. His request was granted, but in the meanwhile, Bishop Whipple ended his long Episcopate. Accordingly Bishop Edsall succeeded as Bishop of Minnesota, and was formally inducted into office at a solemn service held in Christ Church, St. Paul, November 5, 1901.]

CHAPTER XX.

THE END.

THE LAST RECORD of Bishop Gilbert's Journal, as printed in the *Church Record*, is—"Jan. 9th. Confined to the house with a bad throat." However, he was soon better, and a short time later he went to the East in the interest of the Diocese. For some years Seabury Divinity School had been in financial straits, and he hoped to raise much-needed funds. It was thought, also, that the change might be good for his health, and at first this seemed to be the case. Mrs. Gilbert spent the time of his absence in Faribault, with friends at Seabury Hall. On February 6, she wrote to her friend, Mrs. S. R. McMasters of St. Paul:

I am enjoying Seabury with all of my old-time ardor—Chapel services—cheerful rooms (southern exposure)—noisy men (boys), full of fun and frolic—Miss White [Matron] and Mrs. Camp [mother of Professor Camp] and the Pooles—and a daily drive (except three cold days) in the St. Mary's carriage with Miss Eels—all make my daily life very pleasant. Frances comes over [from St. Mary's Hall] every

Monday and spends the day, and for a little while on Saturday.

My "Lord Bishop" is now in New York, but the shekels for Seabury do not come in, only a few, to his disappointment. However, he had a nice time with my cousins in Philadelphia, and writes that he is "quite well." I would rather have him say his usual "never felt better in my life." . . .

Affectionately,

F. P. GILBERT.

While in New York, Bishop Gilbert was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Van Vechten Olcott, and was in the best of spirits. He had passed the stage of feeling "quite well," and gave them his customary answer, that he "never felt better in his life." It was a great relief that Mrs. Gilbert was so comfortable, and he was going to enjoy this visit, and rest.

To rest, except in vacation time, was impossible. During his stay, he spoke in four churches in New York City. On February 8, a stormy day, he addressed a large congregation in St. James' Church, Derby, Connecticut, on behalf of the Board of Missions, and "won the closest interest." "In closing he asked if the Episcopal Church was the one to carry to the people what they needed, or was it only the Church for the cultivated, the learned, the refined? . . . He had preached the Gospel on the frontier, and to all sorts and conditions of men, and had ever found that the Church was able, with God's help, to reach them all."¹

¹ The *Churchman*, February 24, 1900, p. 244.

The day following, he spoke, also in behalf of Missions, to a large congregation in Christ Church, New Haven.

Of the last fortnight the *Spirit of Missions* has this record:

Less than a fortnight before his death, Bishop Gilbert was at the Church Missions House, in New York, stimulating everyone to harder work and better living by his cheerful confidence. He spoke with great power to the students of the General Theological School of the needs of the West. A few days later he was at the convention of the Church Students' Missionary Association in Gambier [at Kenyon College], and spoke of the opportunities offered to men for shaping the life of western communities. It was to be [almost] his last public utterance. Its burden was characteristic of his life—service.²

The story of how the end came is best told in a letter written by Mrs. May Goodrich McMasters, who was present at his death. This letter was written on March 9, 1900, to her father, Mr. Earle S. Goodrich, then in the City of Washington:

I will simply go over the last few days before the blow struck, which so stunned me, that it seems as though it were a dream from which I must awaken. I knew that the Bishop was expected home on Saturday morning, February twenty-four, and that he would leave for Faribault that afternoon. We had planned a reception for him and Mr. Andrews at the Guild House the following Monday evening. On that after-

² *Spirit of Missions*, Vol. LXV., p. 137.

noon I was at the rectory, when I learned that on account of a bad cold the Bishop would not be down.

Fearing he was alone, I went up to the house, where I found him very ill in bed, the doctor having already seen him. It seems that on his way from the East he went to Lehigh University to visit his nephew. While there he had a chill, but again stopped at Gambier, Ohio, to address some young men. He was delayed in Chicago some hours, and reached home late, and hurried through his business, so as to get to Faribault for another address Saturday night. [This was at the Guild House of the Cathedral, at a meeting of the Men's Club, and was his last public utterance.]

On Sunday he remained quietly with Mrs. Gilbert, who had been ill for ten days. He was greatly disappointed in finding her so sick, and frequently referred to it during his illness. [On Monday he returned alone to St. Paul, planning to attend a meeting of the Board of Missions, but sent word that he could not come, on account of a raging headache.]

I went to him every day, remaining until the doctor came at night, and though he had pneumonia, his symptoms were more favorable than in the severe attack of some years ago, but what I did not realize was, that his best lung was affected, and his other one could do no work. All of Wednesday night and Thursday oxygen was given him. On Thursday at half-past six, the symptoms were more favorable than they had been, temperature lower, respirations better, but he was alarmingly weak. I decided to remain through the night, feeling anxious. The doctor came at ten, remaining until twelve, when he left the Bishop resting quietly. At two the nurse telephoned for him, the breathing having suddenly become very quick and loud.

Dr. Ogden also was summoned, but all our united efforts failed to help, and at twenty minutes of four, Friday morning [March 2], the strong, gentle spirit returned to God who gave it.

On the early morning train Mrs. Edgerton and I went to Faribault, carrying the dread news—half hoping to bring Mrs. Gilbert back with us—but she was so alarmingly weak that it was thought best to leave her there, and on Monday a special car went down for her, with Dr. Greene and the nurse. On Tuesday morning early, Mrs. Gilbert was carried into the room where the Bishop lay, and there, beside him, the Holy Communion was administered by Mr. Poole, the old friend of the Bishop, who had married them. Frances was to have been confirmed at Easter, and it will always remain a beautiful memory to her, that she first received the Holy Communion by her father.

At ten o'clock, there was a service at the house for the close friends. Mr. Andrews read the most comforting words from the Scriptures and the hymn, "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" with great tenderness. I am sure as Mrs. Gilbert heard it from her sick-bed she must have been helped and uplifted. At half-past two, the service was held at the church—before which the body had lain in state from eleven until two. Dear Bishop Tuttle officiated there; and our hearts went out to him in his great bereavement, losing a son, brother Bishop, and life-long friend.

At Oakland Bishop Tuttle conducted the service until Bishop Millsbaugh took it up, singing "I heard a voice from Heaven," etc. Beginning very softly, gradually his voice rose until "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," was a shout of triumph. It was indescribably beautiful. There we left him.

Through the long days, as the Bishop lay on his bier, I have never seen a more beautiful sight. It was the peace of God. He had much color in his face, the ears were pink and the cheeks, while it seemed as though the eyes must unclose, and hold us with the clear, magnetic gaze which had so often thrilled us.

To stand as I did at his side with strong men and women utterly heartbroken, as they told what he had been to them in their hour of need, was to realize in some measure the boundless sympathy of his great heart. Now will come the hard task of living without him, of missing the strong, hearty hand clasp, the cheering tones of his dear voice. Life will often be difficult, unless we can gain inspiration from his unselfish life. God grant we may.

During the Bishop's illness two nurses from St. Luke's Hospital were in attendance, the physician in charge being Dr. Henry Hutchinson. Each day the Rev. Mr. Andrews came to see him, and on his last visit, though he still expected a recovery, he was moved to read the Commendatory Prayer.

Very few were aware of the severity of the Bishop's illness, and the news of his death came as a great shock. As the report spread, the whole city was moved. The morning newspapers were printed too early for an announcement, but the evening papers devoted many columns to the story of his life.

In an editorial headed "Bishop Gilbert," the St. Paul *Globe* of March 3 speaks of the praise that is rightly given to the pioneers who have developed "the

material resources of the American wilderness of a few years ago," and adds:

But if we have honor to bestow on such men, what meed of praise and love should we extend to men like the noble gentleman who has just brought his career as a Christian minister to a close in this city and has gone to the reward which he so signally earned! The late Bishop Gilbert was possessed of intellectual powers so grand that they are rarely to be found even among the most distinguished men in the great centers of the world's activity. And these splendid acquirements he gave with all the devotion of a true soldier of the cross to the redemption of the souls of men in regions so far removed from the civilized centers of his time that he might be said to have voluntarily suffered banishment from the face of his kind in the pursuit of his divine calling. . . .

From the humble missionary, working at the outset among the savages and outcasts of society, the late Bishop Gilbert evolved into the eloquent and influential Bishop of a powerful Church, known and respected wherever men gather to worship God under its protection. Such men as he must inevitably find their true level, and devotion such as his does not always pass away without receiving the recognition that it merits.

The death of no man, however rich or powerful, will bring with it more of true sorrow to the hearts of the kindly Christian men and women of Minnesota than will result from the death of this eloquent and zealous pastor.

On the day of the funeral, Tuesday, March 6, a sorrowing multitude, estimated at five thousand persons,

passed in endless line into Christ Church to look at the dear face of their friend.

On the bier was a large cross of Easter lilies, lilies of the valley, and violets, the gift of the clergy. The Bishop's chair in the chancel was decorated with the Episcopal purple, and the altar and chancel were trimmed with the green that speaks of immortality. Conspicuous among the many beautiful floral offerings was a large wreath of violets sent by the Sons of the Revolution, a floral compass, a Masonic emblem, . . . and a wreath of white roses from the Indian agency.³

Before the time set for the public service in Christ Church it was filled with such a throng as never before, "and a mass of people were surging about the doors, seeking an entrance. It was no crowd of curiosity seekers, but one of mourners."

The Bishop's vicar, the Rev. Ernest Dray, led the long funeral procession, and the cross was carried by the Rev. M. J. Simpson. The honorary pallbearers followed, a long line representing many institutions and societies within and without the Church. Among them were Dr. G. R. Metcalf, for the Minnesota Masonic Veteran's Association; Henry P. Upham, for the Bishop's Masonic Lodge; representatives of patriotic societies; Rev. Dr. Dobbin of Shattuck; Rev. Dr. Wilson of Seabury; Rev. E. S. Peake of St. Mary's; Rev. Dr. Tanner of Breck School; Judge Atwater of Minneapolis, and Judge Wilder of Red Wing representing the older generation of laymen; besides these there were

³ The *Minneapolis Times*, March 7, 1900.

the Standing Committee of the Diocese, the wardens of Christ Church and of St. Clement's, and over forty vested clergymen. Eight of the younger clergy served as active pall bearers. There were three Bishops present, all of whom took part in the service: Bishop Tuttle, Bishop Millspaugh, and Bishop Edsall.

During the service the choir sang "My Faith looks up to Thee," and at its close, "For all the Saints who from their Labours rest." As the cortege left the church the *Nunc Dimittis* was chanted, and then the organ took up the solemn strains of Handel's "Dead March in Saul."

It was a service of appropriate dignity and simplicity. The Prayer Book service alone was used, there being no eulogy, such being the custom of the Episcopal Church.

At this time Bishop Whipple was absent on a mission in Porto Rico, and was of course unable to be present. The Rev. Mr. Andrews sent him a telegram telling of Bishop Gilbert's death, and there came the prompt reply: "Our hearts overflow to bereaved family and Diocese. Philippians second, verse 22," which is, "Ye know the proof of him, that as a son with the father, he hath served with me in the gospel." In a letter written March 3d "To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Minnesota," Bishop Whipple said:

I have just received the sad news of the death of dear Bishop Gilbert. For more than twenty-five years he has been as my son, and God knows how I have

loved him. I have watched the development of his mind and heart with the joy of a father, and for more than thirteen years he has been my right hand in the administration of the diocese. As I look back upon the past, in all our relations, I have not a memory to blot. He entered into all of my plans along the lines which have made Minnesota so blessed a field for the work of the Church. . . .

I have no words to express the overwhelming sorrow at this loss. Our Heavenly Father cannot do wrong to His children. He alone can comfort our hearts and overrule this Providence for the good of His Church. I ask your united prayers for the diocese and myself.

Praying God to bless you, I am, with the deepest love and sympathy in our bereavement,

Yours faithfully, H. B. WHIPPLE,

Bishop of Minnesota.

To the Diocese, filled with those who admired and loved him, Bishop Gilbert's death came as a profound and unexpected grief. Though they knew his hold on life was frail, yet the many years of energetic service led them to expect many years to come. What the death of Phillips Brooks was to Massachusetts, in its overwhelming sorrow, the death of Mahlon Gilbert was to Minnesota. Tributes, almost without number, were printed of which only a few extracts can here be given.

A committee of the clergy, of whom the Rev. George H. Mueller was chairman, said:

We, the clergy of the Diocese, shall especially miss him as our friend and adviser, for by his strong and

radiant faith he always set before us the best type of a true shepherd of souls.

From the record of the Council of the Church Club:

He lived and died a Bishop Coadjutor. He brought to that subordinate position loyalty to his diocesan, entire self-abnegation, burning zeal, intense earnestness, sustained enthusiasm, unfailing cheerfulness, a willingness to spend and to be spent in the Master's service. As he could literally say with the Psalmist, "My zeal hath consumed me," so also he could truly say with St. Paul, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus."

He rests with the saints of God. Be it ours to follow him, even as he also followed Christ.

"Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and may light perpetual shine upon him."

The minute of the Standing Committee has this significant commendation:

No part of his work ever lagged because he loved other parts of it better. None of it was left undone because he felt he owed himself an indulgence in rest.

A most intimate friend said of him, "I never saw a man so absolutely free from self-interest as Bishop Gilbert." Another said, "He had the most perfect, best-balanced, Christian character I ever knew."

Other tributes of great variety and beauty came from the Sheltering Arms, the Church Hospitals, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Daughters of the King, and from many vestries and individual Churchmen.

The women of the Minnesota Auxiliary published a small brochure, "In Memoriam." It begins:

All eyes, as we look into them these days, seem to ask, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Several patriotic societies, the Sons of the Revolution, and the Society of Colonial Wars, together with the Sons of the American Revolution (of which he was not a member), bore witness to his high patriotism. His own Masonic Lodge, Ancient Landmark, No. 5, and also St. Paul Lodge, No. 3, spread on their minutes no perfunctory testimonial, but warm expressions of fraternal attachment, with grateful memories of his uplifting words.

Volume IX. of the Minnesota Historical Society Collections has a short sketch of the Bishop, and he was specially commemorated in their regular meeting following his death.

The resolutions of the Chamber of Commerce are of special significance. One sentence must be quoted here:

This city has an enviable reputation as being free from sectarian differences, and no one has contributed more to this happy condition than Bishop Gilbert.

A tribute from "the Methodist Ministers of the Twin Cities" expresses great admiration for his Christian character, and for his breadth of mind.

No tribute would have given the Bishop greater joy than that of an assembly of "wageworkers:"

By his death the workingman loses one of his

staunchest friends, one who was always ready to advise and assist the needy in times of trouble and trial, whose heart always beat in sympathy with the poor and oppressed, whose great and noble soul was filled with love for the lowly, and whose every effort was directed to smooth the rough places in the journey of life, an earnest worker in the cause of his Master, a devout and honest man.⁴

The *Living Church* in its issue of March 10 published the news of Bishop Gilbert's death, together with a long letter from St. Paul, with the heading, "A Bereaved Diocese." In the same number appeared "An Appreciation," by the Rev. Alford A. Butler, warden of Seabury Divinity School. His opening words say what is undoubtedly true, that the Church at large had not yet learned the worth of Bishop Gilbert:

It is doubtful if Churchmen outside of Minnesota have any realization of the loss that has come to the American Church in the death of Bishop Gilbert. Within Minnesota all our eyes are wet with tears, all our hearts are sore. Yet it is those who have been the most closely associated with him in his life and work, that most appreciate the nobleness of the man and the greatness of the Church's loss.

For fourteen years he has done, practically, the whole work of the diocese. No diocesan ever had a more affectionate, faithful, and loyal Coadjutor. No diocese ever had a harder working or more unselfish Bishop. His whole strength and his whole heart went into his labor. Not of strong physique, and needing always to care for himself, he never thought of him-

⁴ The *Minnesota Church Record*, March, 1900.

self, except when his friends insisted that he should take a vacation, or his family physician ordered him to stop work and go to his bed.

And the beauty of all his intense activity was this: it was not the labor of duty, but the labor of love. The beauty of his self-sacrifice came from the fact that it was not a deliberate or conscious denial of self, but an utter forgetfulness of self. His love and labor for the Master was so great to him, that it made self too small to be considered. He was too absorbed in the glory of God to sound his own praises, or to ask another to sound them for him.

The *Churchman* of March 10 prints two notable tributes to Bishop Gilbert. The first is from the Rev. Harry P. Nichols, who had been rector of St. Mark's Church in Minneapolis from 1892 to 1899. He said in part:

Bishop Gilbert's distinctive characteristic was his sturdy Christian manhood. This was manifest in every relation; as friend, as pastor, as citizen, as Bishop. He was dear to those who knew him because he gave them his love freely, frankly. His presence in the home, his companionship on journeys was a joy; for he cared for his friends, he gave them his best, he was interested and enthusiastic. . . .

Whether priest or bishop, he was always a citizen, because he was first a man. He made education, patriotism, public philanthropy, his intelligent concern, and the community where he lived was proud of his presence. We thought him the first citizen of St. Paul when he passed on. . . .

As a counsellor to his clergy and parishes, Bishop Gilbert was generous, forbearing even when not in full

sympathy, hopeful and encouraging even in the darkest times; having tolerance for all methods where the man's heart was serving; intolerant of nothing but indifference and idleness. The little places loved his coming, felt the warmth of his heart and the wisdom of his head. The rectors of larger parishes welcomed his strong words, his large outlook, his confidence in the sure triumph of the right; and it may be said that his only weakness was his boundless optimism.

The Swedish work of our Church will ever regard him as prophet and statesman. The General Convention knew him as a man of convictions and a man of power, to be listened to with respect, to be differed from with caution.

Bishop Gilbert will be the more honored the more his spirit and his work are known. Bishops in the Church of God, of his build, father, friend, man, are the hope and the necessity of our American Church.

In the same number of the *Churchman* appeared an open letter from Bishop Hare, with the heading, "The Late Bishop Gilbert." Nothing could exceed the charm of his expression or the height of his praise:

I have just read in the daily papers a telegraphic announcement of the death of Bishop Gilbert, the Coadjutor of Minnesota, and I must give immediately, out of my wounded heart, some expression to my keen sense of the Church's loss as well as my own.

Bishop Gilbert was as manly a man as I ever knew. Something about him proclaimed him open as the day and transparent as the light. His carriage was erect and forceful, his heart happy, and his manner cheery, though he knew that he had need to be always ready to parry the thrusts of an insidious disease. He was a

vigorous thinker and endowed with the gift of conveying his thoughts to others with directness and fervor. Sound in the faith and devoted to the historic Church, he yet was in sympathy with the independent thought of the age in which he lived, and with the free spirit of the people among whom he dwelt. Earnest in his own purposes and confident of his own plans, he yet never harbored evil feelings toward those who opposed or thwarted him. Always throwing himself with self-abandonment and with hopefulness and sympathy into the work which was before him, he was a healthy breeze in every committee, mission, and parish, to which he went, and always left the atmosphere clearer and sweeter. Unconscious of himself, never a self-seeker, never parading his achievements and never inflated by vanity, he has done a noble work, of which the general Church has never known, but which the diocese of Minnesota knows and will never forget.

My nearest neighbor in the Episcopate, my trusted counsellor, one of my dearest friends—shall I ever find his like again?

WILLIAM H. HARE.

Philadelphia, March 4, 1900.

Bishop Morrison of Duluth, who would naturally have come to the funeral of Bishop Gilbert, was at that time in the East. In his address to the Convocation of Duluth in June, he spoke of Bishop Gilbert with affection and praise:

His rare unselfishness, his absolute devotion to duty, his cheery optimism, and his strong gift of leadership, had drawn him very close to his brethren wherever he was known, and had enabled him to do good and effective service in every department of Church activity.

The remarkable tributes of Bishop Potter and

Bishop Tuttle were given in the introduction to this volume. Few men have received eulogy, so high and so sincere. Bishop Doane of Albany, in the Appendix to the Bishop's Address, as printed in the diocesan Journal of 1900, also pays to Bishop Gilbert a remarkable tribute:

There are more reasons than usual why the Diocese should make note of the death of the Bishop Coadjutor of Minnesota. Bishop Gilbert came from that same staunch parish of Zion Church, Morris, from which Tuttle and Rulison went to the Episcopate; and he was even more "of us," than they were, because his family were Morris Church people, and his first drawing to the ministry, and his first training for it, came to him there through the influence of the beloved Bishop and Mrs. Tuttle. There is no need to tell here the story of his life. Dead at fifty-two, he has given fourteen years of truly apostolic and missionary work in the Diocese of Minnesota, and won for himself a high place of honor and a deep place of affection among his brethren and in the Church at large. Alert and eager, alive with the cheerfulness of hope, burning with zeal, a ready and effective speaker, strong and clear in his convictions and his utterance, he had a marked influence in the House of Bishops, and stirred the Church, whenever he spoke upon matters concerning our missionary work. Above all, he was a devoted and untiring laborer in the field where God put him; instant and incessant in visitations, consecrated alike in service and in character to fold and feed and tend the flock committed to his charge. Surely the zeal of God's house consumed him, and he has gone early to his rest, because he had crowded into the brief space

of his ministry the full service of a longer life. May the Lord grant unto him that only "long life, even for ever and ever."
W. C. D.

Bishop Edsall, of North Dakota, in his annual address thus commemorates the one whom he was to succeed in office:

The death of no man in our Church could have produced a more widespread feeling of personal sorrow than did that of Bishop Gilbert. He exactly fulfilled my ideal of a Western Bishop, and leaves to us, who live after him, the inspiration of an example which we may strive to follow.

The *Church Standard* of Philadelphia says:

Bishop Gilbert was a man of simplicity and godly sincerity, full of the spirit of the highest manliness, and with great personal charm. Strong in brain and pure in heart, he was indeed a workman who needed not to be ashamed. The Church's loss is great, and will be felt not only in the diocese to which he gave his "last full measure of devotion," but in our Eastern cities also, where he was widely known and most highly esteemed.

An editorial in the *Spirit of Missions* for March, 1900, is headed "A Lost Leader," and says that in the death of Bishop Gilbert "the Church on earth has lost one of her most devoted missionaries." The article proceeds:

Bishop Gilbert was a missionary to the manner born. Although he carried his full share of the detail involved in the administration of a Diocese so large as Minnesota, he made time and opportunity for a vast amount

of genuine missionary work. He was a familiar and welcome visitor to the many new communities in the state. . . . He planned to spend a part of each year among the Ojibway Indians in northern Minnesota. He entered heartily into the life of the woods and the plains. In the best sense, he was one with those whose welfare he sought, sharing their rude comforts, leading them on and up to better things, teaching them to be men. He loved to be with them, and to share with them his own unwavering faith in the love of God and His purpose for all men. The Ojibways recognized this, and were his devoted followers. He was indeed their Bishop, because he was their father, adviser, and leader. When the setting off of the District of Duluth removed the Ojibways from his care, he continued to be a regular visitor to the Indian mission at Birch Coulee, and other stations within the Diocese of Minnesota. He seemed to be very conscious of the inherent manhood of his Indian friends. He would often exclaim to some fellow-worker, "Now just look at ———, what a fine old gentleman he is!"

Bishop Gilbert was more than a missionary. He was a leader of men. If responsibility was to be borne, he shouldered it. If work was to be done, he met it more than half way. If a choice were offered between a difficult and an easy task, he allowed some one else to have the lighter burden. If one asked his counsel, he never asked in vain. If directions were to be given, they were given positively, yet tenderly. Virility, humaneness, hopefulness, charity, these were some of the characteristics that caused the Bishop to be loved and followed. And all were fused together by a true reverence for God and for his fellow-men.

Of other printed tributes mention can be made of

only a few. The diocesan magazine, the *Church Record*, devoted most of the March number and much of that of April to letters of appreciation and sympathy, and to formal resolutions from many sources. The Diocesan Journal of the Council, held in June at Christ Church, contains fitting memorials. The *Courant*, a Minnesota magazine, gave the first pages of the issue of March 15 to an affectionate appreciation. The Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* (p.1216), under the heading, "A Hero of the Northwest," told several of his startling adventures on the frontier. The reminiscences published in the *Shield* of Theta Delta Chi for June, 1900, have been cited already in the chapter on the Bishop's life at Hobart College.

On the Sunday following the Bishop's death, in every parish there was some commemoration of the departed Bishop, and in many churches, special memorial services were held. At Christ Church, there was a large congregation mourning the loss of Bishop, rector, and friend. Rev. Mr. Andrew's sermon was a pathetic tribute which touched every heart. At St. Ansgarius' Swedish Episcopal Church, in Minneapolis, there was a notable commemoration. The rector, Rev. O. A. Toffteen, was assisted by the Rev. William Wilkinson, who had been with the Bishop in New York City, only a fortnight before, and who spoke with his usual earnestness of the Bishop's "princely" nature, and loving heart. On the same day, in the evening, at St. Paul's Church, Duluth, there was a special service of

memorial, at which the rector, the Rev. Dr. Ryan, spoke from his intimate knowledge of the Bishop's faith, and wisdom, and love.

The memorial service at Faribault is thus described by the Very Reverend Charles Lewis Slattery, Dean of the Cathedral, in a pamphlet containing the memorial sermon:

The first Sunday morning in Lent, a service in memory of Bishop Gilbert was held in the Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour. There were present in the chancel, beside the Dean of the Cathedral, the Rev. Doctors Dobbin, Tanner, and Wilson; and the Rev. Messrs. Peake and Budlong.

After the processional hymn, "For all the saints who from their labors rest," the Rev. Dr. Wilson, . . . offered the prayers for the afflicted family and the Diocese, and the Thanksgiving for the faithful departed. The hymn, "O God, our Help in ages past," was then sung; and the Dean proceeded to the service of the Holy Communion. . . . The sermon was from the text, "All ye that are about him, bemoan him; and all ye that know his name, say, How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod?" (Jeremiah xlviii. 17).

One sentence from the Dean's sermon may be quoted: "No soldier ever gave his life for his country more truly than this man gave his life for us."

On the same Sunday morning, at the First Methodist Church, in St. Paul, the Presiding Elder paid a high tribute to Bishop Gilbert as one who had left the world richer for the services he had rendered.

On Friday evening, March 16, Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, was filled by a large congregation drawn from many parishes. The rector, the Rev. Dr. Faudé, presided, the order of service being that for All Saints' Day. The rector of St. Paul's Church, the Rev. Dr. Frederick T. Webb, who for eleven years was rector at Helena, Montana, told of the place which Mr. Gilbert held in the hearts of the people of the mountains. The rector of Holy Trinity Church, the Rev. Stuart B. Purves, formerly a parishioner of Mr. Gilbert at Christ Church, spoke of his influence on young men; and the Rev. William Wilkinson related many remarkable incidents of Dr. Gilbert's episcopate, completing the portrait of the man so greatly loved.

Most notable of all commemorations was that held at the People's Church in St. Paul. This service, planned, and largely carried out, by those outside the Episcopal Church, showed, as nothing else could, the universal esteem for Bishop Gilbert. The printed programme bears this wording: "Public Meeting in loving memory of the late Rt. Rev. Mahlon N. Gilbert, D.D., LL.D., Bishop Coadjutor of Minnesota. People's Church. Saint Paul. Tuesday evening, March 20, 1900."

His excellency, the Hon. John Lind, Governor of Minnesota, presided, and with him on the platform were many of the most eminent men of the State. Among them were: Ex-Governor Alexander Ramsey; Ex-Governor Yale; the Hon. A. R. Kiefer, Mayor of

St. Paul; Major General James F. Wade, U. S. A.; the Hon. Charles E. Flandrau; the Hon. Edwin A. Jaggard, Judge of the District Court; the Hon. R. R. Nelson; Mr. A. J. Lindeke, president of the Chamber of Commerce; Rabbi Isaac L. Rypins; Rev. Father Ambrose McNulty; the pastors of many prominent churches; representatives of educational boards, patriotic and fraternal and literary societies—a remarkable assemblage.

Music was rendered by the vested choir of St. Paul's Church, the hymns being:

"From all the saints in warfare, for all Thy
saints at rest."

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep."

"Jerusalem, the golden."

The presiding officer, Governor Lind, spoke briefly of Bishop Gilbert's worth and the appropriateness of the service. Prayer was offered by the rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, the Rev. Dr. Dudley W. Rhodes. The first address had been assigned to the noted Roman Catholic prelate, the Most Reverend John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. Being unable to be present, his Grace had carefully written his address, and in some respects it thus gained in force, since it was evidently not the hasty expression of a sudden enthusiasm, but a deliberate and thoughtful tribute. It was read for him by one of his honored priests, the Rev. Ambrose McNulty.

I am honored in being permitted to unite with my

fellow citizens in paying to the memory of the late Rt. Rev. Mahlon N. Gilbert the tribute of esteem and endearment which is so justly due to his personal virtues, and his intelligent and energetic labors for the public weal. . . .

Bishop Gilbert will not obtain this evening praise above his deserts, for these are of no mean degree. By nature quiet and unobtrusive, he was not one to thrust himself upon the gaze of the world, and in such simple and unostentatious manner did he perform the work allotted to him that public applause was not his customary reward. But goodness does not demand, I am sure, as its daily accompaniment, noise and clatter; it is the greater when its seeming obscurity does not discourage it; and, when only by virtue of its fragrance it wins to itself attention and regard, its strength and its power are made the more manifest.

Bishop Gilbert was at work some time in our city and state, as rector of a parish, and as an Assistant Bishop of the Episcopal Church, before much was known of him beyond the limited circle to whom his ecclesiastical ministrations were addressed; but during that time such was his manner of life, and such his labors, that he laid deep and broad the foundation for that general esteem which was at a later day awarded to him. . . .

A representative and leader of a Church that gathers within its fold only a part of the community has no small effort to make in gaining such general esteem as has come to Bishop Gilbert. He is of course bound by every tie of duty and of loyalty to champion the principles and subserve the interests of his special constituency; and such limitations tend, unless the man be truly strong-hearted and large-minded, to bring into

a narrow channel the outpour of his soul, and to reduce his fitness and power for the sympathy and the work that would place him amid a broader humanity, and enable him through his services to this broader humanity to merit and obtain its respect and esteem.

Members of the Episcopal Church better than others can tell how zealously and successfully Bishop Gilbert labored for the interests of that Church. Their verdict is given in the deep and sincere sorrow of their hearts at his departure from earth. In my own journeys through the state I have had frequent opportunities to observe the untiring earnestness, the utter forgetfulness of self, the intelligent zeal which marked his career as Assistant Bishop.

In addition to such zeal, Bishop Gilbert brought to his ministerial work an irreproachable manner of life, a suave temper, a well-stored mind, a facile and graceful diction. No wonder that his people were fond and proud of him; no wonder that they pray that none inferior to him may take his place. The Episcopal Church in Minnesota has been blest in its leadership; a Whipple and a Gilbert are names it may well love and revere.

In his relations with men outside his Church he was most amiable, most respectful toward the individual conscience; ever ready to join with others in works of charity, of patriotism, of social reform, or of aught that might uplift humanity, reduce its sorrows, or add to its joys. As became a ruler in a Church which points with some pride to its prudent steppings and its conservative love of traditions, he guarded against the shadow of rashness; he never rushed into novelties or experiments, but his move-

ments were but the surer, and his coöperation, when given, the more effective.

Bishop Gilbert and I were no strangers to each other; we met, conversed together, agreed, disagreed, united on some points, separated on others—always with kindest feelings for each other, always with best wishes for each other's happiness. This should surprise no one. There may be some who wonder that a Bishop of the Catholic Church and a Bishop of the Episcopal Church should speak of each other, as Bishop Gilbert, on a recent public occasion, spoke of me, and as I this evening speak of him. But why should some wonder at this? We did differ as to the requisites of Christ's Gospel; but we respected the conscience one of the other; and each one rejoiced that the other invoked Christ and appealed to Christ's Gospel.

For my part, my position as a Catholic Bishop is too well known to be doubted; I hold with all the strength of my soul to every doctrine and every precept which I believe to be needed to make up the plenitude of Christ's religion; never do I allow myself by word or act to be understood as detracting one iota from that plenitude. But unfaithful should I be to what as a Catholic I believe, were I not to respect in my friend and neighbor a sincere conscience, and were I not glad that others, while setting aside stones that I hold to be necessary in the walls of the temple, adore with me the Jehovah of Sinai and the Christ of Olivet, and looking upward to the skies would fain impel thither our poor humanity, and would thus save it from the fatal billows of materialism and sensuality, which, in their fury, are threatening to engulf it.

Scarcely three months ago, at a gathering of citizens in St. Paul, Bishop Gilbert addressed to me words of

friendship and of hopefulness, the music of which will soothe my soul as I journey toward the goal which he has already reached. Would that, when the opportunity is given to me to speak of him, he stood before me full of life's strength and promise! He has gone from us, so has the Eternal Father decreed. His spirit, I trust, heareth me.

The next address was by the Rev. C. M. Andrews, who succeeded Dr. Gilbert at Christ Church, and spoke from his own observation of his work as a parish priest and as Bishop. He emphasized the Bishop's kindness, his energy, and his broad tolerance. After this affectionate, personal tribute, the choir sang the anthem: "Who are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" The Hon. Walter H. Sanborn, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, then delivered an oration, touching and eloquent, as follows:

The world seems smaller and the heavens wider. A good and great man has gone, a scholar whose wisdom passed the learning of the schools, a teacher whose life taught more and better than any precepts, a logician whose candor and affection convinced more than the demonstrations of any logic, a philanthropist whose sympathy for the distraught and disconsolate, the love of woman did not excel, a Christian whose cogent reasons for the faith that was in him persuaded the faithless and comforted the believer, a Mason whose love and hope for his fellows knew no creed or sect or class, a citizen whose devotion to the exacting duties of preserving and supporting good government in city, state, and nation, raised him to the ideal stature of a patriot and a man.

His mind was stored with history, science, literature; but it was not in the knowledge of these, but in his personal experience and unerring perception of the motives, passions, and emotions which stir the heart of our common humanity, that his marvellous power of attraction and persuasion lay. He rested in unfaltering faith on the "Thus saith the Lord" of the holy writings, but he never scorned to give the reasons for his belief and no man could marshall the evidences of Christianity to a more perfect demonstration or present them with more fervent or convincing zeal. And yet it was not so much the logical clearness of his proofs and the persuasive eloquence of his arguments, as it was the evident candor of his belief in them, that silenced the cavils of the doubting, arrested and persuaded the thoughtless, and inspired the untiring devotion of the faithful, until none heard him but to love him.

Bishop Gilbert was an orator. No one ever doubted that who heard him on life, redemption, judgment, immortality, or any of the great themes which were the familiar subjects of his constant contemplation. He had the inspiring thought, the clearness of statement, the striking antithesis, the apt illustration, the rounded sentence, the perfect elocution, that conduce to forceful speech. But his speech was far more than the eloquence of thought, action, and rounded sentence. It was the eloquence of the man, of the brother, of love and hope for all mankind, which warmed his whole being, shone forth in his daily life, and carried his words glowing with affection to the hearts of his hearers.

How his presence calmed passion, soothed suffering, cheered and strengthened to endure the trials and bear

the burdens of life! How his soothing words bore peace and comfort to the sick and despairing, rest and hope to the eyes that were used to weep! How his speech taught love of God, love of man, self-sacrifice, and nobler living! How his daily life illumined the city, the state, the nation, and incited us all to an existence here in which our necessary daily avocations shall be the means to loftier ends rather than the end of means!

What a lesson and a rebuke was this life to that dolorous pessimism which bemoans the intellectual and spiritual decadence of our race. Men of greater intellect have thought, reasoned, and become silent, Plato, Bacon, Shakespeare. Men of mightier action have swayed the course of events on broader fields, Caesar, Napoleon, William the Silent. Men of equal devotion have testified to the truth, Socrates, Latimer, Campian. But where in all the story of the centuries has there lived a more complete and manly man? Where one whose life you would rather have lived to-night?

Possessed of an ingenious and powerful mind, he devoted all its energies to the consolation and inspiration of mankind. Familiar with the learning of the ages he poured it forth to inform and instruct his fellows. Firm in his belief in the creed of his Church and instant and effective in its defense, he was charitable, kindly, and persuasive to all who failed to assent. Burdened with the cares of his office and the responsibility of his Church, he never wanted time to advocate any cause which, as he often said, "made for righteousness."

Was a foolish or degrading municipal policy suggested? He was against it with thought and act and speech. Was the cause of education in peril? His

trenchant pen and fiery tongue leaped to its defense. Were the foundations of civil government assailed by conspiracy, sedition, or violence? He was for law and order, for justice and liberty. Was the proposition broached to withdraw the flag and abandon the islands of the sea to anarchy and international strife? All the generous enthusiasm and patriotism of his fervent nature were on fire to uphold the flag and to teach under its folds the gospel of a Christian and an American civilization to the waiting denizens of the Orient.

Yonder memorial window beneath the portrait of a seer of the nineteenth century bears this inscription, "From those whom this man has helped." No man ever heard the voice, saw the eye, felt the hand, or enjoyed the genial presence of Bishop Gilbert without help. If he was not inspired like holy men of old, certain it is that his work and his life are an inspiration, and through the thoughts, acts, and lives of those who knew him here and of those who follow them, the sweet and gentle influence of his genial form, the cheering glance of his kindly eye, the soothing accents of his winning voice, and the cogent pleadings of his persuasive eloquence shall not fail to comfort, to cheer, to teach higher aims and better living, and to beckon us on to that immortal life of peace and happiness, to which he sought to lead us, until men and memory shall be no more.

Of the speech of the pastor of the People's Church, the Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Smith, only an abstract is now available. He said that Bishop Gilbert had a mind which instantly grasped situations which his fellows did not comprehend without careful study. He had exceptional ability in reading the human heart, and hence

exceptional ability to help others. He pronounced him a man of the broadest sympathies, and of largest tolerance, a man with the love of God ever in his heart. He spoke feelingly of his devotion to his fellowmen and his untiring efforts to turn the erring into the way of life. In his death the church lost one of her best servants, a true exponent of the best in modern religious life.

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Maurice D. Edwards, pastor of the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Church. The ushers at this service were from the patriotic societies to which Bishop Gilbert belonged; the congregation, which filled the great church, was estimated at two thousand. There was a notable reverence in the great gathering, and the impression made upon all was one never to be forgotten.

With a short poem written by the Bishop's close friend, the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Poole, the chapter may well end:

He sleeps. His work is finished and well done.
The glory of his life it was to make
The service of the Master, for himself,
And for His friends, an offering of love.
Sincere, devout, a loyal friend and true,
A spirit bathed in sunshine, joyous, full
Of hope, he breathed the inspiration of
His radiant soul into the souls of men,
And bade them rise to greater deeds of faith.
Official rank no false distinction marked
'Twixt him and other men, nor served to keep
From him the sorrows or the joys that fill

The common cup. For very love of Christ
He magnified his office as God gave.
Let us not weep for him. His guerdon's won.
Nay, rather, may we hope to share his crown!
He cannot die. In loving hearts enshrined,
The memory of his name is fixed secure.
On lips of prayer a Eucharist will rise
For such example as he gave of faith
And hope and charity.
The eager work of Church and school and life
Will be more bravely done—his influence felt,
Inspiring, cheering, and uplifting all.

RETROSPECT.

Twelve years, long or short as one views them, have passed since the great sorrow of Bishop Gilbert's death. As those who loved him look back, there are a few things to record, and some hopes not yet realized.

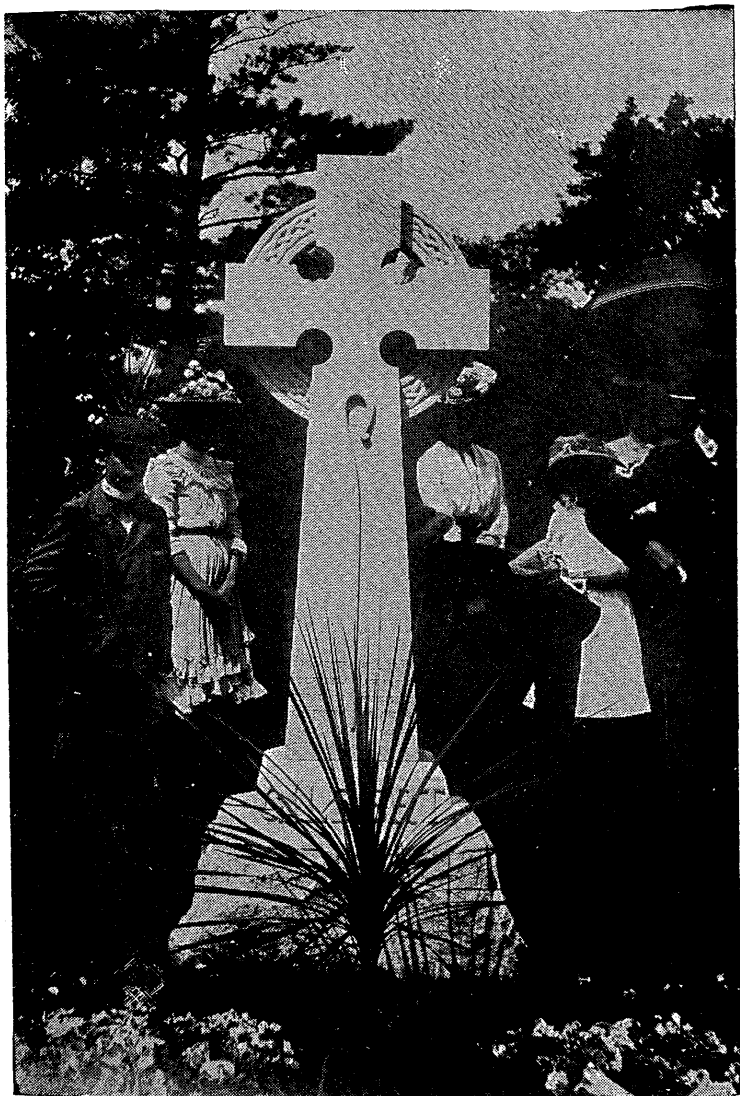
Mrs. Gilbert never rallied from the shock of her great bereavement, and only a hundred days after her husband's death she quietly passed away. Kind friends and near relatives from the East were with her during her illness, and assured her that the two daughters should never lack home or friends. With this assurance, she waited for the end without complaint, in peace. She died on Trinity Sunday, June 10, 1900, and was buried beside her husband in Oakland Cemetery. A year later on their grave there was erected a stately Celtic Cross, the gift of the Sunday school children of the Diocese of Minnesota. It was unveiled on Monday, July 14, 1901, by Frances and Lucy Gilbert, daughters of the late Bishop, the service being conducted by the Rev. Dr. Andrews and the Rev. Ernest Dray. The cross is of gray granite and bears a pastoral staff raised

upon the face of the stone. This text of scripture is graven on it: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."

Other memorials to Bishop Gilbert have been dedicated in many churches. Probably the first was a handsome brass tablet which was placed on the chancel wall of Ascension Church, Stillwater, on Thursday, April 26, 1900. It bears this inscription: "In blessed memory of Rt. Rev. Mahlon Norris Gilbert, D.D., LL.D., Bishop Coadjutor of Minnesota. Given by Ascension Church Parish as a token of love for the life and service of this man of God."

In St. Clement's Church, St. Paul, a brass eagle lectern was dedicated on September 3d, 1901. An address of great beauty was made by the Rev. Dr. George H. Davis, rector of St. John's Church, Mankato. He said in part:

Bishop Gilbert exemplified the teachings of the Master, and followed in His footsteps by living from first to last a life of consecration and service. . . . The spirit shown in our Lord's life, when He emptied Himself of all His glory and became man for the bestowal of life upon fallen man, he endeavored to make the spirit of his own life, and he succeeded in a degree which it is given to but few to attain. He had learned the secret of every life that shall endure—that higher life comes through the surrender of the lower and selfish life—that the twofold life of sacrifice and labor is the only reality, the life eternal. Untiringly, unre-



THE CELTIC CROSS
At the Grave of Bishop Gilbert

servedly, and unselfishly, he gave himself to the work to which God had called him; he offered unto God the most excellent sacrifice which it is in the power of any man to offer, even the sacrifice of himself, and by it, he though dead, shall yet speak to generations which are yet to come.

In Christ Church, St. Paul, a brass rood screen was erected in 1903, as a fitting memorial, and was dedicated on Friday, March 6, by Bishop Edsall. The sermon was preached by the rector of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Andrews.

Largest and most costly of all material memorials is Gilbert Hall in Faribault, forming an addition to the Cathedral Guild House. On the walls are the famous Della Robbia "Singing and Dancing Children," and above them, forming an almost continuous frieze, a series of fine photographs of Abbey's "Holy Grail." The latter is the gift of Frances and Lucy Gilbert, the Bishop's daughters, and others, "members of the school, of the faculty, and of the Board of Trustees of St. Mary's Hall." In the windows are set the coats of arms of various colleges. with which Cathedral officers have been connected. The entire room is remarkable for its taste and beauty, and is a noble memorial to Bishop Gilbert. It was constructed during Dean Slattery's term of office, largely through his efforts, and under his oversight. It was opened on Founders' Day, September 16, 1905.

On All Saints' Day of the same year, in the Church

of St. John the Evangelist in St. Paul, Bishop Edsall preached a sermon in memory of Bishop Gilbert, and blessed a fine carved Bishop's chair, with screen, sedilia, and rector's stall.

Among memorials elsewhere in the diocese are: a handsome, carved lectern at Luverne; a large pulpit, of wood and brass, in Holy Trinity, Minneapolis; a marble font at Windom; a handsome pulpit at Winona; and, in several churches, stained windows, chancel furnishings, and other gifts of high value and beauty. In several parishes there are guilds or other organizations bearing the Bishop's name.

At the University of Minnesota there has been for several years the "Bishop Gilbert Society" for young men. In 1907, the Rev. Stanley Kilbourne was made Chaplain for Church students, and soon after a large house was secured as headquarters for a larger work. Officially this building is known as "The University House of the Episcopal Church," but it is often called the "Bishop Gilbert House." It is the center of an excellent and growing work.

But of the two great memorials which were planned immediately after Bishop Gilbert's death, one was never undertaken, and the other has made, as yet, slow progress. The first suggestion was that a Memorial Hall, to cost sixty or seventy thousand dollars, should be erected in St. Paul, as a place of recreation for the toilers of the city, with a large gymnasium, library, reading rooms, and other conveniences and attractions. So

far as known, this project for a People's Palace went no farther than suggestion. It would have been a memorial of great possible utility and merit, and some day some generous citizen may yet put the dream into reality.

The second suggestion was from the clergy of the diocese, and had as its end the raising of a large sum of money, \$30,000, to be known as the Bishop Gilbert Memorial Fund, "the income to be used as a general sustentation fund for Seabury Divinity School." This also is a most worthy and appropriate object. Seabury was always very close to Bishop Gilbert's heart. In an historical paper read at the Semi-Centennial of the Diocese of Minnesota, June, 1900, the Rev. Professor Poole made the following statement:

Bishop Gilbert loved Seabury as his own Alma Mater; he believed in its work and its graduates, and he gave much of his time and his thoughts to the interests of the school, with the feeling that upon its prosperity and efficiency depended largely the possibility of maintaining the work of the Diocese which fell more directly to the Bishop to provide for. Those of us who listened to his last two addresses to this Council will doubtless recall the beseeching tone in which he appealed to the clergy and laymen of the Diocese to stay up the hands of the Bishop in maintaining, under a temporary stress, the efficiency of Seabury—and then the tone of sad disappointment with which he called attention to the fact that the appeal had been so largely ignored or refused.

There was loud lamentation at his sudden death;

great display of emotion and sentiment at his funeral; high encomiums pronounced at his memorial; and all these expressive of genuine grief and sincere appreciation. But no money for the cause he had most at heart.

If I were to tell you the secret of his death, it would not be overwork to which I would assign it in the first instance; for if he had had robust health he could not have endured more than he did, and he delighted in and thrived with activity. But it was the depression which comes to mind and heart. . . . from the feeling that his dearest hopes were unrealized, and his appeal awoke no sympathetic response in those to whom he looked for help and sympathy. What other feeling could have wrung from this strong, radiant spirit the cry, most pathetic in its intense earnestness: "If Seabury Divinity School is obliged through lack of means to close its doors to young men seeking the necessary education for the work of the ministry, I shall resign my Episcopate."¹

At the time Dr. Poole made this statement, which was in itself an earnest plea, the Memorial Fund had reached the sum of four thousand dollars, and it has since slowly grown to six thousand. The reasons for this partial failure are probably several. Many parishes spent so much in local memorials that it was difficult to interest them in the general fund; the committee having the work in charge was so large (over forty in number), that concerted action was difficult. Whatever the reason or reasons, it is not true that the men of Min-

¹ The *Minnesota Church Record*, March, 1901, p. 72.

nesota did not care deep in their hearts for Bishop Gilbert. It is not true that they have forgotten him. Let one visit any parish in the Diocese, and converse with anyone old enough to remember Bishop Gilbert and he will find that to thousands the memory of his face, his voice, his kindness, his inspiring presence, is one of their most treasured spiritual possessions.

And so it will surely be that in years yet to come there will be gifts worthy in larger measure of him whom they commemorate; gifts of money for the Bishop Gilbert House at the University, which still needs help; gifts to make up the \$30,000 first planned for Seabury, or the \$50,000 now thought necessary; gifts also of men as well as of money; gifts of thought, and devotion, and sympathy, and Christian love, such as made beautiful the life of that "man sent from God."

In Bishop Gilbert's life there was "the glory of the imperfect." He was entering with buoyant spirit on larger opportunities, when the end came. The work he was so well fitted to do was left imperfect, incomplete. Not yet from the hearts of those who loved him has passed the keen sense of loss. Yet his fitting monument is not a broken column to speak of work undone, or hopes unrealized. Rightly beside his grave there stands the Christian cross, bearing witness to a life made glorious by Faith, and Hope, and Love, and giving promise of Life Everlasting through Jesus Christ our Lord.

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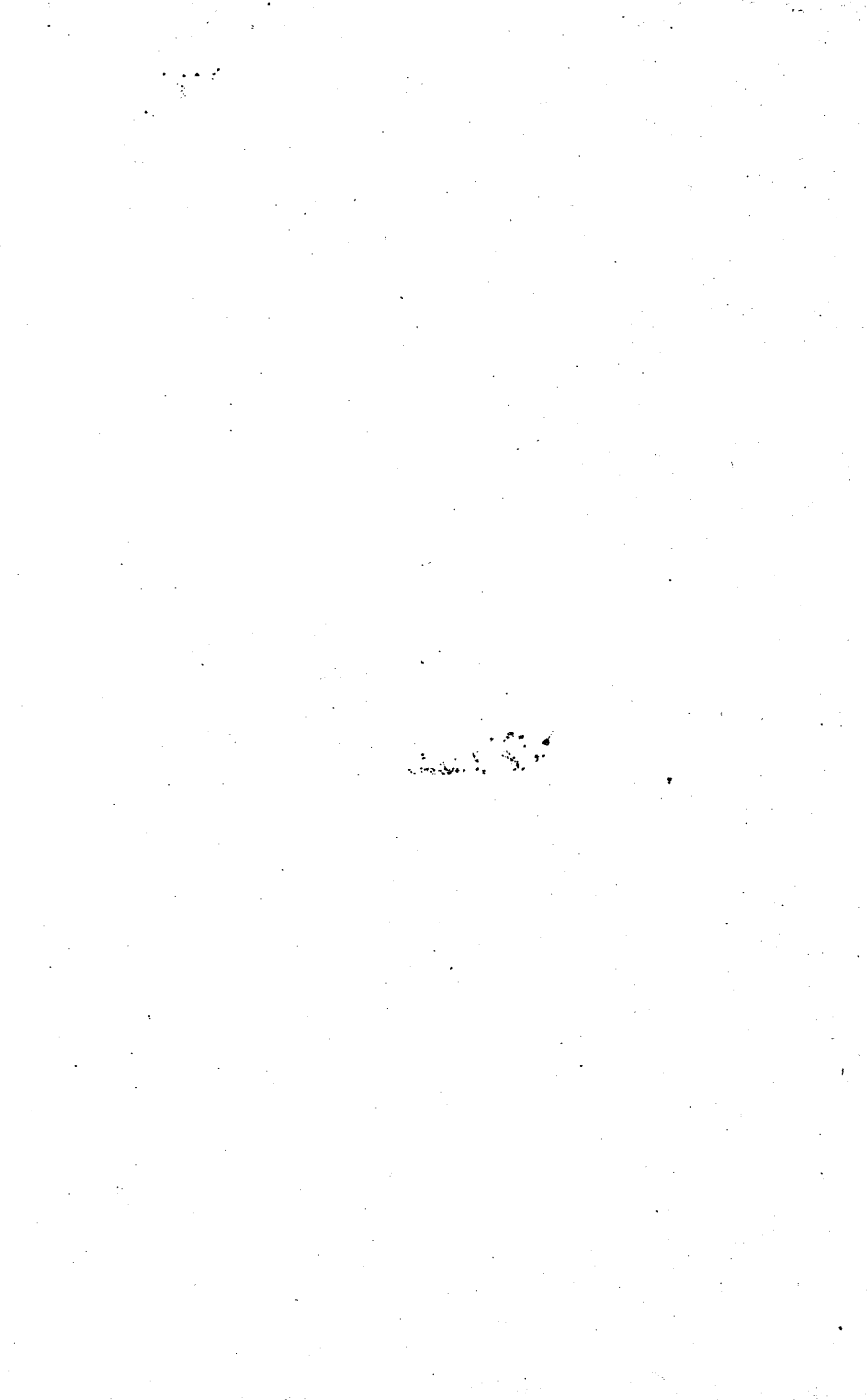
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